THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]POST

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Volume 199, Number 49

JUNE 4, '27

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Norman Rockwell

Marjory Stoneman Douglas–Arthur Train–Austin Parker–Albert W. Atwood
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Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

ALFRED DECKER & COHN *Makers:* CHICAGO . NEW YORK . *In Canada* SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LTD., MONTREAL

ACTUAL VISITS
TO P & G HOMES
No. 10

How her clothes blossomed to new whiteness

SKIPPING-ROPES and daffodils—blankets sunning on clothes lines—signs of spring everywhere the day we met Mrs. Baldwin* in that pleasant New York suburb.

There was the dearest little English house with a golden forsythia bush shining against the green stucco, and Mrs. Baldwin deep in Spring cleaning.

"You're much too busy to stop, Mrs. Baldwin," we said, "but please, what soap do you use for clothes washing?"

"I'm not too busy to talk about that!" she exclaimed. "I use P and G. I have two small sons, and they get their clothes so very dirty that sometimes I've wished they were two quiet little girls who played with dolls instead of footballs! And now that the marble season's here again you should see the grime they collect on their underclothes. And blouses! I used to have to rub so hard to get them clean, and boil them every week besides.

"Then a few weeks ago I bought some P and G for the first time. And what a difference it made! I've rubbed far less, and yet my clothes looked much better. I hadn't really thought they were *gray* until I saw how much *whiter* they got with P and G. Even the special towels I made the boys use for their hands were white, like everything else."

"Do you boil your clothes now?" we asked.

"I did the first week I used P and G, to get them perfectly white," said Mrs. Baldwin, "but not any more. Now I'm so pleased with P and G that I'm using it for our Spring cleaning—on floors, picture frames, white paint—everything. It's a wonderful soap."

Less rubbing, less boiling, whiter clothes! Fresher colors. Easier rinsing! And when you realize that P and G does its work in any kind of water—hot or cold, hard or soft—do you wonder that it is the largest-selling soap in the world?

Don't you think it should be doing *your* washing and cleaning, too? PROCTER & GAMBLE

*Not her *real* name, of course.

P and G became popular because it is such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price smaller, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.

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"How to take out 15 common stains . . . get clothes clean in lukewarm water . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a post card to Dept. NE-6, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The largest-selling soap in the world

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Imperialism; War; Inside Jobs

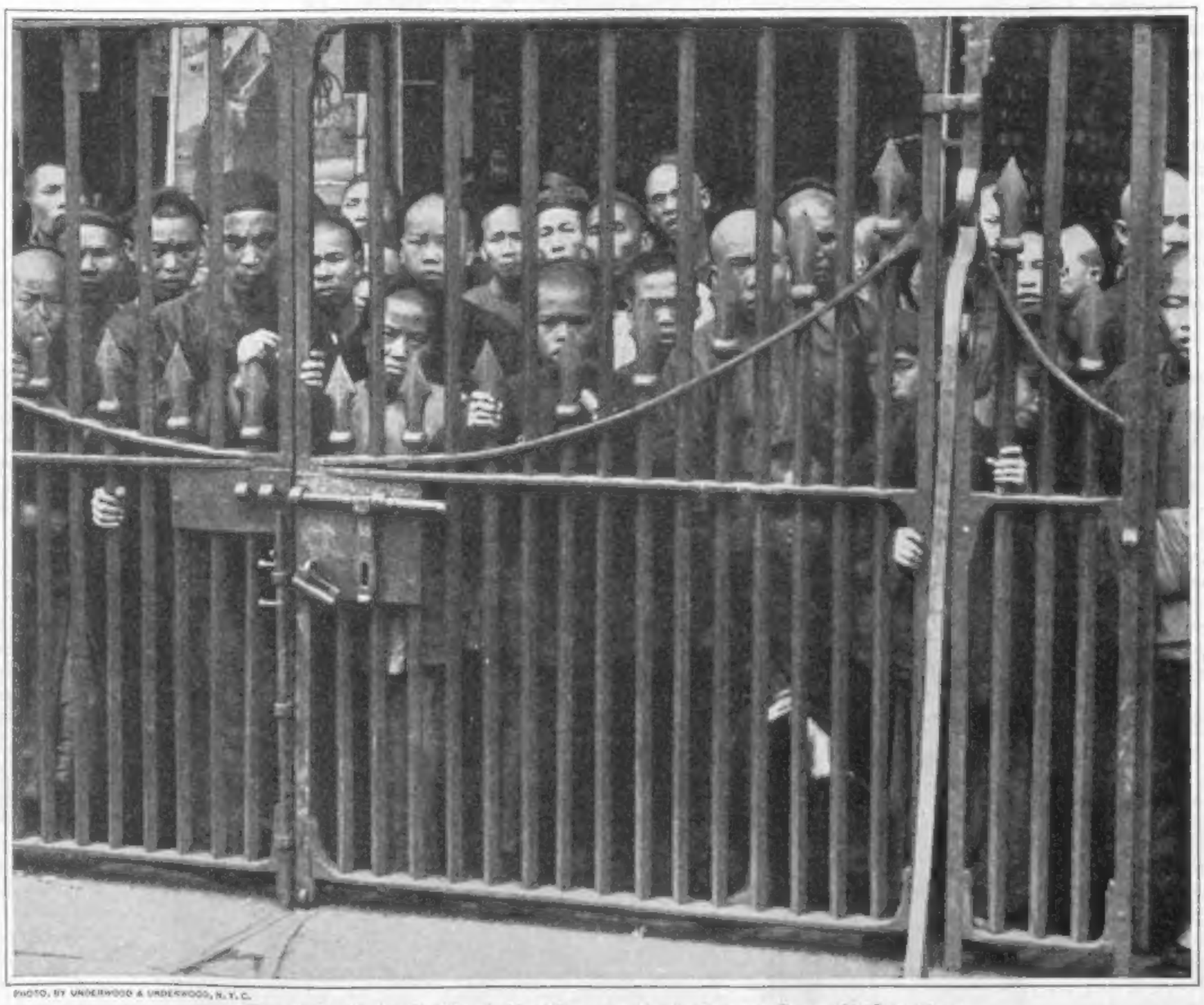
By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

THOSE who are shouting against imperialism are a good deal like those who turn in an alarm after the fire is out.

Those who assume that war in the next half century is going to be war of the old-fashioned kind, declared between nations, fail to realize how costly war of that kind has become, how unpopular it is and how difficult it will be to borrow money for war purposes in this day of peace passion and debt repudiation.

Nationalism is still strong. Apparently the radicals who condemn even peaceful nationalism in the United States or in Italy, or in any other nation, find it a virtue in China, where it even becomes frankly and violently antiforeign. The strongest tie of all is race, and next to that participation in meeting economic need.

Competition between nations in imperialism of the old territory-taking kind is almost all done for. Competition between nations for open clashes in war is shelved for a long time. But oh, the inside job!



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Gate of the English Bridge Barring the Cantonese From the Legations

If anyone wishes to see into the future it is necessary to restock the mind with the new turns of events and of forces.

True Patriotism and Fictitious Nationalism

WE ARE face to face with a new method and a new era of international relationships. Peace movements of yesterday must increase their knowledge and change their objectives. The League of Nations, which has been crystallizing into a kind of United States of Europe, has neither the machinery nor the scope of functions to deal with the new era of war by propaganda, nor with the technic of the inside job.

I have attended recently meetings of earnest Americans where foreign policy was discussed and argument of heat was expended upon affairs in Mexico, in Albania, in China. Nearly everything said, nearly every opinion expressed, was based upon a world of yesterday. Revolution in Mexico or China and all so-called nationalistic aspirations were compared with the revolt of the American colonies which gave rise to the federation of the United States. What was overlooked completely was that in the revolt of the American colonies a comparatively high type of pioneer, capable of order, free from fanaticism, particularly of the superstitious kind, struggled successfully for self-government. Though French and Germans, Irish and Italians gave aid, there was no inside job done by any foreign nations in instigating or leading our revolt. Nor behind that struggle for self-government was there any substantial, guiding, subversive foreign propaganda. Nor were the leaders of that revolt fanatics, on the one hand or, on the other, shrewd, plausible crooks whose interest in independence was an interest to rally around some innocent patriotic and incompetent dummy leader and so gain power to exploit the thirteen original colonies. The fight for American liberty was carried on by a responsible people who erected and maintained the best self-governing machinery the world has known. They aspired within their capacity.

Sheep

TO COMPARE that effort with the disorganized, double-dealing, mob-violent, incompetent, erratic spasms of sheep running which have sometimes been set in motion in places where illiteracy or superstition, foreign propaganda and corruption ride in the saddles of bandit soldiery, is sentimental idiocy. To fail to distinguish between a mob, shouting and violent, aflame with high-sounding slogans, and a people capable of making those slogans realities, is to be snared into the traps of gibberish. Assuming the right of any sheep herd to declare itself carnivorous and ready to meet the wolves in combat and prepared, on its wool, to soar aloft with the eagles, it is probably unethical and unfriendly to encourage that herd in such ideals. We may stand aside as much as we can while the stampede goes by. But why cheer?

This is an example of the questions we must ask those good souls, who with their eyes on yesterday are still talking of the evils of imperialism and the menace of old-fashioned war. One of the evils of imperialism is that it costs too much. Forty or fifty years ago the seizure of the lands or the administrative control of backward nations under the workings of imperialism furnished some outrageous examples of brutality and theft. Incidentally, even that hard-boiled imperialism contributed more to the spread of civilization, because followed by the voluntary adoption of civilization by backward peoples, than any other agency ever known. To be sure, those were the days when the steamship lanes, the cable, cheap printing, the telephone, the radio and the motion picture had not come. To be sure, also, there are those who have doubt as to the fundamental virtues of the kind of civilization we have been spreading.

Here is a fundamental question. I have had it put up to me by one of the clearest thinkers in America, who has been for a long time in contact in Washington with the

aspects of our whole American civilization. Failing to obtain his permission to quote him, I withhold his name. He says:

"We assume too much when we assume that our civilization and that of Europe has been a success. Until we answer the query as to our industrialism: Is it good or bad, beautiful or hideous, developing the human being or warping him into grotesque shape?—we cannot be certain of the good we do in spreading it. You argue that if we give up protecting our citizens in the economic penetration of foreign countries, progress, as you call it, will cease and backward nations with sick methods of administering justice or guaranteeing order—so lame and so sick that even the natives do not depend on them—will have no foreign brains or investment at their service and will have to stew in their own grease.

"Suppose they do. Who are we to say that stewing in their own grease will not ultimately produce a finer civilization than ours? Granted that most of the talk about foreign concessions and exploitation is propaganda nonsense which is fooling our people and even our press. Granted that old imperialism, territory taking with administrative responsibilities, is in bankruptcy and cannot pay a dollar on a dollar. Granted that we see in dollar diplomacy a real advantage to the backward nations where our investments go. Even then, why should we expect to force our imperfect form of civilization upon peoples who do not want it?"

My answer to this is that so far as I am concerned whenever a foreign people wish us to stay out we should stay out. There is no more fundamental right of peoples than the right to exclude.

PHOTO, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Victorious Cantonese Troops Arriving at Shanghai

Questions and Answers

BUT we want to know first whether the exercise of this right is based upon the will of the people or whether it is an expression of propaganda and a mob minority which represents neither good sense nor the will of the unfortunate mass.

The determination of two questions is necessary: Are we prepared to assert that our civilization should not be pushed out among peoples who need it and want it, because it is a civilization not so good as their own? Do the mass of the people really desire to exclude our civilization?

It is fashionable among the softer type of stay-at-home and pink internationalists to give to these questions the following answers: 1. Almost any civilization is more spiritual and philosophical and older and more respectable than ours. 2. Of course these backward peoples do not want our intervention, our investment, our coöperation!

In my opinion and, I believe, in the opinion of men and women who have come in contact with the differences between the signs over the doors and what is behind these doors, who have some knowledge of the politics behind the pretensions of foreign leaders and of movements and causes, and who are able to separate cold facts from hot wishes—these answers of the false liberals are groggy nonsense.

It is absurd to make heroic and paint as beautiful civilizations which in comparison to ours are distinguished by certain unregenerate characteristics and by the lamentable results of their philosophies and developments as compared with our philosophy and development. It means very little that such countries, in their degeneracy, can point to art, literature and philosophy which came in a day, now gone, from the skins of the many for the enjoyment of the few.

A house which has forty rooms, with great beauty and luxury in only one room, and filth, stench and suffering in all the others, may be fine for one inmate, but not so much of a house from the point of view of the thirty-nine others. A civilization which, after thousands or hundreds of years of trial, consists now in the main of millions of unfortunates who are exploited by their own kind and have never had any civilization distributed to their doorsill is a sick and backward nation.

There is a way to avoid being fooled during these days of pinkish exaltation of all backward peoples. There may be no way to offset at once the obvious, planned and programed campaign of Russian conspiracy to set these backward people on fire so as to embarrass the family of nations and to menace the peace of the world, but there is a way to form an opinion on these inside jobs. It is possible to keep our eyes upon the welfare of the millions. One can avoid being hoodwinked by the propagandists who want to play on our sentimentality as if it were a ten-cent strumstrum. It is possible to see through those who conjure with the name of some nationalist hero and climb into the saddle to ride some miserable people, while a zealous minority of befuddled Americans egg them on.

Ask these questions:

Do the masses in these countries have enough food? Or are they half starved?

What about the 400,000,000 in China? What about Mexico? What about the others?

Are they well? Or are disease and suffering to be seen everywhere?

Do they know anything? Or are they nearly 100 per cent illiterate?

Are they producing anything—these masses—whether useful or beautiful? Or are they now exchanging the lowest forms of labor for a bowl of rice or a mess of chick peas?

Are they orderly? Or are they ready to run in mobs which foam at the mouth and commit sickening brutalities?

Have they any system of justice? Or is it admitted that their judges are often blackmailers?

Have they respect for human life? Or are they cowardly takers of life?

Do they respect women? Or do they throw newly born females into the street and treat their grown women like animals to be bought and sold?

Are they religious in any true sense? Or is this mass of people swayed by blind superstition, so that the millions, who never heard of the real prophets, philosophers and other supposed leaders of their thought and conduct, spend their pennies on charms made of yellow paper or other hanky-panky?

Are they capable of self-government? Or do they merely make mouthy words about their aspirations, hoping to cover up by clamor the failures of past attempts to set up republics and to engage even in primitive experiments in honest administration?

What is behind their agitation? Is it themselves, or native crooks and war lords, or foreign conspirators?

Is there any virtue in their complaint that foreign imperialism has robbed them? Or is it the fact that from the outside world have come enjoyment of justice, protection of property, schools, sanitation, opportunity for labor, railways to distribute goods and passengers, and other benefits so great that every native wishes to get into a foreign settlement and live there?

The Democratic Policy

KEEP your eyes and ears open in this future era of inside jobs on backward countries. Do not look at the oleaginous propaganda of the smooth exploiters of unfortunate peoples but upon the welfare of the masses. Be a democrat! Do not listen to those who represent some foreign corrupter or those who are incompetent or corrupt native leaders. Do not forget that it is the 400,000,000 in China and the 14,000,000 in Mexico and the masses anywhere whose welfare is at stake. Keep your eye on them if you are a true and not a false liberal. If those masses really want us to get out, and under international law their nation will fully compensate foreigners for getting out—which is merely fair play—raise no objection. Self-determination of that kind is a jackass policy from the point of those who do the determining, but let them have it!

PHOTO, SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL, N. Y. C.

Refugees Outside Wuchang After the Siege of Hankow

(Continued on Page 222)

STUDENT GOVERNMENT FOR THE COUNTRY—By Corra Harris

Cantonese Troops Passing Through a Town on Their March Northward

WHEN you have been brought up under what may be called a stern family dispensation of the Gospel, and had the Ten Commandments engraved on your back with a switch when you were a small child, and have been taught that George Washington was the Father of his Country, which is now your country, you are confirmed at a very early age in the belief that there is a mighty good God in the heavens above you, and that this is a good country because the Father of it was a brave good man who could not tell a lie.

These, as near as I can tell in a few words, were the foundations of my spiritual and political life—not that I ever expected to have the least use for the political part of it. Looking back, I know that it endowed me with a certain peace of mind. That is to say, no matter how far short I fell of the glory of God, still there was an everlasting Providence, never the least affected by my unworthy deeds. And no matter what my personal misfortunes might be, this was a safe country in which to live.

I cannot remember ever being anxious about that. We had a representative Government, composed of men chosen and elected by the people. If some of them proved to be bad or dishonest, that was to be expected; but on the whole, I reckoned they represented us all the more faithfully on this account. You cannot have a government for the people by the people which enacts only their noblest ideals and best virtues. It is sure to enact their faults and limitations, else it would not be representative.

Representatives to Represent

SO, WITHOUT giving the matter much thought, I made myself contented and never worried about anything but my own affairs. If the Republicans were in office I knew that they had the drop on the Democrats and would act accordingly. By the same token, if the Democrats were in office, I knew that they would take a similar advantage, and I never tore my hair with joy or sorrow in either case, knowing what human nature is and ever shall be, and that you cannot be absolutely fair or ethical except in a book or in a theory.

I am aware that this is a scandalous portrait of a citizen woman and indicates how remiss I have been. My excuse is that since this is a Government by representation, the only sensible thing to do was to leave these representatives to run it. Right or wrong, we had put them in office and could do nothing about it until their terms expired, when we might choose better men.

PHOTOS. SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Rioting Against the Foreigners in China

Thus my years passed very diligently, digging up my buried talents and achieving my own deeds, which I never could have done so well if I had had any doubts about Providence or that at bottom this was a good Government, but not too good, elastic and safe.

Ballot Box

I PAID my taxes, and once in so often on election days I went over to the little village of Pinelog, cross-stitched my ballot with a lead pencil, stuck it through a broken pane in the window of the justice of peace court room, saw it numbered and thrust into a brown stone pitcher by the officers in charge. This pitcher is the ballot box at Pinelog, and I have never voted in anything else. Neither have I ever observed the least effect of my ballot on the county, state or national Government. But I am no egotist in such matters. I always dismissed the thing, went back home and became entranced as usual with my own affairs, reading only enough news of the day to keep up passively with what was going on in the world. But I never joshed myself. There are rogues everywhere; also honest men.

What I mean is that if you have a Government by representation you employ these representatives to run it in order that you may devote the whole of your energies to your duties as a private citizen. And no matter how much sense you think you have, you have no more than can be used profitably in your own business, whether you are a housewife or the president of a great university.

I am not boasting, you understand, nor even trying to excuse myself for having a strictly private mind left over for my own duties; I am just telling you how I have felt and lived, because I suppose a vast number of respectable citizens in this country have lived and thought the same way. Not until quite recently have I ever had any misgivings about the stability of our Government. The first intimation I had that anything was wrong came to me through the mail. I suppose many other citizens have had the same experience, which is the only excuse I have for publishing mine. We should do something about it. We are being assaulted, disturbed by a group of people who have elected themselves

(Continued on Page 182)

Stepmother

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

She Remembered Suddenly How He Had Stared at Her That Very First Time Arthur Had Brought Her Home to the Brownstone Mansion—Stared at Her With Eyes Like Hard Blue Stones

HALF an hour after Mrs. Moreton read in the Miami morning paper that her dead husband's son was ruined, he telephoned to ask when he might see her. It meant to her only one thing—a complete and unexpected surrender. It must be that he intended to ask her for money. Even as her unmoved voice told him he might come to dinner that night at seven, she tasted in advance the heady exultation, the triumph, of refusing him. As if it were a triumph for which she had panted all these years, she heard herself refusing him—after all these years.

She could not guess from his few dry words over the telephone whether his poise, that cool inheritance from his mother and from the Moretons, was disturbed or not. But it would be—oh, it would be. She moved across the room with her heavy elderly walk, a stubby little black-eyed woman with a spot of excited red on each high cheek bone, from which the flesh had softened and wrinkled. Some vigor in her still was of the Joanna Smiley who had been the shrewdest young milliner in Bridgehamton, who had married Arthur Eustace Moreton of Bridgehamton's ruling family and had herself ruled it, and the town, and the Moreton Mills, longer and more powerfully than any of them. Some of that same deep passion lingered in her which had carried her so far, and turned now into its oldest channel—of detestation for her stepson. It seemed to her she had never desired anything so much in all her life as to see his poise shattered into bits, there across the table from her, where her merciless old eyes would allow no escape for his, at the moment when she told him that she would not loan him one red cent of her money to save him from four times worse than bankruptcy.

It was her money that he would want now, after running through, with his wild schemes, the money his father had left him and the money she herself had paid him for his stock in the mills. He had wanted never to have anything more to do with them or with Bridgehamton, after his father's death, so long as that meant having anything to do with her. Well, it was the last Moreton money he would ever see. She was restless for the moment when she could tell him that to his handsome, patrician, supercilious face.

She stood by the window staring out over the old hotel garden at the bright glitter beyond, where the river sparkled into the turquoise of the bay, at the morning blaze of sky over that. She was only vaguely aware that this tropic garden she had gazed out upon for nearly ten seasons from these same windows had the look of striving to conceal that they had been badly battered. She was only vaguely aware that the great palm trees reared themselves over the cut-back shrubs like disheveled, long-legged birds. The Florida hurricane, which she had read about back in the solemn library of the Moreton mansion in Bridgehamton, had been little concern of hers until now, except a certain mild satisfaction that this brilliant land and water which had seemed so soft, so bright, so sheltered from the rigors of living which were everywhere else, had at last endured hardship. It was her grim New England feeling that nothing was any good until it had demonstrated its ability to live through hardship. Now she was glad of that hurricane, fiercely grateful for the ruin that it had brought, since now it had ruined Rodney. In her small black eyes gleams that had nothing to do with age burned steadily, thinking of that.

She thought of him as the slight, cold, supercilious small boy whose open hatred of his new stepmother had been like a blow in the face of her unquestioned success in becoming the second Mrs. Arthur Eustace Moreton. She remembered how, almost humbly at first, she had wanted the boy to like her, had tried to win him over with open flattery, had waited day after day for the ivory shell of his antagonism to give way to her who had so easily won his bearded elegant father. She was actually timid before the child in those days. But she had not kept that up long, after she had seen how deeply within him his unchildlike resentment of her as an upstart and a pretender had burned. She had learned to hate the pale handsome youth he grew into, the cold beautiful young man, with an antagonism as implacable as his own, less tenuous because rooted in more passionate earth.

Rodney's father, with that genius he had for ignoring everything that might annoy him, had refused to recognize the force of that open hatred which went on unrelentingly under his aristocratic roof. But she knew—inky-eyed and red-lipped and impetuous in those days, although she was learning rapidly how to fill the Moreton mold—she knew why the lithe boy Rodney had studied so hard, with such zeal to enter Harvard early. She knew why, after college, the polished, impervious young man, with much of his boyhood beauty still clinging to him, had chosen to travel abroad for three years.

And now all the money she had paid him for his shares, the little that he had made for himself as an indifferent New York architect, what his wife had brought him—that suave, watchful-eyed wife who was so like the misty cool picture of that delicate aristocrat, Rodney's own mother—all that money was lost through his own foolishness. Even the Moreton name, which under her shrewd direction had been maintained through two crises as synonymous with sound credits and dependability and business honor, had become known in this new country, where he had followed the real-estate rush, as that of a man whose extravagant pretensions to aristocracy were only a cloak for questionable real-estate ethics, misleading pledges and unfulfilled promises. And now, bankruptcy.

There must be hundreds of buyers of lots in that elaborate subdivision he had put on who were being ruined by his promises. There must be hundreds of unpaid creditors. And finally, there was the Moreton Building in downtown Miami, which was to have been the tallest and most remarkable office building in the South, standing half finished these many months, which the yelling force of the hurricane had contemptuously wrenched and twisted into a pile of useless material, a monument to the folly of her husband's son. Her pride, that fiercely stubborn thing which had shown itself to be more dynamic, more forceful than the Moreton pride itself, through years of dogged work, was shamed by this evidence of Moreton incapacity. But because it was Rodney's failure the shame was only contributory to her bitter exultation. Rodney, who had hated and defied her all his life, had dragged down his good name to this.

And now he was running to her whining for help. Well, she would show him what she thought of that, and of the whole business. Her mind leaped with hard-edged, acid phrases. She turned abruptly away from the window. In just three minutes exactly Hannah would tap on the door to say that the car was waiting. There was no reason why Hannah should know anything about this, with her eternal hushed manner that remembered what the doctor had said about the effect of sudden emotion on Mrs. Moreton's heart—that heart which they spoke of so glibly as if it were an enemy, dwelling sleepless in her familiar bosom. It was nonsense to imagine that a thing so fiercely satisfying as this triumph she had, and would have, could possibly be bad for it. Old Mrs. Moreton met her own glance steadily in the glass, putting on her plain dark hat. Doctors were all humbugs. She looked a small ox of a woman, in spite of her age, with a small unrelenting ox of a heart fully capable of bearing such triumph as this.

Rodney was ruined. She said that over and over to herself, when Hannah had opened the door for her and she was trudging solidly and erectly down the dim, interminable corridor, over its thick green carpet that swallowed her own footsteps and Hannah's, following with the light lap robe four paces behind, according to tradition. Rodney was ruined, she thought, savoring the words over and over, plowing across the wide green carpet of the open lobby, among its palms in tubs and its white enameled wicker furniture, past the row of negro bell boys and the two room clerks, who drew themselves up at attention for her curt accustomed nod. Out on the white blaze of the veranda she nodded absently to her old friends who rocked there, or stood to see her go—old Mrs. Jesper and Admiral Girling and the two frail Misses Atchison and Mr. and Mrs. Bennett Borden from Boston, and the others who watched for her every morning, season after season, to start out on her morning ride.

Rodney was ruined, she thought, and the deep inarticulate pride she had in the whisper which ran before her that Mrs. Arthur Eustace Moreton was coming, this morning deepened and glowed within her like a strange jewel, brighter because of that.

For now that Rodney was ruined she was the only Moreton left who had a right to the name, she who had been that climber Joanna Smiley. She was the only one of all that high-nosed group who had endured. Let them be aware of that, all those dead-and-gone Moretons in their graves, who had chilled her and been superior to her, throwing up forever the consummate aristocracy of Rodney's long-dead mother in her face. Let that fragile fine lady be aware now of what her son had become—the son of her one year of being Mrs. Moreton and dying of it. This second Mrs. Moreton, assisted into her sober expensive town car by her maid and two door men and two ancient widowers assembled on the steps for just that purpose, thought implacably of Laura, who had been a patrician and had borne Arthur's son and died to make way for the upstart woman who never had a child. Was it any distinction to bear a child, when any woman could? But what other woman than herself, Joanna Smiley, could have safeguarded all this money that had been poured out for Rodney's upbringing and education, for his expensive clothes, his horses, his travels, his cars—all this money he had gambled with and lost after his father's death? What other woman could have done that?

The sun was very hot this morning, she thought suddenly, in spite of the great cool flow of air against her face in the car's sure progress. There was a thick feeling in her throat and her heart thudded—pound-pound-pound—against the slow blood in her veins. Perhaps she had let herself go too far. She had not thought of Laura Moreton like this for years; not since the huge canvas that showed her, silvery and aloof, had been removed from the long drawing-room after Arthur's death. The second Mrs. Moreton would have died rather than ask to have it taken away before then, although its haughty glance daily searched her heart. It was ridiculous of her to remember now that old passion against the woman who had been Rodney's mother. It had not even been necessary in the many years that the first wife had been forgotten.

Except that Rodney was so like her—more like her than like his father. Arthur had concealed a wide, thick-lipped mouth under his whiskers, alien to the Moretons, as that alien something in him which had made him break loose once from the Moreton pattern long enough to court tempestuously and marry Joanna Smiley, who had nothing at all of likeness to fine Moreton clay in her snapping black eyes, her firm scarlet mouth, her eagerness to be somebody. There was no breaking of any patterns for Rodney. His mouth was delicate and straight, like his mother's. He carried himself as she did in that picture of her. He was even beautiful in the way that his mother had been, with a profile cut of fine marble, and as cold. The second Mrs. Moreton allowed herself to dwell on his unquestioned beauty, now that she was sure of her triumph. How she had hated him for it in the old days when he was growing up.

She remembered suddenly how he had stared at her that very first time Arthur had brought her home to the brownstone mansion—stared at her with eyes like hard blue stones. It was as if his mother stared at her through him—contemptuously, at this short, black-browed upstart.

She had had her revenge, too, that mother of Rodney. Joanna Moreton had always been a little superstitious about it. As if the unyielding antagonism of the icy boy, of the very picture in the drawing-room, had frozen something in her, and it was because of that that she had had no children of her own. Not that Arthur had minded. The Moreton family connections had not even tried to hide their relief that there was no short, black-browed fiery son of the second marriage to bring alien blood into the cherished family strain. But they had all been thankful enough when she had saved the mills.

The Mrs. Moreton who daily drove to Miami Beach in her car, to be looked upon by the smart new rich of the smartest casino as a dowager of the most ancient tradition, a most terrific somebody, saw not one flash of the green-burning water, foaming white up the horizon-long curve of the sands. She did not even remember to get out for her usual short stroll down the wide cement walk in the living heat of the sun. She sat staring out over sea water deepening from lime to a vast dark sapphire, roughened by the wind. She was seeing only those wintry days in Bridgehamton when the very oak wainscoting of the high Moreton rooms was clammy to the touch, in spite of extravagant fires; and the snow frozen crusty outside on the wide lawns, under gray light that held no sunshine in it at all, but only a smoky pallor; and a wind feeling and pushing about the double windows under the heavy draped curtains. She remembered it like that on the day that Arthur had told her the Moreton Mills were going to fail.

She remembered Arthur's face then—the pale patches of cheek above the thick brown whiskers, and his eyes not achieving their usual calm proud glance. And the relatives, Aunt Elizabeth and Uncle Molesley Moreton and that cousin who had always lived in London—what was his name?—all looking suddenly spent and slack, as if all the padding and the full petticoats had fallen away from under their clothes.

Rodney was sixteen then. She remembered that the clearest of all, because she had made him go to the dentist's, even if it were his birthday. How silly not to, since his tooth ached. He had gone, hating her for it. She could see just the way he had looked at luncheon afterward, still a little white, with his bright hair pushed back from the high white forehead that was like his mother's. She had made his father give Rodney the toboggan he had wanted for his birthday, in spite of his feeling about the mills. Her pride was too high to allow Laura's boy to go without what he wanted, if his father did object. He should never be able to throw that in her face. It was a handsome toboggan, with scarlet tassels like Rodney's scarlet sweater. He knew he would not have had it but for her, and so he was sullen about it and about having had to go to the dentist's, as if his toothache had been her fault, and he had sat sullen at luncheon, until her plebeian hand had longed to box his delicate ears.

He was growing taller then, not awkwardly, like the other boys of his age in Bridgehamton, but lengthening out easily, like a youthful Apollo stretching himself pleasantly to an older growth. Or at least, that was what his mother might have called him, watching him from behind the solemn brocade drapes of the library where the relatives gathered, as he flung down the white curve of the drive, under the bare elms. His mother would have thought all

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She Stopped Short, a Vague Pain Striking Suddenly Within Her. There Was This Dark Figure With the Bright Hair, and a Girl in Dark Red Leaning Carelessly There Beside It

DX

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

In His Hand Was Still the Soldering Iron, and Mr. Clagg Fixed His Eye on His Wife. "Where's That Pass Book?" He Demanded Sharply

BEHIND the plate-glass window of the radio shop the super-heterodyne, a huge ten-tube set, stood out bulkily, its size and the bewildering complexity of its apparatus an object of interest to the commuters nightly streaming by on their way toward the ferry. Many halted, their usual hurry forgotten for the moment; and every evening now, for five evenings running, Mr. Clagg, too, had joined the throng peering in through the glass. A clerk in one of the big Pine Street insurance offices, he lived across the river in New Jersey.

Radio was a specialty with Mr. Clagg. In fact, he could almost have qualified as an expert radio engineer; though this was not remarkable. In the same way, at other periods in his career, Mr. Clagg had also taken up a number of other equally fascinating pursuits. One was, for example, astronomy, another was horticulture. Still others were automobiling, angling, Wall Street investment finance, motorboating and the care and training of bird dogs. What may seem odd, however, is the other side of it. In radio, for instance, while terms such as milliamperes, microfarads, inductance, capacity, impedance, megohms, DX, and so on, fell with ready familiarity from his lips, Mr. Clagg never had owned a radio set, much less had he ever built one. The same was true, too, of all his other pursuits. He knew astronomy, though he had never had a telescope. He had learned automobiling, though he had never owned a car. As for his Wall Street investments, his angling, his motorboating and the care and breeding of bird dogs, not once in his life had he bought a bond or even a fishing rod, had a motorboat or been able to say "Down charge, Poncho!" to any kind of dog he could claim as his own. In short, to make all this clear, Mr. Clagg's experience in these varied fields was entirely illusory. All of it was confined to what he gleaned from magazines in the Y. M. C. A. reading room near his home.

His house was on the outskirts of Orange. The district was known locally as the Rind. In that psychopathic condition familiar to Freudian theorists as the complex of suppressed desires there is, of course, always a definite cause, an explanation. Mr. Clagg's case was no exception. In fact, one would have needed only to trail him home at night—any night—to learn the cause offhand. The house—a two-story villa of exactly the same size and general description of a hundred or so other houses that filled the neighborhood—stood at the end of a long street leading up from the railroad station; and each evening, as Mr. Clagg let himself and his bundles in at the door, a voice from somewhere inside seemed always like a herald's trumpet blast to hail his homecoming. The voice, it seemed, was Mrs. Clagg's. A large, commanding type of woman with bobbed hair and a decided jaw, her voice also rang with authority.

"That you?" she would instantly demand; and when Mr. Clagg admitted it, from the head of the stairs or the kitchen at the back Mrs. Clagg would speak again, her speech varied to the occasion. "Late again, I see!" or "Did you match that silk? I bet you forgot!" If Mr. Clagg, however, had not forgotten to match the silk or, as it might be, bring home from the city the couple of pecks of vegetables or the two-rib roast or the fish his helpmate had ordered him to bring, Mrs. Clagg's voice would at once change—regretfully, one might think. "Well, you go wash, you hear? And don't you keep us waiting!" Mrs. Clagg would admonish. By the "us" she meant the other members of the household.

There were four, it appeared—Mrs. Clagg herself, Mrs. Clagg's mother and brother, and Mortimer, Mrs. Clagg's son by a former marriage. Mort was nineteen, nearly twenty; and he was intending presently to "enter business," as he expressed it. Meanwhile Mort occasionally attended a so-called business college, the remainder of his time being spent around the house or in going to trolley parks and other places with a girl he knew. The girl's name was Gladys, the last syllable being pronounced as in "ice"; and as for Mrs. Clagg's mother and brother, a few words will dispose of them. Though the brother stood six-feet-two in his socks and weighed two hundred and twelve pounds stripped, Lem Oswald was an invalid, he having injured his back eleven years before in a tug-of-war at an Elks picnic.

This, it seems, was the same year when Horace Clagg had married Mrs. Clagg, who at the time was a business woman. That is to say, she and her son having been left flat by Mr. Clagg's predecessor, she had taken a position as cashier in a Pearl Street quick-lunch restaurant; and there, while he nibbled his noonday sandwich, Mr. Clagg had wooed and won her. However, to make this brief, it was not until they returned from the honeymoon that Mr. Clagg had learned his bride had a mother and brother boarding over in DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, much less that both now planned to come and live with Mr. Clagg, his bride and Mort. They, in fact, moved in almost immediately, Mrs. Clagg's mother, Mrs. Oswald, being a recluse who seldom left her room except at mealtimes or when there was company in the parlor. She still mourned her late husband, it seemed.

The husband had died twenty-two years before, it appeared; and though this, of course, has little to do with the original subject—the matter of Mr. Clagg's consuming interest in radio, astronomy, automobiling, bird dogs, Wall Street, and so on—it still has some bearing on the situation. One point is the fact that the entire support of the household fell on Horace Clagg's shoulders. Another point is that Mr. Clagg's full income—the salary paid him by the Pine Street insurance company—was $56.25 a week. But though that was so, and though $56.25 a week is not to be considered as wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, it is to be supposed that even on this amount a week one might reasonably own at least a radio. Not so, however. In fact, though Mr. Clagg himself had once timidly suggested as much, the net result of the suggestion had been negative.

It had been definitely negative, to be frank. "What! You build a radio?" Mrs. Clagg had exclaimed. Then, her sense of humor overcoming her, Mrs. Clagg at once had given way to it.

As she laughed amusedly, Mort put his head in at the door. He was in his shirt sleeves, just dressing to go out to the trolley park with Gladys; and in honor of the occasion Mort had decked himself out in Mr. Clagg's best Sunday necktie.

"What's th' joke, ma?" inquired Mort.

Mrs. Clagg indicated Mort's stepfather with her thumb. "He says he wants t' build a radio," she returned, the accent as in "radish."

"That cheese," echoed Mort; then he, too, burst into a guffaw.

It was ridiculous, no doubt of that; but solemnly, his face painful, Mr. Clagg strove to explain himself. "A radio would be very nice," he faltered. "At night we could turn it on and listen to the band."

Mrs. Clagg audibly sucked her teeth. She had ceased to laugh. "Thasso?" she inquired.

Then Mrs. Clagg gave a snort. Indignation for a moment seemed to whelm her; and she reared herself up, her large bust and commanding person seeming to make Mr. Clagg's slight figure still more slight, more insignificant. As she observed, radios cost money. As she further observed, where was the money to come from? As it was, what with Lem's last trip to the seashore for his health, the bill, too, for Mort's business-college tuition and the new box spring for Mrs. Oswald's bed, there would be a tight shave for it that season; on top of which, how about the fur coat she had to have? "Yeah, how about it?" iterated Mrs. Clagg.

Mr. Clagg waited till she had finished. Then he wet his lips. "But I have the money," he replied.

There instantly was a diversion. His face alert, Mort moved abruptly. Mrs. Clagg, too, gave a start. Afterward, her eyes narrowing, she heaved her large figure a step or so toward her husband.

"You've got it?" she inquired, her inflection rising; and when Mr. Clagg said yes, that he already had saved it up, Mrs. Clagg's dense brows contracted sharply. "So!" she said. "Then you've been holding out on me, have you?"

Mr. Clagg hurriedly denied it. He had held out nothing on Mrs. Clagg. "It was my lunch money I went without my lunches," he explained.

It was so. For a matter of three months, nearly four, Mr. Clagg had denied himself his midday meal, in this way laying by almost $50.00—or $48.40 to be exact. With this, as he explained, he could buy the parts to build a machine and have enough for tubes and batteries as well. He himself would build the machine. It would be a two-tube reflex, he said, and his face lit with eagerness and anticipation. Mr. Clagg had begun a little talk on hook-ups in general and the reflex in particular, when Mrs. Clagg cut him short.

"Fork it out!" said Mrs. Clagg, reaching forth a hand.

Mr. Clagg gaped. "But, Bella," he pleaded.

"D'you hear me, fork it over!" repeated his wife.

"Yeah, make him come through, ma!" encouraged Mort.

Mr. Clagg came through. Though it was regretfully, he produced the $48.40 from an inside pocket; and as he did so, Mort alertly and skilfully reached out and helped himself to a five-dollar bill. The remainder Mrs. Clagg resolutely buttoned inside her waist. However, though this was merely a detail and though, too, it had happened nearly a year and a half ago, from the incident, slight as it may appear, it may be seen perhaps why Mr. Clagg never had indulged himself in any of those vagrom fancies of his automobiles and astronomy, motorboats and bird dogs, Wall Street finance and radio. But be that as it may, in Mr. Clagg's life and daily round of starved, suppressed desires there still was some mitigation. Dreams cost nothing. It costs nothing, either, to stand and peer in through a plate-glass window.

BUILD YOUR OWN! the printed sign on the ten-tube superheterodyne read; and that was why, for five nights running now, Mr. Clagg had stood with his face pressed close to the plate-glass window of the radio shop. Every night, in his imagination, Mr. Clagg had built the super for himself.

II

FIVE, the closing hour. As the clock in the Pine Street insurance office struck, one might have thought a sudden jail delivery was in progress. Close to a hundred workers filled the room, each worker hunched over a ledger or a sheaf of papers; and the instant the clock on the wall gave its laggard signal there was a concerted roar, the scrape of a hundred chairs and stools thrust back from the desks, then a general rush to the exits. Out beyond was the cloakroom, its entrance guarded by a double-banked row of time clocks; and as the mob of employes galloped past, the clank of the time clocks resounded like a carillon. Swift as were his fellow hirelings, however, Mr. Clagg was surprisingly the swiftest, and seizing his hat and coat after he had slammed one of the near-by clock machines, he was aboard an elevator and downstairs in the street, almost the first to escape from the building.

Two blocks away was Cortlandt Street; and at the foot of Cortlandt Street was the ferry. If he raced he could catch the 5:11.

The ferry was the one that connected with a train for the Oranges. However, though he indeed raced, Mr. Clagg had no immediate thought either of the ferry or of its connecting train. For a moment, too, there was obliterated from his mind the fact that as he sped down his doorstep that morn Mrs. Clagg had vociferated after him something about two pounds of liver, sliced; three quarts of string beans, fresh; half a peck of spinach and a coupla bunches of beets. Down the street, though, at the other side of the L, were the plate-glass windows of the radio shops that infest the quarter; and if he hurried, at the same time keeping close watch of the hour, Mr. Clagg knew he could catch the 5:48 instead of the 5:11. Thus, Mr. Clagg already had learned, he could indulge himself in an extra ten minutes or so of gloating. In fact, never before had he seen a radio set so enthralling as the ten-tube super!

What a machine! What a marvel and a maze of wiring and other apparatus! However, though he already had memorized its bewildering layout so accurately and acutely that he could have put it together without a blue-print plan, there were details about its structure that he wished to verify. Was the plate voltage of the intermediate transformers forty-five or ninety volts? Was there or was there not a choke coil on the audio output? If so, what was the value of the choke in microhenries? In fact, once or twice, in his fever to settle these important details, Mr. Clagg had

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He Gave the Dials Another Nudge, and as He Did So He Looked Up at the Ceiling, a Rapt, Seraphic Look All at Once Stealing Over His Face

THE MEANEST MAN

Mr. Tutt Somewhat Shamefacedly Lifted His Creel From Beneath the Table. "Darn If I Didn't Forget All About Those Trout!" He Explained

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

EVER since old Doc Barrows had swindled the Somerset County agrostologists by selling them worthless bonds, and Squire Hezekiah Mason, the then local prosecutor, had insisted on sending him to Sing Sing for so doing, in spite of the fact that Doc was known to be a harmless old nut, his widowed daughter, Ma Best, had been paying back her father's victims little by little—all except Mason himself, and to him, at his own suggestion, she had given a mortgage on the Phœnix Hotel for twice the amount involved. Doc had been sixty years old when Mason had sent him up in 1910—a cheery old soak with an insane glitter in his watery eye whenever the conversation touched upon diamond mines, gushers, or the wonderful way you could distill gold out of sea water—"Seen 'em do it myself, I tell ye!" He had staggered out of prison ten years later, the glitter gone, a broken old man, rambling until he died, about the days when he had been on intimate terms with "the Morgins," "the Rockyfellers," and "Johnny W. Gates."

In the sixteen years which had elapsed since Doc's conviction, Ma, now a woman in the fifties herself, had wiped out the major part of his indebtedness.

There was a certain justice in the voluntarily assumed obligation, for part of the Phœnix Hotel had originally been built out of Doc's ill-gotten gains and Ma continued to run it for the benefit of those whom he had defrauded, most of them people of small means. She would have wiped out all of it had she not been paying double interest to Mason.

The loss of the five thousand dollars which Doc had enticed from the horny clutch of this country Shylock had cruelly hurt the latter's pride. He had the bonds yet—beautiful pink securities engraved with the effigies of Indians chasing herds of buffaloes off prairie railroad tracks in order, apparently, to enable them to escape the onward rush of a locomotive with a cuspidor-shaped smokestack—gold, refunding general-mortgage bonds, bearing 8 per cent, and not due until 1967! He had bought them from Doc at 89⅞, under the impression that the latter, being a mental defective, did not know what they were worth, only to find a few months later that no such bonds had ever been issued. Doc, who had put the money, meantime, into the second floor of the hotel, insisted that the railroad's assertion was sheer nonsense.

"Morgin handed me those bonds himself, he did! 'Doc,' he says, 'you kin just put 'em away and fergit about 'em, an' you'll have sumpthin' to fall back on in your old age,' he says. 'They'll sell at 200 some day, Doc,' he says. . . . How kin you tell they won't, Mr. Mason?"

"What did you give Mr. Morgan for 'em?" demanded Mason, with his eye on the jury, which half an hour later found Doc guilty.

"I give him a half interest in my patent."

"What patent?"

"My sea-water patent fer makin' gold."

And the jury had convicted Doc under the common misapprehension that such was their duty if he owed the complainant money.

That evening the prosecutor had called upon Ma Best in the kitchen of the Phœnix Hotel.

"Judge Tompkins is going to sentence your father tomorrow morning, Mrs. Best," he said with an ominous ring in his gritty voice. "What I say will have consid'r'ble influence. As you know, your dad was convicted for stealin' two thousand dollars from Toggery Bill Gookin by falsely representing them bonds to be legal obligations of the corporation issuin' the same. He kin get anywheres from one to ten years. There's another indictment chargin' him with stealin' five thousand dollars from me. I kin have it tried or not ez I see fit. But I guess your dad kin get punished all that's necessary in Toggery's case. Now my money went into the hotel, so why not give me a mortgage on it? Ten thousand dollars would be about right, I guess. I figure I lost more'n that. You see the bonds was worth two hundred, accordin' to what your dad told me, and I had five of 'em. That in itself makes ten thousand. And then there's loss of interest, and expenses, and what I might 'a' made in something else if I'd kept my money. I don't see why Tompkins need to be so awful hard on Doc, in view of his condition, 'specially if ——"

He got the mortgage; Doc got ten years. And Ma had been paying the squire eight hundred dollars annually for sixteen years—a total of twelve thousand eight hundred and still owed Mason the principal of ten thousand.

"All the same, father did get five thousand dollars from him," Ma had protested to Sheriff Moses Higgins in defense of her action, when he had expostulated with her.

"I wish Doc had taken all he had, durn his soul!" returned Mose indignantly.

That was also the way all the inhabitants of Pottsville felt about it, for there was no more unpopular man in the whole upper tier of New York counties than Squire—Stinker—Hezekiah Mason, whose mortgage on the Phœnix Hotel was but one in his sheaf of nearly a hundred that covered the farms of Somerset County.

For ten years Ma had worked herself to the bone trying to make enough profit out of the precarious transient business to pay the squire his usurious interest and have something left for more deserving sufferers. But the roads were

bad, trade was light, and the only really good season was while the County Fair was on in the autumn, the winter term of court, and during the trout season in the spring, when Lawyer Ephraim Tutt and a few other sapient ones hied themselves to the Mohawk Valley to whip the whirling waters of Chasm Brook or the quieter inlet of Turkey Pond.

At that time the Phœnix, although famous for its cooking, was known as a three-dollar house—namely, room, a dollar-fifty; dinner, a dollar; supper, seventy-five cents; breakfast, fifty. Thus, if you took board by the day you saved a whole seventy-five cents! There was electric light, but no running water in the rooms; the beds had wooden slats, and towels were changed only on demand. Ma cooked the meals, her small daughter Betty waited on the table, assisted at first by one Willie Toothacker, and later, after his translation to the law office of Mr. Tutt, by a miscellaneous negro boy named Ulysses, and the upstairs work "got done somehow." A hand-to-mouth enterprise which paid its way because expenses were reduced to a minimum and there were no bad debts. In fine, during those first ten years Ma Best ran the Phœnix Hotel for the benefit of Squire Mason, who cracked the lash of labor over her back and took 95 per cent of the profits.

And then the motor brought prosperity with a gigantic P to Pottsville and the Phœnix Hotel. Where the eye of the traveler had originally been met only by a sign in faded lettering above the pillars of a sagging piazza and rickety porte-cochère, now swung the creaking silhouette of a flamingo-colored bird in full flight—rivaling in size the fabled roc—and alleged by the artist, Cy Pennypacker, of the Art Foto Saloon, to be an accurate representation of a phœnix arising from its ashes. The pillars gained self-respect and stood erect. Bright blue replaced the weather-worn white of the façade. And Ulysses, arrayed in a uniform of smart green with pill-box cap of the same, lolled superciliously beneath the porte-cochère to open the doors of the line of waiting motors and pass the occupants on to the head waiter—erstwhile Deputy Sheriff Sam Bellows, who stood in white ducks beside the door and waved the motorists into the dining room at two-fifty per head.

The Perfect Tour had put Pottsville on the map, and the Phœnix, by virtue of its vermilion and blue trappings, became a palace hotel. For three miles in both directions up and down the valley the appetite of the approaching motorist was titillated by similar scarlet phœnixes suspended at intervals above the roadway, each bearing a single magic word. From these signs, taken tandem, successively, *in toto*, en masse and ensemble, the wayfarer, provided his eyesight was unimpaired by the strident color, would be gradually educated in crescendo to the gastronomical possibilities awaiting him in Pottsville.

EAT AT THE PHŒNIX HOTEL

Pottsville, Famous for its Chicken and Lobster Dinners—Fresh Corn—Beans—Peas—Cider—Waffles—Flapjacks.

Every MODERN CONVENIENCE, hot baths.

Golf—Tennis—Hunting—Fishing. EAT—EAT—EAT AT THE PHŒNIX HOTEL.

Ma admitted that the references to sport were slightly exaggerated, and that the final *s* on the word "baths" was nearly a fib, but she said she reckoned if folks wanted to hunt and play golluf there wasn't anything to stop 'em, and anybody who wanted to pay for the privilege could take plural baths instead of one.

Anyhow, the point is that they came, joyously leaving two-fifty per behind them and cramming the white-gloved palms of Sam Bellows and Ulysses with silver quarters and half dollars; and many of them stayed overnight and bought picture postals and nut sundaes and the genuine Indian moccasins and curios which Ma ordered from New York and sold in the hotel lobby, and crowded into the Pottsville Palace cinema, and "just loved being in the country—I mean the real country!"

So Ma replaced the slats with box springs and put up her prices—room, six-fifty; dinner, two-fifty; supper, two-fifty; breakfast, one-fifty; garage, two-fifty. The Phœnix became a twelve-dollar-a-day house, and the citizens of Pottsville pointed with pride to Ma's new filling station, with its green lattice covered with artificial crimson ramblers and its row of scarlet and blue pumps.

"I only wish dad could ha' lived to see this day!" she sighed frequently as the money kept on pouring into her lap. "There's more gold in oil than in sea water!"

Her success was wormwood to Squire Mason's soul, since he regarded the hotel as by rights belonging to him. He'd paid for most of it, hadn't he? He ground his yellow teeth at the thought that the mortgage had but one year more to run. Ma tried to pay it off, but he would not let her.

"No, I'm in no hurry. I'm satisfied with my interest and my security," he snarled.

Distrustful of him, she offered, if he would cancel the mortgage then and there, to pay a bonus of five hundred dollars; but, although sorely tempted, he refused. "I'll git that hotel yet!" he swore to himself. "All these fixings cost a pile o' money; p'r'aps she'll go bust! Or mebbe when the mortgage falls due I kin fix it so she can't raise the cash to pay and I'll have the chance to foreclose! Lots of things can happen in a year!"

So, having installed running water in the bedrooms and added a couple of baths, a new dining room with plate-glass windows, an architectural chimney piece and a radio, and sent Betty to Simmons College, Ma, indulging in a sort of second blooming, walked into Sheriff Moses Higgins' automobile agency one morning and bought herself a dandy little new sedan to trundle her old bones around in.

To Mason it was the last straw. He who had always been too mean to buy a car himself was sick with envy of the woman who paid him eight hundred dollars a year voluntarily and out of a sense of justice. The yellow-eyed monster perched upon his shoulder and whispered in his hairy ear.

It was he that should have had that car! The woman had bought it out of his money! He almost persuaded himself that if she had a spark of common decency she would offer to give it to him. And then it slowly dawned upon his jaundiced intelligence that there was no real reason why he should not own a car himself, instead of sponging on anybody who happened to be going in his direction.

Cautiously he let it become known that he was thinkin' some of gettin' a car later on, mebbe, and on the strength of it had several hundred miles of tryouts and demonstrations in both Pottsville and Patterson. All winter long he studied catalogues, canvassed thoroughly the used-car question, debated exhaustively the relative desirability of various types with Sheriff Higgins, and at last, when the latter's patience was almost exhausted, broached the proposition which he had been maturing in his mind.

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"I Don't Suppose You'd Fancy Having Squire Mason Get a Judgment Against You for a Hundred Thousand Dollars?"

OLD BIBLES

By Dr. A. S. W. ROSENBACH

As Told to Avery Strakosch

WHAT is the greatest discovery in the history of books? This is the question with which I am constantly bombarded. In letters from all parts of the world the embryonic bookman, the novice collector, the casual lover of books, the intelligent, the stupid—they make this their leading question. And although I have never been accused of unseemly virtue, I rejoice that the answer is exactly as it should be—the first printed Bible.

The momentous recognition of the now famed Gutenberg Bible occurred in the middle of the eighteenth century. Book collecting was already beginning to discard its somber, conservative guise as an occupation of the religious in monasteries, or as a pastime of the old and very rich. Now this discovery came like a flaming meteor against the literary sky.

So many astounding literary finds have been made in out-of-the-way places, it is somewhat surprising that this first and greatest printed work should have been identified in the very heart of Paris. In a preceding article I have related the remarkable manner in which several other rare books turned up. There was the copy of Pilgrim's Progress which made its way from obscurity in the barber shop of a small English town to international fame in a London auction room. And another valuable book, Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, which hid unsuspected for years in the lumber room of a Northamptonshire estate before it was brought to light; and a similar copy, equally rare, which was used as an archer's target at Shrewsbury before its value was accidentally recognized. What irony, then, that this, the greatest book of all time, the Gutenberg Bible, should have rested in the very center of a literary stronghold perhaps centuries before its unique preeminence was detected!

Thousands of eyes during that time had gazed uncomprehendingly upon this marvel of the printer's art in the celebrated library of Cardinal Mazarin in Paris. How often it was read by strangely undiscerning eyes—eyes of students, eyes of connoisseurs—looked upon by true lovers of the antique! They saw nothing in it but a Bible one more early Bible. Such men as Descartes, Voiture and Corneille doubtless turned its pages many times. Certainly it must have been something of a curiosity, even in those days. But what scant imaginations they had! The very idea chills me!

The First Printed Book

IT WILL forever remain a mystery, that Gutenberg Bible in Paris. How did it get there from Germany? Who brought it? How did it happen to be in the Mazarin Library? Did some serious-minded book agent of Old France—if there were any then—bargain quietly with the scarlet-robed cardinal, or was the road to its destination one of intrigue, of dishonor, and finally violence? Alas, that we book lovers will never know! A little pilfering here and there was never known to upset Mazarin, if the book he coveted was worthy of it. Often I have wondered, when visiting his musty library, what the ancient walls behind the shelves could tell were they suddenly given the power of speech. As the old proverb runs, "Walls have ears." Nor is it difficult in that majestic palace to watch through half-closed eyes, veiled, of course, by your imagination, the proud old churchman as he pridefully surveys his magnificent books. Perhaps you can see him lingering before the provocative loveliness of gleaming parchment and morocco covers; observe him as he tenderly removes from its resting place some diabolical work of Machiavelli; or he may pace elegantly between the ancient lecterns and reading posts to bend in silent tribute before the disquieting beauty of some massive old missal. I have easily pictured not only His Eminence but his many assistants as well, searching among the ancient tomes: sandaled monks, learned scholars and librarians, poets and courtiers, they have all passed me in that renowned library, unconscious of my presence. And how the chains still jangle which for centuries have held captive certain small and attractive volumes on shelf and table. Some sophisticated doubters may sigh as they read these lines, thinking: "Poor Rosenbach, what the vineyards of France must have done to him."

After I purchased the Melk copy of the Gutenberg Bible last year, I learned, from the hordes of visitors who came to see it, and through the letters of congratulation and inquiry with which I was flooded, that most people thought this the only copy in existence. As a matter of fact, forty-three copies have been discovered thus far, ten of which are now in public and private libraries in this country. Perhaps there are others in hiding; there is always that glorious chance. But the very fact that there were these other copies, scattered in various libraries in the old centers of Europe—copies which were there, doubtless, from the time Gutenberg accomplished his stupendous work—makes the first disclosure of this Bible, nearly three centuries after its publication, the more remarkable.

Think of the many wise graybeards who spent their lives searching for knowledge in the vast libraries of Vienna, of Berlin, of Göttingen, of Prague, and at Oxford and Cambridge, those centuries ago; men who saw and read these volumes and yet did not question their strange peculiarity. For although the Gutenberg Bible gives the effect of a fastidiously written manuscript, it is not only the earliest but actually the most beautiful work of printing the world has ever known. It is the first work to come from any press using movable types. Whether these were cut from wood or molded in lead can never be conclusively proved. This is immaterial, however, except to the student of typography. The type itself is a large Gothic one, and the ink, now nearly five centuries old, is today as black and glossy as the hair of a Japanese beauty. The majestic Gothic lettering was the prevailing one used in Germany for ecclesiastical works at that time, and therefore it was but natural to use it as a model. The pages of the Gutenberg Bible are perfectly spaced in double columns.

The great work was published in two states; some copies were printed on paper, others on vellum. The feel of the paper always fascinates me, so firm it is, so beautiful in appearance. It seems alive, yet there is something definitely final about it. It is as though the paper of the Gutenberg Bible had proudly indicated from its inception that nothing finer, nothing more perfect ever could be made. Nor is the vellum of any other old book of finer texture than that which Gutenberg, the master printer, used. The rarest vellum is from the thinnest, the most velvety part of the inner skin of the sheep. This Gutenberg was careful to select, and his Bibles printed on vellum are much more valuable today than those printed on paper. It thrills the lover of books when he observes the superb taste Johann Gutenberg showed in the year 1455. A decade later printers, his pupils, began to be patronized by princes of the church and state. It was they who ordered the most beautiful books, made especially for their private gratification. But there is no record of Gutenberg having any such incentive as wealth or approbation. He must have followed some compelling desire of his own which led to the creation of the perfect book.

A Leaf From an Illuminated French Bible of the Fourteenth Century

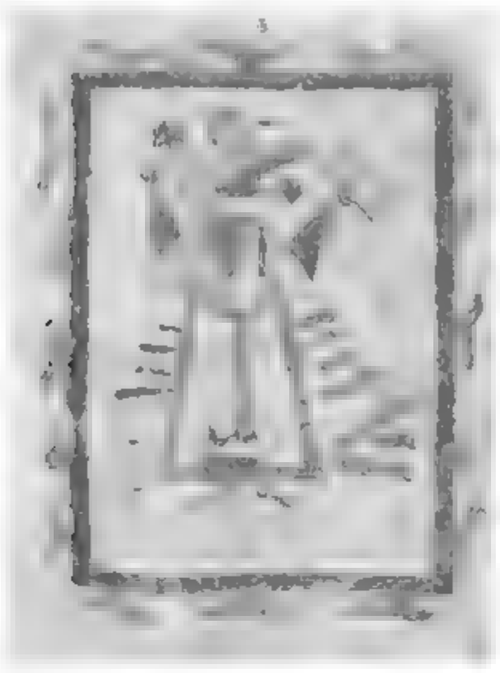
Gutenberg's Experiments

IT WAS about 1750 that Guillaume François de Bure, a young Frenchman, proved himself a veritable prodigy among discoverers. At that time he employed every moment he could spare, working in the Mazarin Library, which, since the death of its founder, had fortunately been in the hands of intelligent and appreciative men. It happened that De Bure one day stumbled upon two old volumes he could not recall having seen before. He glanced at them as he passed, and was so taken by their unusual beauty that he resolved to return to study them as soon as possible. Almost the first thing De Bure observed was that there were forty-two lines on the page. He had seen, in those magnificent ecclesiastical surroundings, many wonderful Bibles. In a state of hopeful excitement he looked for and finally located another copy of the glorious book, similar to the one in the Mazarin Library, in the Electoral Library in Mainz. This is the copy which is now in the French National Library. De Bure read the inscription in an ancient hand at the end of each volume, several lines stating that these books had been rubricated and bound in the year of Our Lord, 1456. With these slender facts as a basis, he set about further to establish the authenticity of the greatest bibliographical discovery of all time.

There were two issues of the Gutenberg, or as it was originally called, the Mazarin, Bible. The first contains forty, forty-one and forty-two lines to the column. But this, as a rule, is at the beginning of the book, where it is apparent that Gutenberg was experimenting; he was trying to evolve to his own satisfaction the form of what has since been acclaimed the greatest monument of the printer's art. To obtain the very first issue of the Gutenberg

Bible that is an achievement! Of all books in the world it is the most important to possess in its elemental state, for it was in this condition that it first saw the light of day. It is true that there is nothing nobler, nothing finer, nothing more beautiful than the Gutenberg Bible in its last completed phase, but to me the embryonic stage of the first printed book is the most important. Only the first "gathering," as we say technically, comprises the first printed book.

I believe Gutenberg began printing his Bible a little before 1450, and devoted the first three or four years to perfecting the movable types. But I doubt if it could have been much earlier than 1455 when he finally completed the first copy. In all probability he was assisted by his friend, Johann Fust, who supplied the money with which Gutenberg bought materials for a press and types. Aided, too, by Fust's son-in-law, Peter Schoffer, they brought eternal fame to the name of their already famous city, Mainz. Later many apprentices from Gutenberg's and Fust's *atelier* went southward to France, Italy and Spain, where they established the first presses in the great cities of Paris, Rome, Florence and Seville. These specimens of early printing are known to the specialists as Incunabula, or books representing the cradle of printing. The term has been extended so as to include all works printed before 1500.



From an English Biblical Manuscript of the Ninth Century

Some authorities have questioned the claim of Gutenberg as the inventor of printing. Coster, of Haarlem, has been put forth as the real discoverer. There are fragments of early printing with Gothic types that students of typography have dubbed Costeriana. I cannot enter here into a discussion of this controversy. Perhaps both sides are right. At any rate, I have read reams and reams on the subject and have become sadder if not wiser at each perusal. Mademoiselle Pellechet, a celebrated bibliophile of the nineteenth century, studied the question deeply. In the end, as bibliography is a science in which women have distinguished themselves, a woman will probably say the last word! Perhaps the best person to give an opinion on the subject today is Miss Belle da Costa Greene, the learned librarian of the Morgan Library.

A Bible Bought by Radio

WHEN I visited England two or three years ago I was invited to Windsor Castle to see the beautiful library belonging to King George. The librarian—the Honorable John Fortescue, the authority on the history of the English Army—showed me many magnificent volumes and manuscripts. Among them was that glorious rarity known to the initiated as the 1457 Psalter printed on vellum by Fust and Schoffer. There are in the royal library many works of great historical importance, and I listened with delight to his fascinating stories relating to them.

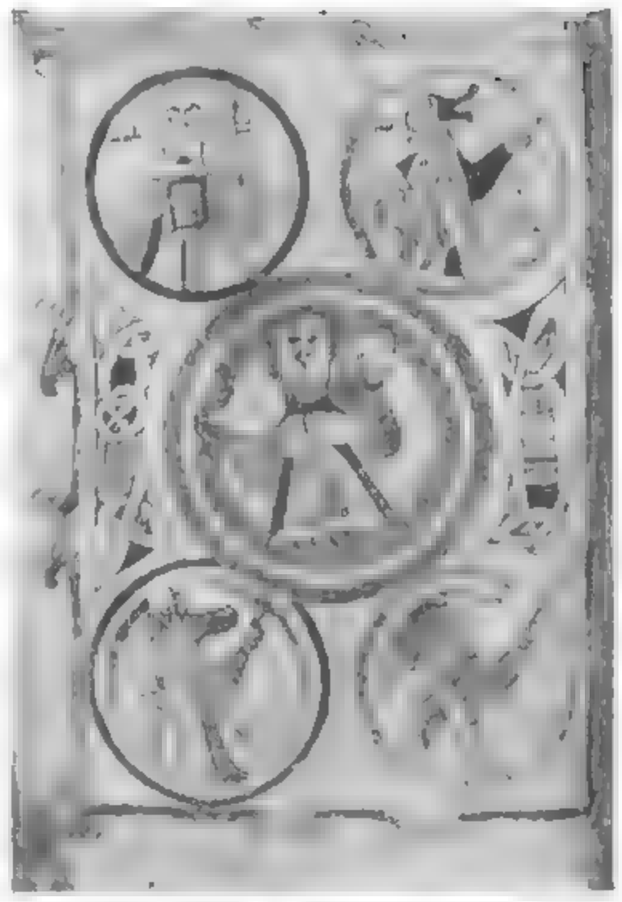
Often during the afternoon I stood before the windows of the library to look out upon the vista of green lawns, the winding Thames, and Eton College a few miles in the distance. I thought of Thomas Gray and others who had known so intimately the country about me, of famous men whose names were connected with famous books, and a sudden desire came over me—a desire to see and pay homage to the most beautiful book in the world. By the time I was ready to leave the castle I had decided to motor over to Eton.

When I arrived I immediately went to the library attendant and asked him to let me see the Gutenberg Bible. This copy in the library of Eton College is to my mind the most noble specimen of all. It is in its contemporary binding of old leather decorated with the original metal clasps and bosses, and it bears the name of the binder, Johann Fogel, who goes down in history as the binder of the first printed book.

At the very time of my visit to Eton the newspapers in England were running editorial comment about several purchases I had just made privately and at auction sales. They complained I was taking away the greatest monuments of literature from their shores. The old attendant at Eton, noting my enthusiasm as I turned the pages of this beautiful Bible said to me, in a tone tickled with pride, "Wouldn't that Doctor Rosenbach like to carry off this Gutenberg Bible too?"

Gutenberg's Bible was set up from the Latin manuscript version designated by scholars as the Vulgate. Previous to its issue most manuscript Bibles were written either in Greek or Hebrew. Now, for the first time, it appeared available to all who could read, translated into the vulgar tongue—Latin.

During the past few years I have purchased four copies of the Gutenberg Bible. The first, at the Hoe sale in 1912, was an edition printed on paper, and with Alfred Quaritch I later sold it to the late P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia. It is now in the collection of his son, Mr. Joseph Widener. The second copy, in a superb binding by Fogel, and now in the greatest private collection of Bibles in this country, came from the library of the late James W. Ellsworth, of Chicago. It was in a strange manner that I bought this copy. I was halfway across the Atlantic. Before sailing I had been treating for its purchase, along with the rest of his splendid library. I completed the transaction by wireless. It was thus that the fifteenth century and the twentieth met in midocean! To buy a Gutenberg Bible by radio—it seemed almost sacrilegious. And this recalls another story. I met for the first time aboard one of the great liners a distinguished collector, a man of great taste and judgment. He said to me in the smoking room, fifteen hundred miles out of New York, "Have you a set of the Four Folios of Shakespeare?"



A Leaf From an English Biblical Manuscript of the Ninth Century

"Yes," I replied, "a fine one—the Trowbridge set; at least, I have if it has not been sold."

He asked me to verify it by wireless, which I did, and on receipt of the message he purchased it in mid-Atlantic. No man that ever lived had the prophetic foresight of Shakespeare; yet even he could not have pictured such a thing. And the price? That is still another story.

A University Richly Endowed

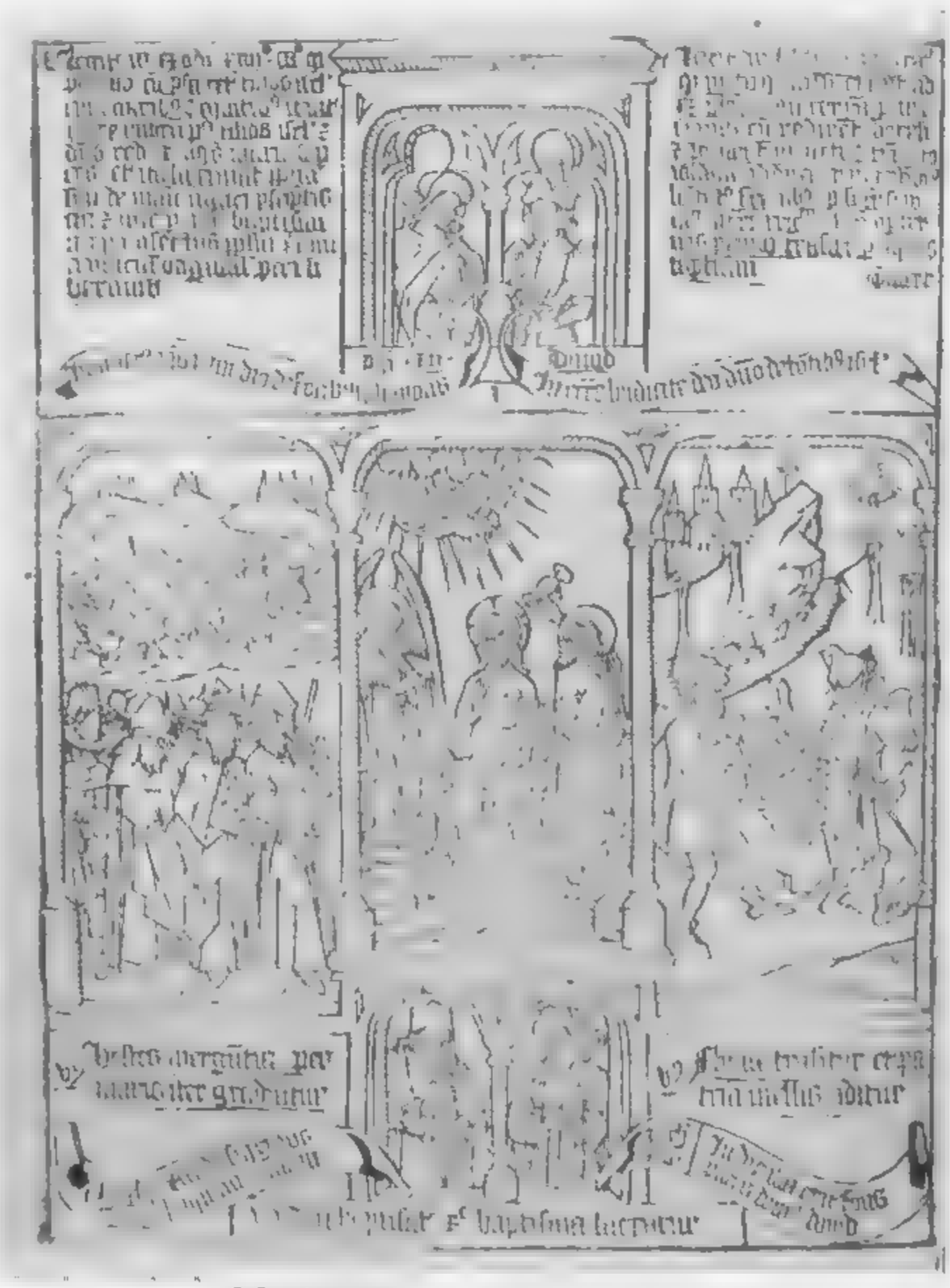
I PURCHASED another Gutenberg Bible, printed on paper, at the Caryafort sale in London, four years ago, and paid £9500—a little less than $50,000—for it. Today it rests, with other great examples of printing and literature, in the library of Mr. Carl H. Pforzheimer, in New York City.

The Melk copy, which I bought at the Anderson Galleries last year, was as exciting an acquisition as I have ever made. Of course there were many collectors and dealers besides myself who yearned to own it. The price I paid for it—$106,000—was like the first shot of the Revolution, heard around the world. Mrs. E. S. Harkness bought this copy from me and most graciously bestowed it upon the Library of Yale University, in memory of Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness. It is certainly one of the greatest gifts ever made to a university in this country. So many copies have passed into public institutions during the past few years, it is unlikely that many more perfect ones can come into the market. What will its price be in the future? One can as well stem the tides as to block its steady and irresistible march. It is only a matter of time. Today it sells for more than $100,000; more than $1,000,000 will some day be a reasonable price for it.

Although much stress has been laid upon the value and rarity of the Gutenberg forty-two-line Bible and it is generally thought to be the most valuable in the world, I believe the thirty-six-line Bible, known as the Pfister, or Bamberg, Bible is infinitely rarer. It also was the work of a Mainz printing press, and was probably made under Gutenberg's supervision, after he had finished the one which now bears his name. In the old days it was thought to have been printed before the Gutenberg Bible, but scholars have proved by long study that mistakes are made which could only have been the result of using Gutenberg's for copy, instead of one of the written texts. There are only fourteen copies of this thirty-six-line Bible known; four are in England, seven in Germany, one is in Belgium, one in France and another in Austria. Yet in all this broad land there is not one copy. But I rejoice in having a single leaf of it, which, I assure you, I prize greatly.

What is probably the most beautiful Bible after the Gutenberg is the two volumes forming what is known as the 1462

(Continued on Page 78)



A Leaf of Block Book, Dating About 1440

Trees Aren't Safe for Birdies

It Was the Inevitable Post Mortem—From the Drop of the Starter's Flag to the Last Plane Across the Line

By AUSTIN PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

THE first real pang of fear—that suffocating, heart-squeezing sort of fear—Ann Torrey ever felt for her husband's safety came while Andy was piloting the Umpty Cyclone III in the Patterson Cup Race at Chicago. It was a cumulative emotion, she realized later, that had its obscure beginnings when Andy told her, one morning during their honeymoon, just six months back, about the first Patterson Cup he had won.

"It's not as dangerous as it sounds," he assured her hastily, when he saw that she was already beginning to frown upon the idea of his entering another race.

"I hope not!" replied Ann fervently.

The fear began to be a definitely troubling thing the day when Andy took her into the hangar and let her gaze upon the latest pride and enthusiasm of the M. P. T. Aircraft Corporation—the Umpty Cyclone III. It was, to her eyes, an ugly, bullet-headed, venomous little insect of a plane; a small, wispy black body spreading four wings of silver, with a hugely swollen engine section that housed five hundred horse power. She stood silently upon tiptoe and peered into the cockpit, filled with nickel gadgets and indicators. The cockpit was specially tailored to fit Andy's six feet of muscular body, designed around him to offer the least possible resistance to the pounding blast of wind the plane would create. Placed before his eyes was a tiny crescent of a windshield and behind his head the fuselage rose in a hump of streamlining.

"Whew!" she breathed finally, and stepped back from the plane to get a view of it from another angle. "Well, it ought to travel," she admitted, feeling that she should say something complimentary.

Benson, Andy's mechanic, who had been walking about the plane caressing it as though he expected it to pur, stopped and announced, "I'll say she ought to!"

Andy was wearing a satisfied smile.

Finally the day came when loving hands dismantled the Cyclone III, stowed its parts into carefully built crates and loaded the crates into an express car. The slow but sure railroad, which, if you believed Andy and George Morrison, who was president of Umpty, in their more optimistic moments, was practically in the junk heap as a means of transportation, took them to Chicago. Neither Andy nor Morrison was in a mood to run any risk of accident. They had made away with the Patterson Cup twice; just once more and the cup went to live permanently at the M. P. T. factory.

In Chicago, Ann and Andy were guests of Dan and Emily Crossland, old friends of hers, but Andy immediately became one of those absentee guests whose comings and goings are accountable to no one. He rolled in at night dead tired and rolled out again in the morning before the others in the house, except servants, were up. The Crosslands rarely saw him and then only when they motored to the field with Ann.

"I'd like you to become acquainted with Andy," she said, laughing. "He's really quite a dear. At least he was when I last had a chance to talk with him—a few weeks ago."

But the Crosslands caught only brief glimpses of a tall, lean-faced man of thirty years, with sober, grayish-green eyes and a straight unemotional mouth. He would drop his work for a few minutes and join them, but he had very little to say for himself. Whatever he did say was supplemented by a pleasant, active smile, which made them disposed to like him. Then he would go back to his work again, Ann's eyes following him regretfully. She was so obviously proud of him and whole-heartedly in love.

If, back in the golden age of 1905, you were reading the newspapers, especially the sensational Sunday magazines that came with them, you will probably remember the Four-Million-Dollar Baby. That was Ann—Ann Paton, whose mother died in giving birth to her and whose father, a mining engineer, was shot nine months later by a drunken peon in Mexico. Newspaper artists used to picture little Ann, heiress to millions, being rocked to sleep in a golden cradle, surrounded by nurses, doctors, armed guards and flunkies. Which, of course, was rot. As a matter of fact, the baby was raised to womanhood by a series of fairly sensible governesses, who were presided over by the bankers in charge of her father's estate. It was not long after her twenty-first birthday that Ann met Andy and promptly fell in love with him. Bankers sounded the tocsin and turned loose their investigators to lay bare the past of the fortune hunter, but there was little for them to lay bare.

The worst things they could find to report were that Andrew Torrey was a professional pilot and that he showed no reverence for wealth—Ann's or anyone else's. Also they were obliged to report that he was one of the ranking pilots of the world and that he was the inventor of a turbine engine for aeroplanes that might make internal-combustion engines as out of date as side-wheel ocean liners. The bankers decided to let well enough alone. They heaved up a prayer that he would be able to manage her, for there were moments when they doubted their own abilities, and gave their blessings. They had already discovered that Ann was a difficult person to oppose when she had her mind set upon a thing.

II

WHEN the afternoon of the race came Ann sat perched upon the back of the tonneau of the Crosslands' car, between Emily and Dan, her eyes rarely leaving the starting line where the black-and-silver Cyclone stood, its propeller a shining disk in the sunlight. There were five other planes, including the Canda and the Berker, which Andy expected to give him the toughest race.

She stirred restlessly and sighed, impatient for them to begin and get it finished. Ann was a pretty girl, slight and dark, with a beguiling, humorous expression that flitted over her face. She had a crescent-shaped smile that illuminated her face quickly and made the ends of her lips reach up toward two peaks of dark hair which curved down before her ears. Her eyes were blue, and more blue than usual today, because they took color from her hat, from her jacket and from the cloudless sky. Her suède-gloved hands rested in her lap, fingers working nervously.

The accident that held Ann stiff with fright until the race was over happened as the planes were reeling about the pylons in the fifth lap. They had taken off individually at brief intervals, the Canda first, the Berker second and Andy fourth, and before two laps had been run the race resolved itself into two groups: The Canda, the Berker and the Cyclone hugging together, with the other three trailing behind as also-rans in danger of being lapped.

From where Ann was sitting—lips pressed tightly together, fingers twined and motionless, eyes following the Cyclone unceasingly—it was impossible to tell which of the three leading pilots had met disaster. One of the planes appeared to explode, disintegrate, in a fluttering mist that became, a mere instant later, wings and wreckage hurtling through the air, while the motor carried the pilot and the remains of the fuselage to an incredibly violent end. Mother Earth had claimed her own once again. A puff of smoke shot up, red ribbons of flame weaving through it. The noise of the impact drifted up the field and mingled with the horrified "Ah!" of the spectators. Then the ambulance, with a fitful clanging of its bell, went bouncing futilely toward the wreck.

The two other planes which had been close to the accident sped heedlessly on their way toward the first pylon. There was a shout as the score board displayed a big 2 under the word Out. "It's Two! The Berker! Mike Cobey!"

Ann gulped and didn't dare let her eyes move away from the planes. They took the turn with a flash of wings and leaped forward for the next pylon in a course that was broadside to the audience. Field glasses were whipped out. But Ann didn't need field glasses to recognize that ugly, bullet-headed silhouette of the Cyclone.

Mike Cobey—Out! Mike Cobey—shining face, squinting blue-green eyes. It was too horrible, and she checked her imagination as it began to picture him, obliterated in a tangled flaming mess of wood, metal and gasoline. What if it had been Andy? Why shouldn't it have been Andy? Who could tell what one of a few thousand things might happen, and at any moment, to end the flight of the ferocious, howling little insect he was piloting?

The Cyclone III charged down at the home pylon, lay over vertically for the turn, engine partially silenced, stay wires shrieking as they knifed the air. Ann knew—Andy had told her about it one day when he was off guard—what a turn of that kind meant: A moment of utter blackness for the pilot, while centrifugal action sucked the blood away from his brain; a moment of unconsciousness which he knew was coming, which he counted upon and gauged; just an instant, from which he would awake to discover that he was still riding a projectile of a plane. Then full throttle again.

The Cyclone's nose lifted slightly and it departed as though it were running away from its own sound. The Canda followed valiantly. Finally, and it seemed ages, came the smoke signal and the panels were run out on the ground to tell Andy he was entering his last lap. Once

more around; then the Cyclone shot past the home pylon, motor running wide and uttering a screaming overtone above its roar. Andy swung out from the course and cut a huge circle to the eastward, waiting until the other planes had passed. He came floating into the field and the tail skid went r-r-rup-r-r-rup over the hard ground, dragging him to a stop.

Ann Torrey slumped down, body exhausted and heart pounding. "Not a very tight race, was it?" she said, voice dull. "Sorry about Mike. He was an awfully dear sort!"

"Thank heavens, Dan," gasped Emily Crossland, "you had enough flying during the war! I'd go completely off my chump if you were doing that!"

Crossland scowled at her and glanced at Ann, who was getting out of the car.

"No need of scaring her any more than she has to be," he said.

"You men are a pack of idiots, doing things of that kind!" retorted Emily hotly. "Is there any conceivable sense to it?"

Ann reached the fence before the crush of people who wanted a close-up view of the victor. A policeman examined the tag which permitted her within the inclosure and let her go ahead. Andy wriggled out of his plane, stretched his cramped body. Seeing Ann, he jumped down and grabbed her hand.

"Congratulations, old boy! It was wonderful flying!"

He beamed at her—or, at least, he came as close to beaming as he could with a face that had been hammered into numbness by wind. Others pressed around them: George Morrison, reporters, officials, photographers, Eric Jones of the company that made the wrecked Berker, Bushman who had driven the Canda.

"Rotten luck for Mike!" said Andy. Ann was gazing at him, wondering what his attitude would be. "I couldn't make out what happened to him," he went on dispassionately. "I think one blade of his prop busted and that the vibration kicked the whole ship to pieces before the other could give way. It was a dirty-looking crack-up."

There were news photographs to be taken, questions to be asked and answered, reasked and reanswered. When they were able to get away and into Dan Crossland's car Ann snuggled down beside him, arm hugging his. Something in her expression may have told him how afraid she had been, for he asked, "Give you a pretty nasty kick, dear, when Mike busted?"

She nodded. "Sort of," she admitted. "I couldn't see very well. I was afraid it was you. Poor Mike!"

"A dirty shame! Lord, Ann, this ship has the stuff! I didn't even have it all open most of the time. I could have got about a hundred more revs out of her, but I didn't want to do it unless they pushed me too hard. It was easy money!"

Ann uttered a dubious "Um-m" that made Andy cast a sidelong glance at her. He changed the subject.

III

THAT night there was a dinner party for them at the Crosslands', and by the time the guests had gone Andy's eyes were drooping with tiredness. In their rooms he got rid of evening clothes and tumbled into the nearest of the twin beds—it happened to be his own—as quickly as possible; and he fell asleep with the abruptness of a healthy savage after the feast. Nothing to worry about; the Cyclone had won again; his laurels as a pilot were safe; and the world waited for more and faster Umpties. Oh, yes, and Ann loved him. He managed to mumble, just as he went down that long and delirious toboggan slide into slumber, "G'night, Ann dearest." Then it was morning and the sunlight was streaming through the half-drawn curtains.

He found the bell cord and rang for breakfast, went into the bathroom for the shower that was Dan Crossland's pride, because it would "skin you alive" if you turned it on full force. Andy let the sharp jets of water tear at him and hummed a song contentedly while he finished the job of being skinned alive, with a coarse towel.

Ann, with a bare arm curved over her tousled dark head, had crept slumberously down between the sheets, but when he sat upon the bed beside her she stirred and seized his hand in an odd sort of panic. Her arm went up to encircle his neck and draw his head down close to hers. "Oh, I'm s'glad!" she mumbled sleepily.

"So'm I!" he agreed. "What are you glad about?"

"Oh - I -you won't, will you?"

"Won't what?"

She fought off sleepiness and gave him a strangling hug about the neck. "I was just dreaming," she explained.

A servant came with breakfast: Grapefruit in bowls of ice, an electric percolator that whistled happily when the coffee was finished and the current was to be turned off, a toaster with white slices of bread and yellow pats of butter, a water-heated dish that held scrambled eggs and crisp little sausages. And then there were all the morning newspapers, with Andy's picture and Andy's name.

Ann, in a filmy green negligee, emerged from the bathroom, face powdered, hair in order. She smiled at him; one of those luminous, beguiling smiles, with her eyes shining brightly behind a screen of heavy lashes.

Good write-ups, sonny?"

"Well," Said Andy Defensively, "We Can't Go Along Thinking How Wonderful We are, Just Riding on Our Reputation"

"The names of Umpty and Torrey illumine the dark world like meteors," he announced. "If anyone wants to know who can travel fastest, just refer them to the morning papers. I'd blush if I had to tell 'em."

"Yes, my shy violet," she agreed. The percolator began to whistle and she reached for the switch. "But not fastest and farthest. The only trouble with a race of that kind is that you don't get anywhere."

"That sounds to me," commented Andy, "like a dirty crack. I'll think it over and tell you later."

When they had finished breakfast and Andy had lighted his cigarette he asked suddenly, in the manner of one who is trying to piece together faint recollections: "Ann, did you pile into bed with me last night?"

She smiled, a little ashamed, and nodded. "I hope I didn't disturb you. You were so terribly tired and I knew I ought to let you sleep, but I—I was lonely. And I was glad you'd won the race. I hope you didn't mind."

"Of course not! Sorry I was dead-doggo. I can just barely remember." He went to her, slipped an arm about her shoulders and brought her face up to be kissed. "I love you, dear."

She clutched him tightly. "I know you do, Andy. And I love you. You know that. But sometimes I don't understand you at all."

"That works both ways," he admitted.

Later, as he was rambling about the room, dressing, he chanced to notice the pillow upon which he had slept; there was a large blackish spot, like diluted ink. His powers of deduction began to work. The blackish spot meant mascara and tears. She had been crying while she lay beside his profoundly sleeping hulk, and she had done the crying before she took the mascara off. She would use the stuff, even though she didn't need it. Funny creatures, women! So she'd followed him to bed immediately—probably still suffering from the jolt of seeing Mike Cobey bumped off—in the hope that he'd manage to stay awake long enough to give her a little human sympathy instead of acting like a big bozo who'd been hit over the head with a lead pipe. And she'd cried! Poor kid!

He paused in tying his tie and looked at himself in the mirror. "You big bum!" he exclaimed, half aloud.

"Did you say something, Andy?"

"Nothing much. I was just telling myself that I'm an awful fathead sometimes."

"Why?"

"Lots of reasons. What are we doing today? I want to run out to the field and see George before lunch."

"Are you flying today?"

"No; they're dismounting the crate and sending it to Dayton for the Army to fiddle around with," he answered.

"You are a funny person, Andy!" she exclaimed, confronting him. "Until this morning it was the Cyclone this and the Cyclone that. But now that you've won the race it's nothing but 'the crate.' And they talk about women being fickle!" She laughed at him.

"Well," said Andy defensively, "we can't go along thinking how wonderful we are, just riding on our reputation. The Cyclone Three is a last year's bird's nest so far as we're concerned now. Reputation"—he gave the pile of newspapers a thrust with his foot—"that sort of reputation doesn't last very long."

"Will there be a Cyclone Four, Andy?"

"I suppose so. That's what I want to talk with George about this morning. Will you come along to the field?"

"N-no," she said slowly; "I'll stay here with Emily."

It wasn't necessary for her to say anything to tell him that she didn't

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WASHINGTON

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I Needn't Tell You What That Might Lead To," She Added

OF ALL the wide variety of rooms in the President's mansion, Martin Van Buren told himself, the one they were now occupying was liked best by the general. Here he was more nearly at ease than elsewhere. He had never seen Jackson in the perfection of that state; the old man was too much torn by the bitter vigor of his convictions and impulses for actual repose. But at least, in their present surroundings, he would sit for short periods of silence, meditatively smoking his pipe. The room was small and bare, the walls were undecorated and slightly stained by rain; there was a couch, a common desk, a table and ordinary straight chairs. General Jackson said that it recalled the days of his military campaigns. That time, Van Buren realized, was over for the general; there would be no more stirring affairs like the Florida raid and the defeat of Pakenham before New Orleans; the fire of his spirit was not less intolerantly bright, but, together with his late sickness and his age, it was destroying his body.

However, he sat erect, his knees together, with one hand upon them and one at the reed stem of the pipe. Dressed, as usual, in careful black, a seal on his watch ribbon, he had unbuttoned part of his waistcoat, exposing a moderate white ruffle; his long narrow face, bigoted and clean-shaven, was dark with thought. His dark-blue gaze was intent; the whirl of intractable gray hair above his forehead defiant. Martin Van Buren regarded him with an inexhaustible interest—the general, with all his experience of duels and courts of law, of Indian wars and the Senate, was as innocent as a child. As innocent at heart, and as unpredictable. He admired General Jackson, Van Buren discovered. His impetuous lack of calculation was engaging and rare in Washington. It wasn't always wise; his attitude toward the National Bank was as premature as it was biased, and yet it had a wisdom and potency of its own—the qualities of a tremendous personal courage.

"Lewis has been back from the Senate twice since noon," Jackson commented. "The last time he said that, unless Captain Hayne concluded at once, Webster would have to answer him tomorrow. I understand Webster hadn't planned to be in the Senate Chamber at all. He has a case before the Supreme Court."

Van Buren nodded. "Carver against John Jacob Astor. Mr. Chambers moved for an adjournment on account of it, but Captain Hayne insisted on continuing."

"I don't understand it," Jackson declared. "Foote's Land Resolution, in December, was clear enough, and fatally wrong; I can follow Hayne that far. But I can't make out where Webster is concerned. Anyhow, he is on the wrong side. I can see that much. I agree with everything the captain has said. Why has it stirred up all this commotion in Washington? Can you tell me that?" Van Buren was slow to reply; before his thoughts were in order Major Lewis came in.

"The Senate adjourned," he announced. "Webster will speak tomorrow. I never saw such a mob. You literally couldn't get in." General Jackson repeated to Lewis the question he had asked Martin Van Buren. Major Lewis thought he could guess.

"The whole thing started over the survey of land in the West. That is how it started. When Benton took it up it was still only that; Hayne got carried away on the wings of oratory; and Webster came into it to defend the Union."

That, Jackson asserted, was plain nonsense. "Captain Hayne is supporting the Union. Anything like the Foote Resolution that limits Western expansion is antinational. I'm against it. The West is the United States." Lewis laughed. "You hardly need to tell us your feeling about that. I said Webster was defending the Union, when perhaps I meant that he was repairing his past. You mustn't forget Daniel was one of the delegates to the Rockingham convention. Before that he was a New Hampshire Federalist and very bitter about your war."

"I remember that," Jackson assured him. "I am in favor of Captain Hayne. I'm certain he is right—the East wants to make the westward movement difficult, so they can keep men and women at work in their factories. It was Webster who puzzled me. Perhaps you are right about him. Martin, you may be called the Red Fox in Washington, but I won't have any of that up here. What do you think?" Martin Van Buren admitted that up to a point he agreed with Major Lewis. "He has explained Webster well enough; Benton is fairly obvious; but there is more behind Hayne's speeches than anyone has realized—more that is important for the Administration. It's not just the wings of oratory." "Very well," General Jackson assented irritably; "what, then, was it?"

"I can't tell you definitely," Van Buren replied; "so little has appeared. I wouldn't be surprised, though, if Webster had accidentally hit on the truth. The Southern nullifiers may be moving toward complete state independence. Such a delicate conscience about the West is surprising for a South Carolina senator. He may have had a vision of a South and West concert, free from the Eastern factories and high tariff."

Jackson's irritability was increased. "That is the trouble with a politician like you," he declared. "You can't see or meet a simple situation simply. You are wrong. If Hayne takes the position you describe, Webster will have forced him into it. The captain is supporting our party measures. I can follow that."

"After all," Van Buren reminded him, "you asked for my opinion. You seem to forget that Captain Hayne is Calhoun's leader on the floor; all through the debate he has sent him notes and figures from the chair. I can't reconcile your attitude toward Captain Hayne with your feeling about the Vice President. Everyone, general, hasn't your singleness of mind. You are not afraid to say what you mean, but that isn't the habit in the Senate Chamber."

"What you mean," General Jackson tartly replied, "is that I am a stubborn old jackass." He rose from his seat, his wasted body rigid with anger and his eyes burning with a blue intensity. "I am stubborn about the United States. I was put in office by the people, to be stubborn when their rights were invaded and the country threatened. In me, Mr. Van Buren, perhaps for the first time, the people are the government. I know them and what they need, and if it can be had through me they will get it."

Major Lewis said mildly, "Sit down, general; you are having a levee tonight, and you'll be worn out before it starts." General Jackson, grumbling, resumed his seat. Martin Van Buren admired him tremendously. He had the ingratiating and unreckoning idealism of a soldier. Well, why not? Donelson made his appearance.

"I suppose you were at the Senate too," Jackson said. "Everyone in Washington was there except me. I can't get used to commanding engagements from the rear."

Donelson admitted that he had been present for an hour. "Captain Hayne was magnificent. He might have been speaking officially for the Administration. There's a great excitement about Webster's reply tomorrow. General, this affair may turn into anything." Jackson repeated that it was Van Buren's opinion it might end in nullification. "Emily wants to consult you about the list tonight," Donelson added. "She is in the East Room, but she will come up whenever you are ready."

Jackson instantly showed a returning anger. "I will go down," he asserted. He left stiffly, with Major Donelson.

"It's a damned shame to hound him with Peggy Eaton," Van Buren said to Lewis. "Washington doesn't see that he

is not thinking of Mrs. Eaton, but of his wife Rachel. After her wretched treatment, he simply detests any scandal about a woman." Lewis agreed. "Emily Donelson puts her husband up to it. They are both a shade on the Calhoun side. It would be hard to say which was dearer to the general—the memory of his wife or the Union."

Martin Van Buren, dressing for the evening with his accustomed exact care, was mentally concerned with the future rather than the present. He had very little interest in the immediate debate between Hayne and Daniel Webster. Of the two, as he had intimated at the President's mansion, Captain Hayne engaged him more closely. There was more, he thought, to be gathered from the South Carolina senator. They were both like children ignorantly rocking at a great lightly poised stone that might at any minute fall with fatal effect. Orators, he told himself contemptuously. There was a decanter of Madeira and a glass at his elbow; and at intervals, with an air of abstraction, he took a drink. He preferred wine to spirits and strong punch. Who, Van Buren wondered, had told General Jackson that he was called the Red Fox? It wasn't altogether flattering. He regarded it, however, with no feeling sharper than amusement; men were so wholly different from the general opinions about them.

For example, he bore no actual resemblance to the wide conception of him in Washington. He wasn't as acute as that by a half. If he had any considerable power, it mostly came from the facts that he was reasonable and had no necessity for talk; he was, perhaps, fortunate in his disposition, and that was very nearly all. He could make his way among factions with the smallest possible friction. It was early, he saw; the night would be long, with the President's levee and a ball at the Russian minister's afterward; and he determined to go for a little to Mrs. Madison's. Her house was like that—informal and hospitable. Every shade of political opinion mingled there in a pleasant spirit that was a compliment to Mrs. Madison's tact. She was, as usual, in long earrings, with a brilliant and shabby scarf about her shoulders; and although neither the earrings nor the color was suitable to her years, and the shabbiness as evident in her dress as it was in the house, none of that took away from her vivid charm.

She came forward gayly to meet him, holding his hand in both of hers. "It was sweet of you to stop and see me. Because I am not going to the President's levee, or Baron Kindener's ball either. My dear Martin, I can't appear again in the only dress I have and I can't manage to get another. Well, I have been to enough levees as it is."

He laughed. "No one would contradict that. You made them possible in Washington. Tell me what you hear about this stir in the Senate."

That, she declared, was too bad to give the effect of wanting to see her and then ask political questions. She took a liberal pinch of snuff. "I want to talk about you," she asserted. "I'd like to find out why you don't get married again. It's ridiculous, with the house you could have in Washington. Your sons will be leaving you alone soon."

"I have been too busy," he told her lightly.

"Nonsense," she replied; "you're not too busy to go to every ball that's given. I hear you waltz almost better than any other man in Washington. Martin, you don't dress like a busy man. I can't make you out. There was a girl here this afternoon who would be ideal for you. She is young and beautiful—you are over forty, Martin—with wit and breeding—and cotton."

"Now I know you don't mean it," he asserted. "Not with cotton. If you had said something about a factory in New England I might have listened to you."

Mrs. Madison persisted: "Youth—she is about seventeen—and beauty. Not much color and enormous eyes like brown flowers. I can't remember that I've seen a brown flower, but that doesn't matter. Promise me this much she is going to the Kindener ball—that you will waltz with her. Once. Promise me, Martin."

"It seems harmless enough," he admitted; "but first I ought to know who she is. You know Washington. I might have to stop being Secretary of State."

She wouldn't answer until she had had his promise. "I know what is good for you better than anyone else. You have never been a real partisan. You are either too wise, too patient or too ambitious. I can't tell which. Will you dance with this girl?"

He nodded, and a delighted smile irradiated her worn face. "Now," he said, "go on with your plot to ruin me."

"It is Floride Laurens," she replied

He was actually startled. "Floride! Why, that is the name of Mr. Calhoun's wife. It's the name of his wife's mother. Dolly, what can you mean?" She told him that he was quite right. "Floride is a family name of the Calhouns. This particular one is the granddaughter of Madam Calhoun's sister."

No promise involving him could stand in the face of that fact, he spoke positively, almost shortly. "You were just amusing yourself," he went on

"Not at all," Mrs. Madison insisted. "You ought to be upset. Martin, you are getting too perfect. You're not human enough. Every morning I hope to hear you have gone out to Bladensburg to fight a duel. I'd much rather have you in a scandal than the way you are. It's not natural. I won't have you give up your real life for some ridiculous ambition."

He asked if it would be natural for him to dance with a Calhoun. "Of course. Why not? General Jackson can't eat you up. But I suppose it isn't the general; like the rest of his friends, you are afraid of Peggy Eaton."

He answered that cheerfully. "Not quite. At least I have been able to keep outside of that." Why, she cried, he was supposed to be Mrs. Eaton's greatest supporter. "As a matter of fact," Van Buren informed her, "I happen to like her very well. I like Eaton too. He is very badly represented by all this."

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"Mr. Van Buren, a Chair and a Glass of Daniel Webster Punch. Daniel Designed It Before He Became the Spokesman for Heaven on Earth"

THE NEW MONEY POWER

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

FROM the beginning of the country's history, one of our most persistent national traits has been opposition to money power. More than the inhabitants of other lands, we object to and are prejudiced against centralization and concentration of financial forces. It is true that the tempers of a people vary, and their fears and suspicions rise as well as fall. But the issue itself never quite dies.

As to the absolute rights and wrongs of it all, no one can do more than see through a glass darkly. We merely know there are national moods when all the emphasis is upon the dangers of monopoly, and other times when there is a leaning toward the efficiencies, real or supposed, of big business, even in the financial sphere.

The present is a time of prosperity and general good feeling; viewing with alarm is at a decided discount. But the old bone of contention can be found, nevertheless, in the issue of unit versus branch banking, although even the business elements of the general public have given it hardly a thought. The average citizen regards the bitter quarrel which has been going on for years among the bankers themselves over the extension of branch banking as far too technical to bother about.

Yet the question is not really anything like as specialized or technical as it seems, for certainly no argument is needed to show that the banks of a country are of the very fabric of its daily pursuits. In the form of credit, they provide the lifeblood of its agricultural, industrial and commercial occupations. Especially in this country, in a peculiar degree, has banking been of the same tissue as the life of the people. Banking has been and still is among the most American of our institutions.

Practically every other nation of outstanding commercial and financial strength has long developed upon some adaptation of the theory of branch banking. Until very recently, and even yet in only limited sections, this country has pursued a directly opposite course. In Great Britain less than half a dozen all-powerful institutions, with thousands of branches, dominate the field. In France and Germany branch banking is well recognized, while in the other English-speaking nations, especially in the one country most nearly resembling our own—Canada—conditions are practically the same as in Great Britain.

To what extent the free, independent local banking system in the United States is responsible for, or at least tied in closely with, our intense individualism and extremely rapid development, no one can say. But it would be strange, indeed, if there were no connection between these two striking phenomena.

Cooperation Without Centralization

WE HAVE somewhere close to 30,000 banks, and most of them are wholly independent of any other institution. They are local community home banks. Nothing approaching this development has taken place elsewhere.

It is intensely American as compared with a handful of great central institutions controlling thousands of branches from the capital or metropolis. There are those who say that it is local self-government as opposed to centralization, and democracy as contrasted with absolutism or imperialism.

In our early history, banking was the prerogative of the privileged. But with the enactment in New York in 1838 of the Free Banking Law, banking by special charter disappeared and ceased to be a monopoly of the few.

Other states and later the Federal Government copied this law, and banking powers were conferred upon all associations of persons complying with the terms of the various acts themselves.

In striking contrast with the rigid uniform schemes or systems in vogue in other countries, banking here had long been extraordinarily free, independent and individualistic.

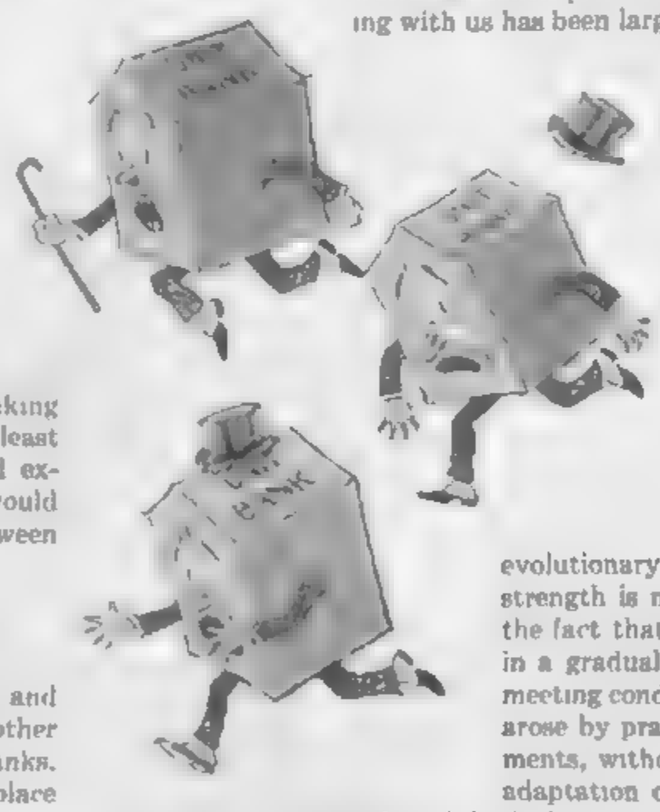
Forty-eight states grant charters, no two states quite alike. In addition, there are 7000 national banks deriving existence under act of Congress, and a further variation is found between members and nonmembers of the Federal Reserve.

Twice in our early days the people repudiated a central bank with branches because of fear of monopoly. The national banking system was adopted at the time of the Civil War, and the Federal Reserve just before the World War, with the idea of attaining soundness and a measure of coördination without the centralization of money power considered so hateful to American tradition.

The tendency, until very recently at any rate, has been to build up the country's banking system from the bottom, through a small unit scheme. This ability of the local group of little business men, the grocer, the tailor, the baker, to organize a bank has undoubtedly contributed to our peculiar optimism, and has been a part of the self-reliant frontier spirit. It has been all of a piece with the decentralized character of our political institutions, and with the jealousy and fear of Wall Street.

The unit banking system has made it possible for the average citizen to deal with principals rather than with the agents of a distant money power. He has found in his banker something more than an agent.

Whatever the advantages of branches may be, the development of this country certainly compares favorably with that of other countries of similar age in which the branch system has prevailed. Why then, it is asked, should we adopt a foreign device when we have got along so well? Under our methods of banking, the most rapid and stable economic development in the world has taken place. Banking with us has been largely an evolutionary process. Its strength is mainly due to the fact that it took form in a gradual orderly way, meeting conditions as they arose by practical adjustments, without being the adaptation of any foreign system, nor conceived and built by any individual or group of individuals at a given time and involving rigid enforcement of a ready-made plan.



Such at least were the arguments put forward by Henry M. Dawes when he was Comptroller of the Currency in 1923 and 1924. Mr. Dawes is a brother of Vice President Dawes, and his statements against branch banking are considered the ablest and most complete ever made. He said:

"The genius of the American people for independence in matters of local self-government is thoroughly ingrained, and will never succumb in any clean-cut issue where the choice rests between centralized control and personal and commercial independence.

"No direct and open attack is being made upon these principles. The danger lies in an insidious and gradual undermining influence, which is not so much the outgrowth of a conscious effort to introduce a new system as it is the result of a natural desire to secure temporary benefits for particular individuals and banks without consideration being given the ultimate effects."

The business man of small and moderate size has accomplished great things here as nowhere else in the world, because "the warm sunshine of opportunity has brought out the talents and unseen powers of the ordinary individual. Opportunity is what America has meant to mankind," and it is contended that opportunity is what the independent community banking system means to American business.

With the exception of New Orleans and a few scattered rural areas in other parts of the South, the only places in which branch banking is highly developed in this country or has attained any real foothold is the state of California and the larger cities of New York, Ohio and Michigan.

Although state-wide branch banking has been allowed in California for nearly twenty years, only one institution as yet covers the state. In a number of other states which permit them, branches have not developed to any extent, and many states prohibit them in any form. Only about 3 per cent of the banks of the country have branches, the total number of branches being probably less than 2000. Outside of four states, even the large cities are practically without this device. Branch banking spreads slowly.

At first glance it might not seem as if the institution had become firmly enough established to cause such a nation wide and bitter controversy as the bankers themselves have been carrying on for years. But advocates of branch banking say that it is inevitable, that it is not sporadic, but a natural evolution, following here the course as mapped out in other countries.

The Bugaboo of Big Business

NOR would all students agree with Mr. Dawes in denying any adaptation from foreign banking systems in our history. In any case, our country is no longer new and has passed the pioneer stage. It may have needed the small unit bank in earlier days, but now requires larger aggregations of banking capital to take care of the larger units in transportation and industry. The prejudice against and the hostility toward branch banking, no matter how deep-seated, are bound to lose out, runs the argument, in any collision with the integration and centralization in industry itself.

Only a few years ago the Government was trying to prevent railroad consolidations, and is now seeking to compel them. Most of the efforts to break up industrial mergers have failed. In practically all other lines the tide of

centralization is so strong that the efforts of bankers to prevent it in their own field by adopting haughty resolutions at their conventions or by shaping state and congressional legislation are a little reminiscent of King Canute and the ocean's waves.

Looked at broadly, it may be that branch banking is merely a natural movement of adjustment as between industry and banking. If we take the country's history as a whole, there have been periods when banking was more powerful and prominent than industry, and other periods when, as at present, industry wholly outshone banking.

The largest bank in the country today is no larger than corporations like Standard Oil of New Jersey, American Telephone, United States Steel, Ford Motor, General Motors, Pennsylvania Railroad and New York Central Railroad. Declaim as small bankers will against branch banking, they can hardly prevent the tendency toward balance and adjustment of two such great forces as industry and finance.

"It is assumed that branch banking is a perfectly natural economic development," says one of those who oppose it, "and being a natural development, it is assumed to be a perfectly inevitable development. Assumed to be an inevitable development, the argument is, why stand in its way? We are willing to admit that branch banking is a natural development. So are all forms of monopoly natural developments. But 'natural' and 'desirable' and 'inevitable' are not synonymous words. Because a tendency is natural, it is not necessarily desirable, still less inevitable. The whole history of our civilization is made up of restrictions put upon perfectly natural developments."

Weeds in the Financial Field

"CHILDREN born out of wedlock are frequently called natural children, but the bearing of children of that kind is not considered socially desirable. Weeds in a garden are a perfectly natural development, but the gardener digs them out. Branch banking is a noxious growth in our financial field, and if perchance it is necessary to recognize it, it is not necessary to encourage an extended growth."

But despite brave talk, it is to be suspected that the small banker who is opposed to the branch idea instinctively fears that it is inevitable, just as its advocates hope so. Perhaps it is only the shadow of the hawk's wings which they see as yet, but there is scuttling none the less.

The whole question is enormously confused by the variety of laws and the many splits of opinion among bankers themselves. There is a small but powerful minority which believes in state-wide branch banking, a large majority which regards state-wide branches as vicious, but tolerates the branch idea as applied to city limits; and on the extreme left wing a small minority which combats the idea of any branches at all, even within the corporate municipal limits. A nimble-witted member of the House Committee on Banking and Currency once remarked that if branch banking is an evil, why should it be allowed in the city, while if it is a virtue, why should the country be robbed of its blessings? But most bankers feel that when confined to the city, branches are in effect merely additional windows opened for the convenience of the public. It is a change, they say, only in the mechanics of banking rather than in principle.

Even if there are evils inherent in any branch extension, they are thought to stick out less in the city branch, which is merely a simple method of rendering the bank more accessible to its customers. Certainly the absentee element is less marked than when branches are hundreds or even thousands of miles away from the head office.

As our great cities grow, it becomes more and more difficult for customers to reach the head banking offices, located, as they usually are, in the older neighborhoods. New neighborhoods develop, both in a business and residential way, and if the downtown banks do not open branches, old customers may be forced against their will to do business with small new institutions. It is a fair argument that, as a city grows, a customer has the same right to do business with a downtown bank that he had in earlier days.

New York is the outstanding example of metropolitan branch banking, although Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles and San Francisco have carried it as far relatively. Not so long ago New York had only one foreign quarter, the East Side. Now it has a score of them. Indeed, the city consists of many separate neighborhoods. The downtown banks in the Wall Street district have become great wholesale institutions, carrying very few small accounts in their head offices, but vast numbers through their branches.

Obviously, a large city must be banked either by branches or by a great number of small unit institutions. Not only does traffic congestion make it impossible for customers to travel from five to ten miles to visit their banks, but with banditry so prevalent, payrolls could never be handled under such conditions.

Branches seem able to penetrate great sprawling cities like New York, Detroit and Los Angeles more effectively than do the unit banks. For one thing, in New York a unit can hardly exist on less than $3,000,000 or $4,000,000 of deposits, but a big Wall Street giant can afford to maintain a little hole-in-the-wall financial comfort station in an outlying neighborhood with only $1,000,000 of deposits.

In 1889 New York had 142 banks with $1,000,000,000 in resources; in 1926 it had 143 banks with $10,000,000,000 of resources. But in 1926 there were something like 500 branches in addition.

At last accounts Buffalo had only seven banks, but with sixty-seven branches or offices. At the same time Newark, a city of about the same size, had twenty-seven independent banks. It is reasonable to assume that for sheer convenience, Buffalo had the better service, other things being equal.

Chicago, it is true, has got along without any branches, more than 200 small unit banks being found in the outlying sections. Chicago is peculiar, however, in the extreme concentration of activities within its downtown Loop district, as compared with New York. In this very small Loop area are to be found the financial and corporate headquarters, the retail shopping and wholesale districts, the hotels, theaters and railroad terminals.

The big Loop banks carry on a wholesale business, after the fashion of the Wall Street banks, and an enormous retail business in addition. Anyone may see this for himself by comparing the lobby space of the downtown banks in the two cities, that in Chicago being much larger. Whether branches can be kept out of Chicago when the downtown concentration begins to break up, as it inevitably must, is another question.

It is said that branch banking in a few of the larger cities has been carried to excess. Every likely and available corner is seized upon avidly, although it is surely preferable to the similar scramble in earlier days on the part of rival brewing companies for saloon locations. In some cases only elaborate and more or less permanent structures are erected; in others a different theory is followed. Cheap hole-in-the-wall offices are located everywhere, and later consolidated into fewer and more suitable quarters.

Bankers debate among themselves whether catering to the small depositor has not been overdone. Nor are the absurdly high prices paid by great rival groups for choice locations or for the stock of neighborhood unit banks caused wholly by a burning zeal to accommodate the public. The Mammoth Savings & Trust Company, despite its formal denials, does not like to have the Colossal First National Bank get ahead of it.

Imaginary Political Lines

BUT very little objection is heard in the cities where branch banking has spread. It may be a game that only giants can play, and among the motives is competition among the giants themselves. But the public gain is too manifest for criticism to be very active. It is not until branch banking steps beyond city limits that the dissenters really make themselves heard.

Yet it is quite illogical to approve of branches within the corporate or political boundaries and to regard them as the work of the evil one in a separate municipality across the street. The outside municipality may really be a more integral part of the city's life, and nearer its center, than the remoter sections of the city itself.

The village of St. Bernard, in the county in which Cincinnati is located, is completely surrounded by the larger city. The Cincinnati banks cannot have branches in St. Bernard, only five miles away, with its immense industries, although they can have them in Glendale, ten miles away.

These political lines are purely artificial in any economic sense. In nearly all our large cities, the rapidly growing portions are the contiguous, adjoining areas, industrial and residential, rather than the old downtown sections.

Often the largest industries connected with the great cities are located in separate municipalities, but adjoining, contiguous and for all business purposes, identical. Either for fear of higher taxes or because local officials are afraid of losing their jobs, these communities will not join the big city.

(Continued on Page 173)

KOBI OF THE SEA

She Rose and They Both Took on Air, Remaining Undiscovered for a Moment

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

KOBI was drowsily conscious of a soothing undulation, slow and rhythmical, as if he were being rocked gently in a cradle; which, in truth, he was—rocked in the cradle of the deep. The undulations were the gentle ground swells of the North Pacific during one of its rare periods of calm, and Kobi was cradled on the ample breast of his mother, who slept on her back with her short forelegs clasping her newborn babe. Occasionally a wavelet washed over her, inundating Kobi as well. Kobi disengaged himself from the clasping arms and prowled about his mother's recumbent frame on a tour of exploration. This small living island upon which he found himself was surrounded on all sides by the gray-green sea.

Presently his mother, roused by his activities, opened her eyes and clasped him once again in her arms. She sang to him in soft crooning tones as a human mother might hum a lullaby to quiet her babe.

Perhaps, if sea otters or some allied form of life existed at an early day along the shores of the Mediterranean, it was upon such vocal efforts that the ancients founded their tales of mermaids and of the beautiful sirens that sang to lure sailors upon the rocks. Sea otters, certainly, are beautiful creatures, they sing to their young, and their favorite resorts are among the kelp beds near wild wave-lashed rocks. Also, many a man has come to grief upon the rocks while endeavoring to bag the pelt of a sea otter. However, in case sea otters were the original sirens, seafaring folk had little to fear from them in Kobi's day, for Kobi and his mother were but two of a very few survivors of a once plentiful but rapidly vanishing breed. The beautiful pelt of the sea otter, the most highly prized fur in the world, and the most valuable, had been responsible for the virtual extermination of the race at the hands of man.

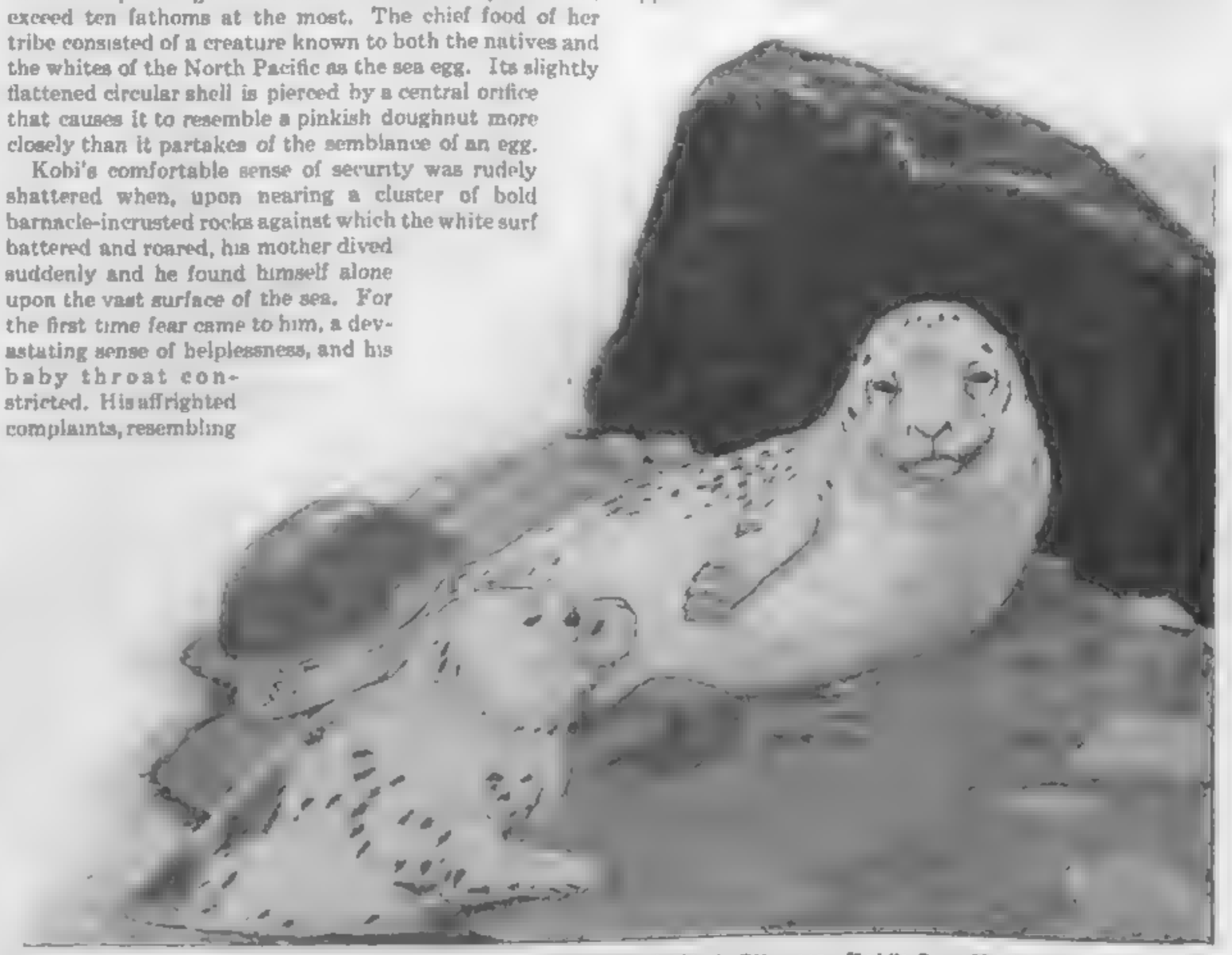
During the first three weeks of his life Kobi was unaware of the fact that harm or violence existed in the world; that grave menace lurked behind every rocky point and timbered headland, ready to pounce at any instant and shatter the quiet contentment of his life. He knew only a sense of vast security when clasped to his mother's breast as the old sea otter slept upon her back or hummed soft notes of love to him. But this security was only fancied, apt to be destroyed at any moment, for his mother's pelt was worth at least a thousand dollars to the man who would be so fortunate as to secure it. In such a contingency Kobi, left alone, would soon perish miserably.

All save the most hardened of those who once engaged in pelagic sealing, and later in seal piracy, callous to wholesale killing, nevertheless declare that the death of a mother sea otter invariably induced a feeling of guilt and depression that tempered the elation over bagging such a valuable prize. The devotion of the mothers to their young was almost human. However, such sentiments were not allowed to interfere with business, and the fact that Kobi the infant sea otter would perish miserably in case of his mother's death would not operate to prolong her life for a single instant in the event that the most tender-hearted of sealers was afforded opportunity to deprive her of it.

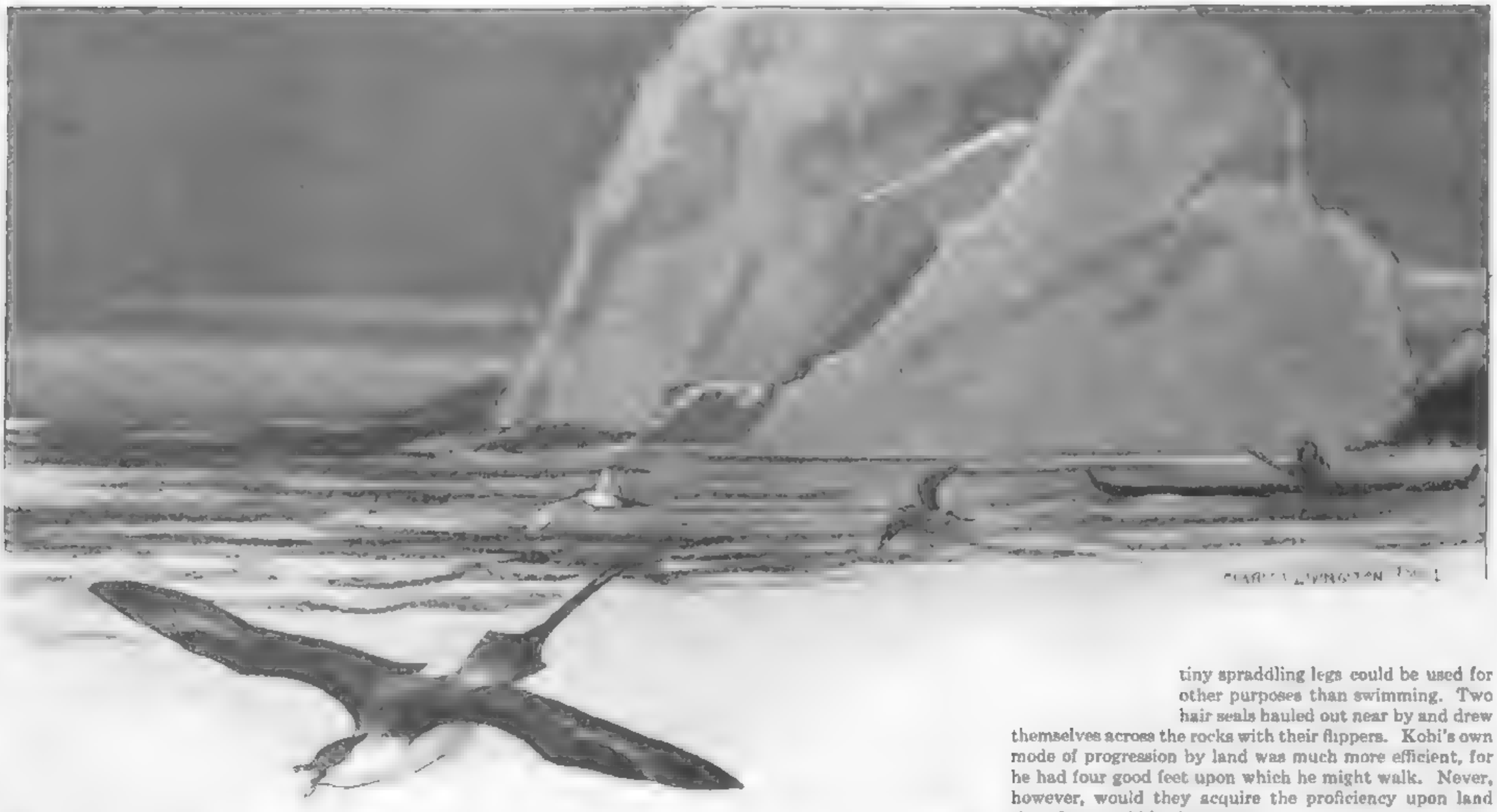
But of this Kobi knew nothing whatever. He learned to swim, to play about in the water unafraid, clambering back to his mother's sleeping form to rest or nurse as occasion demanded. When hungry the old sea otter repaired to the vicinity of offshore rocks or near the coasts of the islands themselves, seeking shallow banks where the depth did not exceed ten fathoms at the most. The chief food of her tribe consisted of a creature known to both the natives and the whites of the North Pacific as the sea egg. Its slightly flattened circular shell is pierced by a central orifice that causes it to resemble a pinkish doughnut more closely than it partakes of the semblance of an egg.

Kobi's comfortable sense of security was rudely shattered when, upon nearing a cluster of bold barnacle-incrusted rocks against which the white surf battered and roared, his mother dived suddenly and he found himself alone upon the vast surface of the sea. For the first time fear came to him, a devastating sense of helplessness, and his baby throat constricted. His affrighted complaints, resembling the crooning notes of his mother when she hummed lullabies to him, were drowned in the roar of the surf. For the space of a full minute he paddled about, deserted and alone, his panic mounting. Then a dark head broke water a few yards from him. He swam to his mother with all possible dispatch and nosed her sleek face in an ecstasy of relief.

The old sea otter turned upon her back and proceeded to devour several sea eggs at her leisure. Kobi, climbing out upon her, sniffed at these objects and found their odor delicious. It roused his hunger and he refreshed himself at the maternal fount while his mother also dined. She returned again and again to the floor of the sea, gathering sea eggs upon the shallow banks and rising to the surface to eat them. Kobi's apprehension at these unannounced disappearances beneath the waves diminished and he soon



Two Hair Seals Drew Themselves Across the Rocks With Their Flippers. Kobi's Own Mode of Progression by

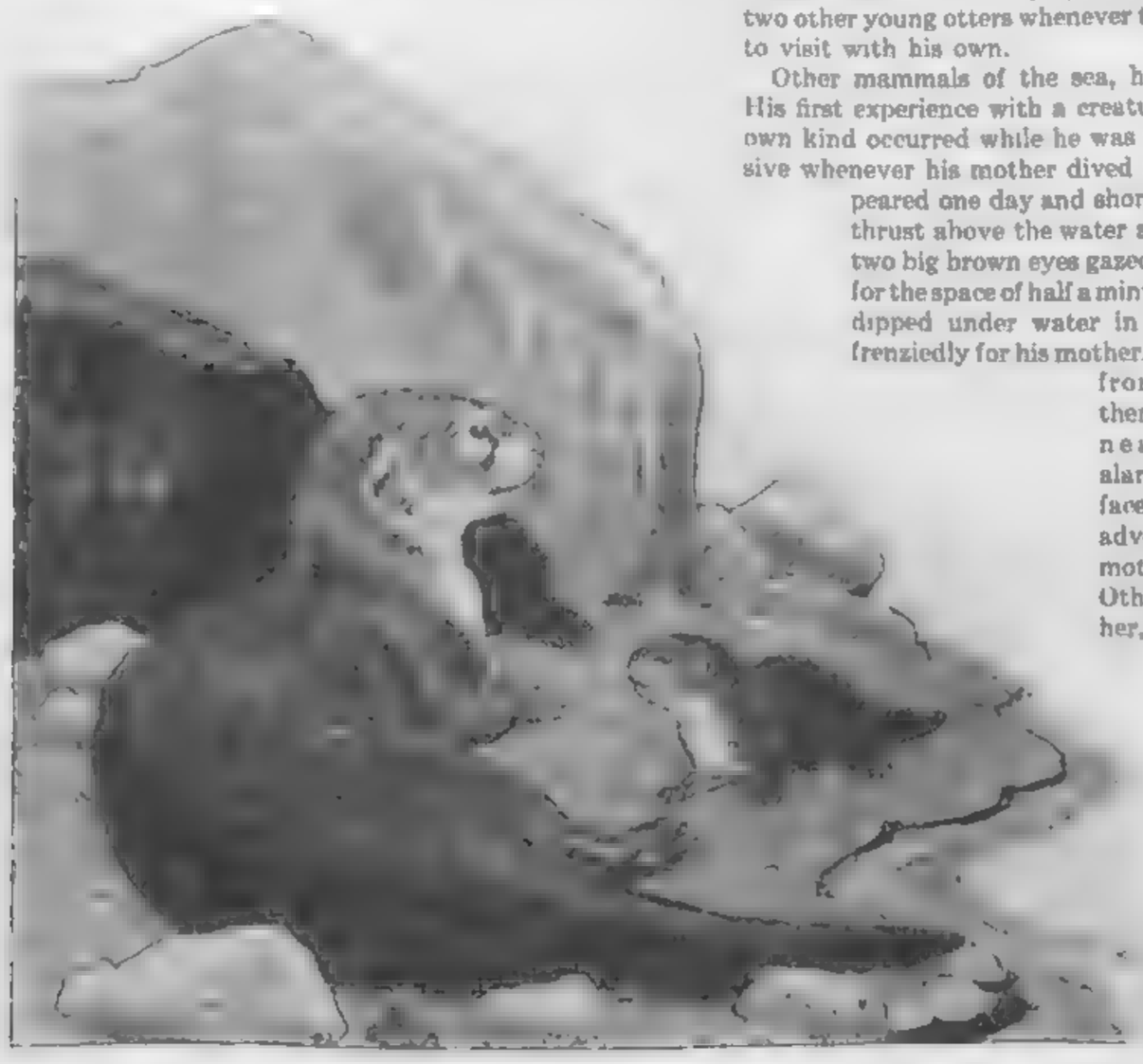


came to know that his mother would return from the depths. It was not long before he began to taste a few tiny bites of sea eggs.

Mother and son traveled in company with eight other sea otters—that is, they all remained within reasonable distance of one another. Ordinarily half a square mile of water surface would include the entire ten head. Such an aggregation was known to sealers as a pod of sea otters.

From the canoes of native fishermen and hair-seal hunters, from the decks of small craft outfitted specially for the purpose and so constructed that they could cruise shallow rock-studded waters, from the lookout of every sealing vessel that waited to take toll of the fur-seal herds, a sharp watch was kept for a pod of sea otters.

It was not strange, therefore, that Kobi's clan—formerly so abundant along the entire Pacific Coast of North America in the days of the Spaniards in the south and the Russians in Alaska that a single trading vessel once secured five thousand sea-otter pelts from the natives of the California coast—should now have diminished in numbers until the entire world take of sea otters, including those of the Siberian, Kamchatkan and Japanese waters, numbered less than two hundred skins annually. It was a lucky sealing crew that now took a pair of these precious pelts. Kobi was born among the islands of the Alexander Archipelago just off the mainland of Southeastern Alaska. To the south of his habitat there still remained a few scattered members of his tribe along the coast of British Columbia, but the sea otters of the Oregon and California coasts were gone.



Land Was Much More Efficient, for He Had Four Good Feet Upon Which He Might Walk

Aside from the eight other individuals that made up the pod with which Kobi and his mother consorted he met no others of his clan. He played with one or another of the two other young otters whenever their mothers approached to visit with his own.

Other mammals of the sea, however, were abundant. His first experience with a creature other than one of his own kind occurred while he was yet somewhat apprehensive whenever his mother dived for sea eggs. She disappeared one day and shortly thereafter a head was thrust above the water a few feet from Kobi and two big brown eyes gazed mournfully into his own for the space of half a minute. Kobi, panic-stricken, dipped under water in his first dive, searching frenziedly for his mother. He suffered no ill effects from this immersion and thereafter he always dived beneath the waves when alarmed. Rising to the surface after this first under-sea adventure, he found that his mother was there before him. Other heads were rising round her, but his mother paid no heed to them. Kobi soon learned that the hair seals frequented the rocky shore in considerable numbers and that they were harmless.

That same night his mother crawled out upon a barnacle-incrusted rock, and Kobi, for the first time, learned that his tiny spraddling legs could be used for other purposes than swimming. Two hair seals hauled out near by and drew themselves across the rocks with their flippers. Kobi's own mode of progression by land was much more efficient, for he had four good feet upon which he might walk. Never, however, would they acquire the proficiency upon land that they would in the water.

Porpoises, too, he soon came to know, scores of them leaping and playing about through the loose ranks of the sea-otter pod on occasion. And the birds were legion, the surface of the sea covered with great black rafts of scoters and feeding ducks, while puffins, guillemots, murres, murrelets, loons and others appeared in more scattered formations, cormorants stood in clusters upon the rocks and thousands of gulls wheeled screaming overhead.

One day the otters drifted quite close to a great offshore rock. A giant creature, weighing nearly a ton and with a broad wrinkled countenance, roared down at Kobi from a shelf of rock above the water. Another bull sea lion bellowed in rejoinder, and this fearsome uproar struck terror to Kobi's heart. His mother, however, seemed unalarmed at this demonstration. Passing round on the opposite side of the rock Kobi discovered that its slopes were literally swarming with these great creatures. Each bull sea lion ruled his own particular family, consisting of a various number of wives and offspring in all stages of growth. Each family group held clannishly apart. One great bull, with a bellowing roar, slid from his perch and struck the water with a mighty splash. On the instant every member of his household took the plunge, still holding clannishly together. Kobi learned that these creatures, too, despite their fearsome roars, were harmless to his kind.

Then came a day when a great black shape rose above the surface of the ocean, turned in a mighty dive as a vast tail, towering aloft for a moment, slid again beneath the waves. Startled and alarmed at this upheaval, Kobi sped to the safety of his mother's arms. The old sea otter was unperturbed, having seen thousands of whales. Kobi saw these monsters of the deep frequently thereafter and did not trouble even to move as screaming hordes of birds resorted to the spot to prey upon the small fishes that swarmed to the surface to escape the rapacious maws of feeding sperm or sulphur-bottom whales.

There seemed nothing in all the waters of the sea or in the air above it that would harm Kobi. Then one day a native, in a canoe hewed from the trunk of a cedar, cruised about the rocky shore line of an island in search of a hair seal, the greatest delicacy known to his tribe. The day was calm, the sea unruffled. The native's questing eye chanced to stray out across the waters of the strait that separated that island from the next and to focus upon a dark spot that was Kobi's mother sleeping upon her back with Kobi clasped in her arms. Beyond them were other sleeping forms. A thrill of elation such as he had not known for years galvanized the native hunter. He turned back upon his course, rounded a headland and put in at his village. A score of idling natives gathered round him, vastly excited at his report. From the adjacent headland they made out the extent of the pod of sleeping sea otters, then set forth

(Continued on Page 160)

TUG OF WAR

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

THE twins had always pulled against each other, from the days when both laid hold of the same toy shovel; but before Stephen came into the field it was a good-humored struggle. Rose pulled because she wanted what she wanted; Mary pulled with a sense of standing by the right, pulling for heaven. Their mother had planned to name one little girl Rosemary, and so, confronted with two little girls, had split the name between them. They were surprisingly different, Rose being dark and solid, Mary fair, slight and wiry; but when they braced against each other the twinship came out strongly in their small faces and neither had a fraction of advantage.

Rose

Being thrust into the intimacy of twin sisterhood, they were supposed to love each other, but they would have told anyone on any provocation that they did not. Stephen they adored. He had not come to them red and new, but as a lovely, sunny thing, two years old, some sort of cousin left orphaned; and even as they watched him eat his first bowl of cereal, the twins took on an air of braced forelegs. Rose wanted him for hers, Mary wanted him for himself. Stephen accepted them both placidly and let them settle it between them which was ahead.

It was typical of the twins that London Bridge was their favorite game. London Bridge is a tug of war. Rose and Mary joined hands high above their heads and the other children marched underneath, chanting the falling-down song until "My fair lady-o" brought their arms about a captive, who was given a whispered choice. In the beginning it had been a very simple choice: Would you rather have strawberry ice cream or spice cake with chocolate frosting? Choosing strawberry or spice meant getting behind Rose or Mary, arms about waist, while the song and the march droned on until every child was in one team or the other and the tug began. Later Mary complicated the game by offering unnatural lures. Against Rose's diamond necklace she would pit "a real rainbow that you could take out whenever you wanted to." She lost on the rainbow, but her magic carpet was a walk-over against Rose's automobile.

The last time they played it was at their eleventh birthday party. Stephen was nearly ten then, big enough to be useful in a tug of war, but he had learned long ago not to choose sides between the twins, and he vanished when the line formed. Rose, with birthday munificence, offered a solid gold piano, and Mary, feeling that a supreme effort was needed to beat that, made a counter offer of heaven.

The better-brought-up children politely chose heaven, as did the more timid; the majority boldly, dashingly, elected the gold piano. Mary pulled like a knight on a charger, but Rose pulled like a through express. Slowly but steadily heaven was losing. Their clamped hands bit into each other, wrists lengthened alarmingly and heels dug up the sod. The long train wormed over the grass, a foot to Mary but a yard to Rose, and Mary's team was at the very line of disaster, when low over their heads sounded a long heavy rumble. It was an angry sound, and it spoke with dire authority. Hearts leaped and sank, arms melted. Those who had tugged for heaven were as scared as those who had made the lower choice. Pale, breathless, near tears, they broke and fled for the house; they found a mother and explained in unnatural voices that it was going to rain.

Only Mary stayed, aching arms squeezed across her breast, looking up into the black cloud with dazed relief. A smile broadened into a definite grin

"You were just in time," she said. "I was doing my best, but if you hadn't growled ——" A shake of her head expressed how nearly it was all up with heaven. Then she went composedly in for the ice cream and cake. The other children were recovering their spirits, but the game had died; they never played it again.

After that Mary walked as though with her hand in the crook of a divine elbow, and looked from a safe height on fear or hesitation. She neither begged nor worshiped, but she stated all her wants, even such minor ones as a red jack to save a game of solitaire. The jack was apt to turn up—Mary had queer luck; if it did not, that was all right. Another time. She did not think about it or question it; she simply felt power there, as naturally as her mother was there, and rather more intimately. Her mother and Rose were a good deal alike, both strong for strawberry ice cream, automobiles and gold pianos. Mary could barely remember her father, but she had a conviction that he would have chosen rainbows and heaven every time. And she wanted them with passion for Stephen.

The mild little suburban woods, with their litter of cans and newspapers, were presently wiped out by a colony of prosperous suburban homes, with fanlights and barberry bushes and all the right accessories. The great slope of the lawn, where London Bridge was always falling down, was subdivided into small lawns scarcely adequate for ring-around-a-rosy, flanking rows of distinguished Colonial cottages and Spanish haciendas. The old house looked top-heavy in the scanty grounds that remained to it, but the sale of its acres by the front foot had had a most comfortable effect on its inside. It took a commanding position in the community and the girls had dozens of suitors, but at twenty-six they were still unmarried.

Rose, who was always more or less in love, nearly did take James McAllister, but she accidentally found out that Mary had once refused him, and that settled James. Mary's leavings! Rose thought not.

Then Stephen, who had left college to train a lovely tenor voice abroad, came home with the same placid, easily pleased eyes and began to look about him.

O Sole Mio was pouring from the music room in a golden torrent. Along the edge of the veranda wistaria was dripping sweetness. Earth was stirring, opening. Mary had to say it: "'Now more than ever seems it rich to die.'"

"Oh, Mary, don't quote!" Rose spoke with good-humored impatience. "It's so old-fashioned to find a tag of poetry for every emotion."

Mary had known just what to expect. "But I am old-fashioned," she said plaintively. "And it did fit so beautifully: 'Whilst thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad in such an ecstasy.' I don't see how even you could help getting joy out of that."

"I get my joy to myself," Rose said firmly, "and not always out of the same old barrel. I'll bet you never see the ocean without saying: 'Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!'"

"That's perfectly true!" Mary's startled laugh ended in a sigh. "I wish I could marry a man who would let me quote. I'd let him—within reason."

"He'd be a freak," Rose settled that.

Stephen began the Prayer from the Cid and they dropped back to listen, outwardly relaxed yet conscious of each other, subtly on guard. The tension between them had been growing steadily since Stephen came home; and though the question at issue was still obscure, each had No Capitulation nailed at her masthead. Rose had the assurance of beauty added to her other powers—a dark, smoldering beauty. Mary's features were merely useful; it was the light that played over them that counted, the gayety that saw comedy everywhere. When a man showed signs of loving her, she laughed him out of it with a touch of panic. She did not know what she awaited, but she was always clearly certain that this was not the one.

He Looked at Them, His Unhurried Gaze Passing From the

To Mary the song translated itself into pain. Life was calling and she had no way to answer. Perhaps Rose heard a summons, too, for she abruptly sat up, throwing an opulent silk shawl over her shoulder.

"I wonder whom Stephen will marry?" she said.

"Marry!" The word had crashed like a stone.

"He is twenty-five. He is likely to marry," Rose pointed out.

"I suppose he is." Mary wrenched back to the subject a fleeing, stricken mind. She had a startled consciousness that she was being watched. "A musician, I hope. It would be fun to marry someone who loved the same things."

Rose was carefully reddening her lips, making it obvious that the subject only half engaged her attention. "I hope not! Stephen takes his music too seriously as it is."

Only the knowledge that she lost the battle when she lost her temper could put down the surge of Mary's resentment. She had learned years ago to keep her feelings out of Rose's reach except where Stephen was concerned; he was never a safe topic.

"Too seriously? How too seriously? Isn't it a very serious gift?"

"He doesn't need money," Rose explained. "He can give a few big concerts every winter for the fun of it, but he doesn't have to be too professional."

So the battle was to be for Stephen's career.

"You know, they say he can be one of the world's great tenors," Mary said mildly.

"Don't call him a tenor," Rose objected. "He sings tenor, but he's a nice, normal, everyday man. Stephen, are you a tenor?" she added as Stephen came lounging out through the music-room window.

Experience had made Stephen wary of direct questions; they were apt to land him on the side of one twin or the other. He was fair and stoutly built, as tenors are apt to be, with a look of choir-boy youngness that even Paris had not matured out of his face.

"A tenor? I don't know," he said in his slow, sunny way. "When my teacher got very mad, he used to say the one sign I was a singer at all was a complete lack of brains." They could laugh at that, for, after all, Monsieur Paul had taken him, and he did not accept the second-rate. "Anyway, Warner has landed two more concerts for me," Stephen went on. "He just telephoned—ladies' clubs." Seated on the front steps, he clasped a knee and tilted back, smiling at memories of other ladies' clubs. "Oh, Mr. Archer, it must be so won-der-ful to sing!" he murmured.

"Of all the ingrates!" Mary protested. "It is rather nice to have pretty girls making a fuss over you."

"The world's too full of pretty girls," was the placid answer. "You step on them every way you turn. I like older women—they don't hustle you so."

That gave Mary such a stinging gayety that she was almost pretty herself. "But, really and truly, isn't it won-der-ful to sing?"

"I'll bet it's very like hard work." Rose's tone shouldered Mary aside. "Don't you often hate it?"

Stephen was engaged in lighting a handsome pipe. He did himself very well in the matter of clothes and personal accessories.

"It is complicated," he admitted. "There are about forty things to keep your eye on when you're producing your voice. A girl I knew in Paris ——" He laughed to himself, blowing smoke up at the sky.

"Well, go on," Rose commanded. Mary had drawn back. It always gave her a pang to realize how little they knew of Stephen's grown life. He was not reserved, but he was not thinking of things past, not interested in telling them.

"Oh, it wasn't anything." Stephen still laughed. "But she couldn't understand that when a man sings *Ich liebe dich*, he isn't —— Oh, well, he's pretty busy, breathing right and all that. She wanted everything to be like a serenade under her window, even Siegmund's Liebeslied. Girls are funny," he disposed of them.

"Stephen," said Rose firmly, "we are girls."

He looked at them, his unhurried gaze passing from the challenge of Rose's beauty to the light of Mary's spirit. Mary was deliberately letting that light shine, her humorous, companionable all against Rose's lure. One could not be proud and refuse to fight, or Rose got everything.

Mary

"I suppose you are," Stephen admitted. "Well, you're funny too."

Another girl, passing in a car, stopped and called out. Stephen strolled down to join her.

"Polly Knight goes by here a good deal oftener than she needs to," Rose declared.

"There is one thing we agree about." And Mary went in on that note of harmony.

Mrs. Rayburn, arriving home from an afternoon of bridge with the prize in her hand, deftly detached Stephen from Polly Knight and came up the drive with her arm in his. Mary saw it relievedly from her upstairs window. Her comfortable, practical mother was a refutation of the general theory that money does not bring happiness; she enjoyed her prosperity from morning till night. She was far more popular than her daughters, for Rose trampled other girls, took what she wanted, while, for all Mary's gayety, they suspected her of being highbrow.

At the steps, Mrs. Rayburn paused. "The twenty-seventh?" Mary heard her say. "Stephen, you can't be away on the twenty-seventh. That is the day of my tea."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Aunt Kitty!" Stephen was troubled. "I suppose I knew about the tea, but I forgot it. I have told Warner that I'd go and he has called them up by this time. I'm awfully sorry."

"He can call them up again," was the easy answer. "I must have you, Stevie. I want you to sing."

Stephen hated to argue or object. There was boyish effort in his voice. "It is so bad to refuse dates, Aunt Kitty. Warner is working me up for a big tour in the autumn."

She laughed at him. "A big tour? Why do you bother? With your money you can sing or not, as you please. You are too conscientious, my dear boy."

"So it's mother too," Mary said solemnly, turning away from the window. Stephen must work, he must struggle; only his voice could save him from the softness that his money was always offering. With her mother already in Rose's team, pulling stoutly, it was going to be a fight to a finish. Mary was hotly in earnest, and yet a vision of herself and Rose as two ants tugging at the same worm made her laugh. Her eyes went up to the power that used to dwell so close over her head; her voice was an intimate whisper: "We've got our work cut out for us!" It was only a joke now, of course, but it did seem to help. Some Coué principle in it, perhaps; pulling oneself up by the boot straps.

Stephen came presently to telephone, as Mary knew that he would. His grateful heart never forgot what Aunt Kitty had done for a little orphaned second cousin, and never realized that a very well-dowered little cousin might have been something of an asset in a straitened household. The telephone was under the stairs, and he found Mary leaning on the banisters.

"Come up. I want to talk to you," she commanded.

He lifted worried eyes. "Just a minute, Mary. I've got to telephone Warner. Aunt Kitty wants me here on the twenty-seventh."

"That's what I want to talk about. Ten minutes won't matter."

He came up and sat beside her on the stairs, and Mary offered rainbows, magic carpets, heaven. He would be a great artist, standing among great artists at the top of the world, leaving a voice that would go on as long as records lasted; or he would be a fat dilettante, living in a fat suburb and singing for tea parties and charities.

"All those years of work, all Monsieur Paul expects of you," she reminded him.

"But, of course," Stephen expostulated, "I'm not giving up my career—not on your life! But I do think that this once I ought to oblige Aunt Kitty. She says ——"

Mary shook an obstinate head. "They'll get you, Stephen; they'll get you if you don't make your stand

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Challenge of Rose's Beauty to the Light of Mary's Spirit

The Hatchet and the White Ribbon

By GILBERT SELDES

The Sentinel. Here they Come

WHILE the male reformers and prophets of the nineteenth century were creating themselves a series of desolate Utopias named in Greek after abstract ideals, the women who found themselves opposed to the current organization of political and social life threw themselves into movements which resulted in the end in those three amendments to the fundamental law which actually affected the daily life and habits of the community. They were essential to the abolition movement, although in this one case they could hardly be called pioneers, and political and economical pressure outside their powers brought on the Civil War. They were the activating force behind the two other amendments—the Eighteenth and the Nineteenth—which came three generations later. I have already pointed out that if men had wanted to keep the suffrage to themselves they were extremely shortsighted when they hampered the women who labored in favor of abolition and temperance. So invariably did the agitators for women's suffrage enter into the field by the side gate of these other reforms that one is inevitably convinced of this. If they had been able to banish rum and slavery from the United States, if they had been able even to feel that their full strength was being exercised, they would not have clamored for the vote. "Cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" as they were by invidious laws of property and marriage, they might well have suffered these if they had only been able to set free the deep charges of emotion which slavery and drunkenness called up in their spirit.

The Spirit of Prohibition

TO USE the jargon of contemporary psychoanalysis, suffrage resulted from a transference; in older but equally appropriate terms, suffrage was desired as a means to other and more significant ends more significant, of course, to these early pioneers. Later, suffrage became almost an end in itself. From the very beginning the abstract right to vote was upheld by women, but, practically, what they saw was that in the democratic organization of the United States they would need the vote to accomplish the destruction of drunkenness and the emancipation of the slaves. Perhaps because abolition was accomplished in the course of a secession war and at a distance of three generations from us; perhaps because slavery, after all, existed only in a small number of states, the issue of abolition lacks for us the immediacy of its parallel. The heroic career of Fanny Wright is unique because it combined communism, suffrage, abolition and, by accusation at least, free love. Most of the women fought for abolition in quieter ways, and for one reason or another there is no eccentric woman's figure to place beside that of John Brown—a solitary instance of violence and vision, and of faith justified by the works of others. A sculptor commissioned to do a monument of abolition would think of Lincoln and Garrison and John Brown, and make his figure male; but if he had to do the spirit of prohibition, his mind would move from Frances Willard to Carry Nation, and in spite of Goughs and Volsteads and Wheelers, his dominant figure would be that of a woman.

The remote beginnings of prohibition are to be found in the colonial history of our country, in the opinions of medical men and the pronouncements of divines. There is a connection to be traced between the religious revivals and temperance crusades. But leaving these fragmentary episodes apart, the antiprohibitionist of today can put his fingers specifically on the man and the time to whom modern prohibition is due. He may waste his energy in reviling his bootlegger or his congressman. The true object of his anger should be the Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, who in 1840 delivered a lecture on the evils of intemperance in Baltimore, Maryland. Twenty-five years earlier an inspired physician had prophesied that a drunkard in 1915 would be "as infamous as a liar or a thief and the use of spirits as uncommon in families as a drink made of arsenic or a decoction of hemlock." Sporadic movements had come in the interval and died down, and it remained for the chaotic enthusiasm of 1840 to create something permanent, because it alone did not die out before it had captured the imagination of women.

Reading with a Squint

Converts

WHAT happened in Baltimore in 1840 was odd enough. At a mechanics' drinking club which met in the taproom of the tavern adjoining the temperance meeting were a few curious members who strolled in to hear Doctor Smith, and "carried back to the pothouse a report of the discourse." The mechanics debated the temperance issue over their drinks, and without any record of sudden conversions it appears that six of them signed the pledge and established the Washingtonian Temperance Society for active propaganda. As their names have escaped the Hall of Fame and since drinkers in the United States may wish to know to whom they are indebted for their present plight, I will put them down. They were William K. Mitchell, David Anderson, Archibald Campbell, John F. Hoss, James McCurley and George Steers. They took the name of "the six reformed drunkards of Baltimore," and were presently joined by Mr. H. J. Hawkins, a reformed inebriate who became "the Saint Paul of the Washingtoniana." The Washingtonians were evangelistic. Throughout the country branch societies were formed, meetings were held, and the appearance of the reformed drunkards in person was invariably the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm and for the signing of thousands of pledges. We are so accustomed now to think of prohibition in terms of law and lawbreaking that we can hardly realize how exclusively such a movement addressed itself only to the moral faculty. The methods of the speakers were those which later became more familiar when they were practiced by the famous John B. Gough. There were terrible stories of drunkenness and the ecstatic revelation of the peace which came with the pledge. It was a naive temperance and not prohibition which they preached.

Let Washingtonians from north to south expand
Far as mighty waters roll to wash remotest land.

An enormous literature of sermons, essays and hymns sprang up, and the blacker the sheep, the more glowing its whiteness when reform set in. There is a preface to a pamphlet which reads like a burlesque, but the pamphlet itself is solemn to the last degree:

D. C. Burdick, the Old Landlord Reformed, formerly of Cortland County and State of New York, who having been elevated from the precincts of inebriety to the high standing of sobriety, dedicates the following Evolution to the citizens of the Temperance Societies of the United States and the known world as the Society Mirror Guide or Address. The author of the following pamphlet

has no access to bookmaking, but having had experience in Scandinavian Scalds, bacchanalian glees and also having taken an eight years graduation in a liquor Tavern or Finishing off shop, he is rendered a Professor in the skill of Washingtonianism. The following compilation is written in a sympathetic style aside from coercion, politics or sectarianism; not only touching the cord which vibrates to kindness, buoying up the drunkard from the ditch, retarding the moderate drinker, reclaiming the member who in an evil hour has fallen out by the way, but also setting forth definitely the foundation of the Washingtonian Temperance Society, with which it will flourish, if carried out according to the doctrine of this essay.

Washingtonianism is good having truth for its basis. May the great God of Mercy, through whose aid all good is accomplished, impart needed strength to all whose names and characters are pledged to abstain from intoxicating liquors, and to those who authorize the publication of this Evolution. And this shall be the earnest prayer of your sincere and devoted author.

The Washingtonian Society was an emotional outburst which was doomed to die away. In the first place it called upon the force of love and made no appeal for a prohibition law. It was therefore addressed primarily to the habitual drunkard. It intended reformation of character more than reform of social habits: it could only have a success when it was addressed to the dregs of society.

The enemies of prohibition, who had not been inactive, fixed upon another weakness in the Washingtonians. It was not religious. In the perspective of time it would seem that the Washingtonians intended merely to unite all temperance reformers regardless of religion, but the fact that they omitted to start their meetings with prayer was enough to bring them into disrepute and the Washingtonians were attacked in the mass as atheists.

Going Directly to the Source

THE movement died out, but it inspired forces stronger than itself. We hear that Amelia Bloomer, who was more prominent in her own time as a suffragette than as a dress reformer, came under the influence of the Washingtonians. Abraham Lincoln addressed a group of enthusiasts. Josiah Willard transmitted to his daughter the enthusiasm this movement inspired in him and in that way connected the drunkards of Baltimore with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and eventually with the Prohibition Party. What had been unfulfilled by the Washingtonians directly was made complete by Gough, the astounding orator who turned from those delirium tremens which he described so successfully, to absolute teetotalism; got drunk in his old haunts; repented in public, was reinstated; and rose to a triumphant height when found in a low dive, since he was able to prove that he had been drugged by opponents of prohibition with whom he had taken a glass of nothing more serious than soda water.

A CRUSADE SCENE

But Gough's appeal, too, was emotional and limited, and it became evident that merely to exact a fragile pledge from a habitual drunkard was not going to solve the problem of temperance. A preacher who was commonly known as Dio, but whose full name was the Rev. Diocletian Lewis, took up the work in Hillsboro, Ohio. The women in his flock saw where their duty lay—it is to be said without irony—and in the face of an appalling opposition did it. They knew that their appearance on the public streets inadequately attended by protective males was a breach of decorum.

They knew that their brothers and fathers were roistering in the saloons; they knew precisely to what mockery and antagonism they were exposing themselves, yet they went out into the streets and knelt in front of saloons, praying in their innocence that the keepers would shut up shop. They attracted attention; they drew the men to the doors; and where they did not succeed they trailed their long dresses over the sawdust of the barroom floor, and delicately holding perfumed handkerchiefs under their dropped veils so that they might neither see nor smell the hated element, they prayed that the hand which at that moment was lifting a glass of whisky might be moved to set it down again. The contemporary woodcuts do not fail to show the bewilderment of the saloon keeper before these earnest, huddling women. If the newspapers of the time are to be trusted, they actually succeeded in an incredible number of cases. Whether the saloon keeper's pledge was any more irrevocable than that of the private drunkard does not appear; but the Woman's Christian Temperance crusade had accomplished two things which the men had failed to do: They had made the cause of temperance marvelously dramatic and they had attacked the saloon as well as the drunkard. They were pointing the way to the ballot, the amendment and the padlock as the means of prohibition, while the men had rested on the supposedly feminine quality of an emotional appeal.

Founding the W. C. T. U.

EVENTUALLY the crusaders took the inevitable step, again preceding in effectiveness the work of the men. They felt that this circus stunt carried on in the streets and in the saloon, however sincere, however dramatic it might be, needed some sort of structure, and needed, above all, to contribute a cumulative effect so that each individual reform would not be dissipated before another convert to the cause of temperance could be made.

They met, and the biographer of Frances Willard gives an account:

> It must have been a remarkable gathering. The women who had led the crusade were there, all filled with enthusiasm and the sense of union and consecration. They had never held conventions before, and knew nothing of formalities and rules of procedure. They could not in those early days make speeches; they just got up and talked a little, and held each other's hands and prayed, and believed that their way of conducting business was the breath of a new dispensation. Mother Stewart was there, and Mrs. Judge Thompson, the leader of the first Hillsboro band of Crusaders; Mrs. Judith Ellen Foster, Mrs. Lanthrop, Mrs. Gov. Wallace, Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, the first president, and many others of the early leaders came. To these older women, Frances was a revelation of the possibilities of all women. They saw in her the coming of their future success, and when it was over they all went back to their local work with the blessing of a hope greater than they had dared to expect. They had all come to share her feeling that they could see the end from the beginning, and they were eager to advance.

Lady Crusaders

Thus the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was founded and thus there came into a prominence which was never to decline one of the strangest, oddly attractive figures in American history. It is astounding how potent the charm of Frances Willard can be even to one wholly out of sympathy with everything which she set herself out to do. The writings of Mrs Bloomer suggest an intelligent "decent old body," a childless maternal spirit; those of Mary E. Walker evoke the rigid figure and relentless false logic of the fanatic. With the autobiography of Carry Nation, one steps

(Continued on Page 137)

THE PLASTIC KID

By
Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

The Blotter Does No Better in the Next Two Stanzas, Catching Everything That Bronson Throws Him Without a Return

WHEN Blotter Anderson first came to me he knew as much about boxing as a planked shad does about piano tuning. He couldn't write, but he could blot. The boys at the gym'd scribble wallops on his jaw and dash off jolts on his ribs and Anderson'd just absorb 'em. When their fountain pens ran dry, the Blotter'd lean casual against the weary scribes and push 'em over for a siesta.

I'd noticed the kid for a month or more, playing punching bag for the biffers around the training quarters, without any idea of using him in the ring, until Big Joe Heeney brought up the subject.

"Why," he inquires, "don't you get a bout for the Blotter? He can take 'em like nobody can."

"He's a good catcher all right," says I, "but he can't pitch."

"He don't have to—much," comes back Joe. "Learn him to plant a short straight one and ——"

"Learn him nothing!" I cuts in. "That Swede was born deaf and dumb and never got over anything except the deafness."

"He's dumb enough," admits Heeney, "but I've never noticed any Bernard Kiplings or Rudyard Shaws cluttering up this slaughterhouse. Listen," he goes on, "can I hit?"

"You can," I returns.

"Well," continues Joe, "this afternoon I took on Anderson for three rounds. Three was enough for me. I socked the Blotter with everything but your aunt's adenoids and I couldn't jar him off his flat feet. Remember the pivot punch—the one that broke the jaw of Italian Pat Ginsberg? I tried it on the kid—double strength. Instead of being massacred, he acted like he was being massaged—and I got twenty pounds on him!"

"Maybe," I suggests, "the old gray mare ain't what she used to be."

"No?" growls Heeney. "If you don't think so, suppose you send your jaw out to keep a sneaky date with my fist."

"My jaw," I assures him hurriedly, "ain't that kind of a girl. The first spot I get," I promises, "I'll slip Anderson in for a work-out."

I don't have to wait long for a spot. The very next afternoon I gets a hurry call from Patsy Grove of the Casino A. C. for a prelim boy to sub for a lad that'd run out on him. I calls in the Blotter.

He's a husky towhead, built from the ground up like a silo and from the shoulders out like a gorilla. The boy's taking ways haven't helped his beauty any. His nose is squashed almost flat, a bevy of his biters are missing and his ears look like they'd been accordion-plaited. Anderson's keen for the bout.

"Now listen," says I, "this is a six-round go and you can't win just by playing target and letting the other lad ad-lib arrows at you. The mill isn't long enough for a wear-down, and besides, this Bronson baby's a pretty good taker himself."

"Don't worry," grunts the Blotter. "I'll fight him back."

"You get a hundred bucks for the scrap," I tells him, "another hundred from me personal if you win, and a third century if you rock him to sleep."

I spends a couple of hours trying to drill a right cross to the chin and a short left to the heart through the concrete dome of the Swede, but my luck's nothing to write home about. I'm not interested in his defense, nor much in his offense, as far as that goes. If the kid has any natural hitting power, it'll show up without teaching; if he hasn't, he's not worth hell room. So I sends Anderson to the slaughter as is.

And slaughter it turns out to be. Bronson, a shifty lad with a pair of bruising maulies, beats the Blotter like a bass drum—rat-a-tat-tat on the jaw, boom-boom-boom on the bread basket; Anderson shows nothing but a pair of sticky feet. Though his head rocks in a wind of wallops, the best that Bronson has is not enough to lift the Swede's flat dogs loose from the canvas.

"I thought," remarks Grove, when the first round ends without the Blotter delivering a blow, "you were sending me a fighter."

"What do you think he is?" I yelps. "An Armenian chess player?"

"That's what I am," growls Patsy, "if he's a boxer."

"Anderson's a slow starter," I explains. "He's just feeling your pork-and-beaner out."

"Yeh," sneers Patsy, "he's feeling out a cold by getting pneumonia. Bronson'll lay him like linoleum in the next round."

"Got any money," I inquires, "that says 'me, too,' when you talk?"

"Five hundred smackers," comes back Grove, curt, "that Bronson wins by a knock-out."

"You've got a bet," says I, "but it's no go if the referee stops the fuss."

Patsy agrees to that. I figures it's a cinch that a boy who can stand up for three rounds against everything that Big Joe Heeney has is good for six sessions against a hitter like Bronson, but I'm taking no chance of a kind-hearted referee pulling a technical K. O. on me.

The Blotter does no better in the next two stanzas, catching everything that Bronson throws him without a return. Half the crowd is getting a laugh out of the one-sided argument; the other half is yelling "Stop it!" In the middle of the fourth round the referee is getting ready to do just that thing, when Patsy gives him the office to lay off. At that point it looks like another rain of rights is bound to send Anderson into a nose dive.

The Swede's just a merry mess when he comes up in the fifth, but at that he seems fresher to me than Bronson. Grove's boy continues his hammering and nailing, but the old pep is not in the punch. I notices Patsy trying to flag the referee's eye.

"Nix, now," says I, "let the fight go on. My baby might be helpless, but yours ain't got what it takes to slip over a lullaby."

Grove growls something I don't get.

"Just to give you a chance to get even," I remarks before the sixth round, "I'll bet you another five hundred that the Blotter K. O.'s your kid."

"With what?" snaps Patsy. "One of the ring posts?"

"Here's my debating team," says I, peeling five centuries off the roll. "Where's yours?"

"It's a wager, sucker!" barks Grove.

Bronson opens the final stave with a fast flurry of fists that splatters all over Anderson's pan, but the Blotter just returns a jagged grin. I know why he's grinning—and so does Patsy. There's not enough power behind Bronson's jabs to rustle a spider web. His ticket's all punched out.

"Looks like we break even," says Grove.

"It probably does—to you," I comes back. "Park your peepers on that!" I yells, rising from my seat.

The Blotter's quit catching and stepped into the pitcher's box. Crashing right through the other boy's pit-a-pat of punches, the Swede gets in close and jolts both his fists together into his chin. My trained lamps drop to Bronson's knees. A shudder runs through 'em and he jackknifes to the canvas.

"He wasn't knocked down!" howls Patsy. "He was pushed!"

"Be quiet, papa," I cautions. "It's your boy's bedtime."

Bronson takes a count of eight, but when he gets up you can see from the puzzled look in his eyes that he doesn't know whether he's in a ring or on top of an Alp playing a zither. He attempts a few passes aimed at Kid Random. Then the Blotter steps in casual and pistons with both fists again. This time Bronson flops flat on his face.

The referee doesn't even bother to ten him out. When they get their nose in the rosin like that there's no more use in counting than there is in calling the fire engines after the roof is in the basement.

Anderson's not even breathing heavy when I leads him to the dressing room, but his face is nothing to write collar ads around. Altogether, he looks like he'd been doubling for Lon Chaney in a dangerous stunt and met with an accident. "Three hundred dollars," says the Blotter briefly, when I congratulate him.

"And two more," I returns, passing over half my winnings from Patsy Grove. "You got a bonus coming for what you took from Bronson."

"He didn't hurt me none," grunts Anderson, dabbing at his fractured face with a towel.

"Maybe not," says I, "but you're no answer to a maiden's prayer."

"What maiden?" scowls the Blotter.

"Well," remarks Heeney, when we're leaving the Casino, "what do you think of the Swede now?"

"I'm all a-twitter," says I. "The kid's another Battling Nelson. With a little training ——"

"Training, nothing!" cuts in Big Joe. "He'll never know any more than he does now, and if you're going to cash in with him you'll have to cash quick. You know what happens to these shock absorbers, don't you?"

"Yes," says I; "but ——"

"I know," interrupts the heavy, "you're going to tell me that he hasn't any brains to addle. Just the same, if he gets his bean pounded a dozen or so times like he did tonight, he'll be shadow-boxing with a padded wall in a couple of years."

Heeney's right. I've seen lots of these boys who could take it, and they usually finished up with a guy in a blue uniform with a bunch of keys taking them.

"All right," says I, "we'll work him fast and let loose of him before he stubs his think tank. I don't want dough bad enough to have a bimbo battle himself into the booby house for me, but I've a hunch we can build him up for three or four good gate pullers. Besides, I need a lightweight in the stable, now that Mike Bevan's let the frills night-club his brains out."

"The skirts sure have made a tramp out of him," growls Joe. "Scrappers ain't got no business shuffling around with the sheiks."

"They won't worry us any with the Blotter," I grins. "Can you imagine a wren falling for that cave-in he carries around for a face?"

"You can't be sure about anything a jane'll do," Heeney comes back at that, "except that you can't be."

I Never Saw a Neater Piece of Repair Work in My Life. Instead of the Squashed-in Smelter, He's Got the Nose of a Movie Star

week the town's all steamed up for a peep at my rock crusher. Offers pile in on me to show the boy, but my mother's father didn't raise any foolish grandchildren, so I stalls along for the right price and the right spot while the Blotter's resting his face.

With fights limited in this neck of the woods to ten rounds, I got to play my cards careful. Against a long-armed hit-and-run jabber with fast feet, my boy wouldn't have a look-in; nor would he with the kind of biffer that waits for the scrap to be brought to him on a silver tray. What I needs is a rushing, swinging windmill that'll wear himself into short pants through his own efforts. With Anderson, they've got to tire and retire.

I finally gets what I wants—a delicate gerantum called Pig-Iron McGilligan, who flings wallops around as if every round was the last one. Patsy Grove agrees to stage the go. "I'll do it for you," says he, "but as a rule I don't put on anything but fights at the Casino."

"Isn't this a fight?" I demands.

"Fight!" snaps Patsy. "It takes at least two guys to make one of those things, and ——"

"Want to wager a little wampum," I cuts in, "that my baby doesn't take Pig-Iron to the smelter?"

"That Swede of yours," says Grove, "will never take anybody anywhere, but McGilligan might punch his own ticket there."

He does. The fracas is almost a repeat of the late Bronson unpleasantness. For eight cantos the Blotter's face does nothing but block a traffic of fists. In the ninth the pace can keep its secret no longer and tells on Pig-Iron. By the end of the round McGilligan's too tired to lift his gloves, and at the pressing invitation of Anderson, bound in leather, he takes a rest. His ten-second leave expires and he's marked A. W. O. L.

The Blotter's bit is two thousand dollars—I sticking to the old-time rule of splitting fifty-fifty with my boys on everything except the punishment.

"Better not let him have too much jack," advises Heeney.

"Why not?" I inquires.

"Well," returns Joe, "from some remarks I've heard him drop, he's likely to go on a glad-rag jag and ——"

"What of it?" I cuts in. "He can have a different suit for his grapefruit and another for his oatmeal every morning in the week as far as I'm concerned. Where's that any skin off my nose?"

"Plenty, maybe," says Heeney.

"The diagram, feller," I growls. "The blue print and the footnotes."

"When a bird goes around dressed like a tramp," explains Joe, "it makes no never mind to him that his hair ain't combed or that his teeth are out." I just looks puzzled. "Put good clothes on the same bimbo," continues Heeney, "and right away he begins noticing that a white collar and a mussed map don't match and that bum molars don't set off a moleskin coat any."

"Meaning?" I asks, impatient.

"Meaning," says Joe, "that once the Blotter dikes himself out, he's going to begin parting his hair and get himself a set of store teeth. When that happens, you're out a Swede meal ticket."

"How do you figure it?" I wants to know.

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ON ACCOUNT of it taking Bronson two hours to come to after his knock-out, we gets a great break in the papers for Anderson, and within a

"Touch My Girl Again," He Snarls, "and I'll Break You in Two"

INSUFFICIENT FUN

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

AT THREE o'clock in the morning Lawyer Evans Chew dealt off the final round of jack pots and the most hectic session in the history of the Full House Social Club came to an end. Eight men pushed chairs back from the table as Semore Mashby busied himself with an adjustment of accounts. Six of these men stared with awe at a tall, loose-jointed, gangling person of dark-brown complexion and apologetic manner, before whose place were piled enormous stacks of white, red, blue, and yellow chips.

In all the annals of Birmingham's snappiest poker organization there had been no other night like this. From the southernmost depths of wildest Alabama a figure had come to insinuate himself into this crew of experts, and from the first deal to the last there had been a steady and amazing flow of chips into the stack owned by Mr. Jasper De Void. Of the octet, Mr. De Void seemed the least impressed. This man, so lately a stranger to Birmingham, but now a little-understood and pronounced figure in local finance, seemed downright apologetic.

"Gosh, fellers," he said modestly, "I feels terrible about this. I don't play such good poker ——"

Mr. De Void Explained His Mission. "Lawyer Chew," Said He, "I Comes to You Confidential"

"Tha's what we figgered when we ast you to join the game," confessed J. Cæsar Clump. "But, oh, how wrong we was!"

Jasper was embarrassed. His prominent Adam's apple bobbed up and down. "I—I hates to take all that money."

"Hmph! You ain't half as sad over it as we is."

"I is too. I come to Bumminham a stranger an' you took me in ——"

"Wrong you is. Us tried to take you in, but the glove was on the other foot."

Semore Mashby, attenuated little money lender, looked up from his accounts. "Jasper wins ev'ything," he announced crisply. "An' he's a'ready been paid by ev'ybody essept Florian Slappey."

A slender figure, once debonair, but now disheveled as to clothes and brain, raised a haggard face. "How much does I owe him, Semore?"

"Three hundred dollars!"

"Great sufferin' tripe! That much?"

"Ezackly. Jasper wins nearly four hund'ed. Ev'ybody loses 'ceptin' him. We has paid, an' now if you'll han' over the three hund'ed ev'ything will be straight."

Mr. De Void focused kindly eyes upon Florian. "I shuah hates to take yo' money, Florian."

"Well, you ain't gwine to. I ain't got near that much with me. I got to give you a check."

A startled glance ran around the room. Each man present, save possibly Jasper De Void, knew that Florian's check was worth precisely the value of the paper upon which it was written. But that was a matter between Messrs. Slappey and De Void. The others merely gasped.

"That's all right with me, Brother Slappey. I just feels bad deprivin' you of all that money."

"'Tain't such a depravity," snapped Semore Mashby. A quick, pleading glance from Florian silenced any further disclosures that the little man may have been planning.

Florian fumbled for a fountain pen. He scrawled his check on the First National Bank—"Pay to the Order of Jasper De Void, Three Hundred Dollars." He signed it with a flourish.

But the eyes of Mr. De Void were not upon the check. The melancholy gentleman from Dothan, Alabama, had his gaze riveted upon something which gleamed and glittered upon the middle finger of Florian Slappey's right hand.

It was a ring. But such a one! The finger band was of platinum, and in the center was a diamond which more than atoned in size and weight for what it may have lacked in absolute perfection. It was the pride and passion of Florian's life.

It was the thing which marked him as different from the other colored persons of his acquaintance even more certainly than his superior sartorial elegance. Jasper blinked as though dazzled by the jewel.

"That sholy is the swellegantest ring I ever did see, Florian."

Mr. Slappey was pleased by the compliment. "Truth what you utters, Jasper. They ain't no finer di'mond ring nowhere than what this is."

"Golla! An' always I has craved a fine ring."

"Go buy you one then. You got plenty money."

"N-n-no. I cain't afford no such of a thing as that." Mr. De Void gulped. "How much that cost you, Florian?"

"I paid francs fo' it. Boughten it when I was in France with the Midnight Pitchers Corporation, Inc."

"How much you reckon it's wuth in dollars?"

"'Bout eight hund'ed," returned Florian promptly. "At least that much."

Jasper whistled softly. "Eight hund'ed dollars!" he murmured reverently. "Well, I reckon the check of any feller which has got that vallible a ring must be pretty good."

Lawyer Chew gazed commiseratingly upon the elongated person from Dothan. There were times when the erudite attorney believed that Jasper was a genius, and other moments—of which the present was an excellent example—when he was quite sure that Mr. De Void was hopelessly, helplessly and inexcusably dumb.

Certainly Jasper was an unfathomable mystery. He had appeared from South Alabama possessed of two thousand dollars in cash and a great ambition to take his place in Birmingham's colored social scheme of things. He had started by acquiring a magnificent lodge regalia at the expense of Florian Slappey and Semore Mashby. Following that exploit, he had come into control of a somewhat decrepit but still hopeful taxicab company. The latter business had not only cost him nothing, but he started it with a clear profit of seven hundred and fifty dollars paid him by Acey Upshaw, the former owner.

Birmingham's dusky citizenry alternately proclaimed him a wizard and a dumb-bell. Arguments concerning the gentleman ran rife and hot. Some claimed that he was a business wonder; others, that he was merely lucky. Certainly he had marked himself as fair game. He appeared so blandly unconscious of the fact that his now sizable bank roll was a temptation to all who had anything of doubtful value to sell. He invited disaster so cheerfully. Take the present moment, for instance. Here he was accepting without question a check which every other man in the room knew was worthless. He accepted it blandly and trustingly. He even picked it up and beamed upon Florian.

"This makes us all square, don't it, Brother Slappey?"

Florian, recalling his one other experience with Jasper and its disastrous results, smiled openly. "It sholy does, Mistuh De Void. Awful square!"

The party disbanded. There was a bit of small talk among them; a brief discussion of the day's news. Then the light colored men started for home. Six of them boasted great prominence in colored civic and social circles. There were Lawyer Evans Chew, Birmingham's foremost dusky attorney; 'Lijah Atcherson, M.D., the city's leading colored physician; Semore Mashby, the skinny and wealthy money lender; President Orifice R. Latimer of Midnight Pictures; J. Cæsar Clump, chief director thereof, and Epic Peters, the demon Pullman porter. They played once a week and they played well. But tonight ——

Florian Slappey and Jasper De Void departed together in search of an all-night barbecue stand. Mr. De Void dropped a friendly hand over Florian's shoulder.

"Us is good friends again, ain't we, Florian?"

"Suttinly." Florian's answer was Delphic. "Why shoul'n't us be?"

"Not no reason. On'y—well, with that other li'l' deal, an' then this heah check of yourn ——"

"Don't you worry 'bout that check, Jasper. Nor neither I won't."

They supped together and separated near four o'clock in front of Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored, where Jasper roomed. Despite the predawn chill,

Mr. Slappey swung whistling down Eighteenth Street to his room in Sis Callie Fluker's boarding house.

Florian was well pleased with himself. He couldn't help liking certain things about Jasper. Chief among Mr. De Void's qualities which interested Florian was the apparent gullibility. Florian didn't yet know positively whether he had been outwitted by the colored man from Dothan or whether Mr. De Void had blundered to financial success. The elongated countryman was a challenge to Mr. Slappey's keen and acquisitive brain. He was possessed now of nearly twenty-seven hundred dollars in cash. He invited his friends to help themselves. Almost in words he declared himself fair prey for any who cared to hunt.

He seemed too easy to be true. Consider tonight's poker game, for instance. Jasper appeared to play bad poker—atrociously bad poker.

But there was no combating his luck. He didn't bluff, he didn't play his hands for all they were worth, yet time and again Florian had found himself sitting in large pots with Mr. De Void and invariably the latter's hand topped Florian's by a scant but winning margin.

He Gave Particular Attention to His Sartorial Arrangement, Planning to Stun the Dusky Natives of the Tennessee City

Certainly, however, Mr. Slappey had not lost on the evening. His losses had been settled with an utterly worthless check. True, Florian did maintain an account at the First National. But the last balancing of his pass book showed that it amounted to exactly one dollar and forty cents. Mr. Slappey awaited word from Jasper with keen interest. It came the second day following. Mr. De Void called upon Florian at Sis Callie Fluker's. He exhibited Florian's worthless check.

"What you reckon happened, Florian?"

"What you mean, Jasper?"

"Yo' check come back fum the bank. They said you didn't have sufficient fun."

"Boy," grinned Florian, "they was wrong."

"But ——"

"Well, to tell the truth, Jasper, I guess I ain't got that much money in the bank. But you don't mind waitin' a while, do you?"

Mr. De Void seemed pained. "Aw now, Florian, that ain't fair, is it?"

"Why not?"

"You gimme this check to settle a gamblin' debt. 'Tain't no fair fo' you not to have the money."

"Tha's true, Brother De Void. But if I ain't got it, I ain't got it!"

"Guess so. But ——"

"Some day I gits it—maybe."

For a single instant the bovine expression fled from Jasper's face. "You better, Florian. 'Cause folks tells me this heah state has got a check law which says ——"

"Hold on!" Mr. Slappey spoke sharply. He was frightened. "Don't you go gittin' the law on me, Jasper. I thought you said us was friends."

"Yeh. We is. But also we ain't ma'ied to each other an' I ain't s'posed to s'port you, nor neither keep yo' bad checks."

"Gosh! Seems like you ought to have a li'l' mercy on me. I cain't he'p it if I is broke. Lawd knows I ain't cravin' to be. If there was any way I could 'range things ——"

Jasper smiled and nodded. "There is!" he announced.

"What is?"

"A way you can fix things up."

"How?"

"Gimme that ring of yourn an' I'll give you back the check."

"Gwan with you, tall boy." Mr. Slappey was vastly amused by the suggestion. "Such foolishment you utters with yo' lips."

"How come 'tis foolishment? U's swaps ——"

"You say words, Jasper, but they don't mean nothin' nohow. This platinum diamond ring is wuth eight hund'ed dollars."

"You coul'n't git that much fo' it."

"Who says?"

"I does."

"Well, maybe I coul'n't. But I don't have to sell it fo' no less." Mr. Slappey did some quick thinking. He looked up brightly at Mr. De Void, as though suddenly assaulted by a new and liberal idea. "Tell you what, Jasper; I sells you the ring fo' six hund'ed dollars cash."

"Yo' check an' th'ee hund'ed?"

"No. Six hund'ed cash! Us discusses the check afterwards."

"Nothin' stirrin'. Woul'n't give you no six hund'ed nohow. Tha's final. An' as fo' the check, I reckon I better see what the law has got to say ——"

"Listen! Don't you go doin' nothin' like that."

"Well, you won't swap me the ring fo' the check."

"No, but by golly, I'll tell you what I will do! Heah you is with my check fo' th'ee hund'ed dollars. I'll admit I ain't done you right by not havin' no money to cover it. So just to pay you back fo' havin' to hold on to that check a while I make you this proposition ——" He beamed upon Mr. De Void. "Jasper, to square things up, I gives you as a bonus another check of mine fo' one hund'ed dollars if you agrees not to make me no trouble on the one you a'ready got!"

Mr. De Void's jaw dropped. It was obvious that he was doing some deep thinking. Florian watched with ill-concealed eagerness. This seemed a certain way to solve the riddle once and for all. If Jasper accepted the absurd proposition, then he was incontrovertibly dumb. If he refused ——

"I gits altogether four hund'ed dollars of yo' checks?"

Was it possible? "That's the one thing you don't do nothin' else but."

"All right, Florian. I assepts!"

"Hot ziggity dam!" Mr. Slappey reached for pen and check book. "I thought two sensible men like us could git together, Jasper. Heah's my check fo' one hund'ed. That makes fo' hund'ed dollars' worth you has got. An' I calls that pretty fair exchange fo' you not makin' me no trouble."

"Uh-huh, Florian. I reckon it is." Said Jasper De Void as he uncoiled his lanky figure. "Well, I got to be goin', Florian."

"So long, Brother De Void." And then Florian flung a bit of advice after him, "Watch out you don't go to sleep on no street-car tracks."

"I shuah will, Florian. Much obliged fo' the advice."

Mr. De Void went. Florian watched the tall boy lurching down the street. And once sure that Jasper was out of earshot, Florian flung himself on the bed and gave vent to paroxysms of loud mirth.

"Oh, boy!" he chortled. "How igorant that feller is. Instead of havin' one bad check an' bein' sore, he's got two checks which is twice as bad, an' he's happy! When they made that bird they sho didn't put nothin' but vacuum where the brains was s'posed to be."

In the days which followed, Mr. De Void made no further mention of the check. Nor was that because of lack of opportunity. He seemed to seek Florian. In his shy, modest way he hung avidly upon every word uttered by Darktown's social oracle. He reveled in Florian's friendship. There was only one rift in the lute of their perfect contentment: Jasper refused to become financially interested in the purchase of Florian's ring.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Slappey was eager to dispose of the bauble. It had cost him three hundred dollars in France and the customs inspectors had not noticed it when he returned to the States via New York. For some months now things had not gone well financially with Mr. Slappey. He was hard pressed for immediate cash and had grown rather tired of living from hand to mouth. His credit—never too good—appeared utterly exhausted. He tried to pawn the ring, and one hundred and fifty dollars was the best offer received. The persons he approached agreed that the ring was valuable. For that matter, it was entirely too valuable to be a real asset in a small-loan office. In such an office the clients are not accustomed to buying trinkets as highly priced as Florian's trophy.

But knowing that Jasper De Void owned plenty of ready cash, Florian cannily refused to lower his price. Besides, Jasper had an embarrassing and tactless way of insisting that Florian's own checks should be accepted in part, or full, payment. Mr. Slappey had no intention of accepting any consideration so worthless as his own autograph. The friendship between the ill-assorted pair ripened and flourished. And the more intimate they became the more Florian was convinced that Jasper was hopelessly lacking in discernment, perception and business acumen. Else why should he continually seek to be trimmed?

But Florian did not know everything that Jasper was doing. Mr. De Void coveted Florian's ring. He knew more than a little of Florian's sentiments regarding himself. He realized that Florian would sell his ring elsewhere for far less than he priced it to Jasper. Therefore Mr. De Void went to the Penny Prudential Bank Building and presented himself at the lavish suite of offices occupied by Lawyer Evans Chew. That portly and sonorous gentleman glared in friendly fashion through his horn-rimmed glasses and bade Jasper be seated.

(Continued on Page 179)

"Tell You What, Jasper; I Sells You the Ring fo' Six Hund'ed Dollars Cash"

A. E. F.

By MAJOR GENERAL HUNTER LIGGETT, U. S. A., RETIRED, WITH WESLEY WINANS STOUT

LESS than one month from the opening of the *Friedensturm* which was to end the war in a quick and decisive German victory, Ludendorff resigned, and when his resignation was refused he insisted that Berlin make new peace overtures immediately.

In a war that lasted more than four years, this was an abrupt reversal, but the struggle had reached the exhaustion stage, and whichever way it turned, the end would be swift. It was touch and go for both sides; human endurance could stand little more. Germany had counted, and with much reason, on having the little margin of time and strength necessary to win. That calculation was made on the assumption that the American Army could not intervene in force in time and that its fighting value would be low in any event, and there it foundered. Ours was the green army of an unprepared people, but veteran Allies were able to supply many of our deficiencies of material and training.

It was an inexperienced army, but it had youth and verve, which the other combatants had lost and never could regain. It was slow in appearing, but not slow enough for the German plan.

Ludendorff's resignation was the aftermath of what he called "the black day of the German Army." With the enemy thrown out of the Marne bulge, Foch signaled to Haig to strike the western flank of the Amiens bend, fruit of the German offensive of March. By elaborate deception the British not only led the enemy but their own people, and even much of their army, to believe that the next attack was to be at Ypres. King Albert demanded, with some asperity, to know why he had not been informed of an offensive that was to come on his right.

Out on Their Feet

TWO thousand guns were concentrated on a front of twelve miles. They suddenly roared in unison on the misty morning of August eighth, stopped in four minutes, and the Australian Corps, the Canadian Corps, the Third British Corps, with which was a regiment of our Prairie—33d—Division, and Debeney's First French Army moved forward. But ahead of the infantry went 200 new and improved tanks, and never was infantry better served by an auxiliary. Not only did they smooth the infantry's immediate path but numbers of them broke far through the enemy and set to work cutting the telephone and telegraph communications in the rear. Enemy division, corps and army commands found themselves unable to transmit orders or to learn what was transpiring. This, the complete surprise—the moral effect of the tank and the growing inferiority of the German soldier—threw the army into a confusion new to that machine. Defeat was tolerable, but not panic; that was what Ludendorff meant by the "black day." A division headquarters was surprised intact and a number of regimental headquarters captured, one at breakfast. Cavalry followed up and passed through the infantry to fine effect, one troop capturing a railroad train at Chaulnes. When Humbert, with another French Army, drove the enemy off the Lassigny Plateau the next day, the Amiens salient was gone, its invaluable railroad freed, and the German was back virtually where he was in midsummer of 1916.

A sharp deterioration of the German enlisted man set in with the Allied counter offensive at the Second Marne. He had been told and convinced that the Allies were, in the boxer's phrase, "out on their feet"; that one more stiff blow would end it. Now he found, instead, the Allies driving him back into his own corner, the French revived, the British stronger, and a fresh and impetuous new foe in the American Army. His morale never recovered. He did not cease to fight, but thereafter he fought despairingly. A cornered rat is a symbol of fury, but the odds are on the cat. The German Army of March to July, 1918, was not the Juggernaut of 1914; it was too worn and scarred, but it still was a remarkable machine of high discipline. From July on its discipline weakened. To discouragement was added the revolutionary infection contracted from the Russians. There never were any such mutinies as wrecked the German Navy at the last; the army fought desperately down to the Armistice, and still had more fight left in it, but there was a difference. As one who is proud of what the American Army did, I wonder

Hot Food: a Concentration of Rolling Kitchens in the St.-Mihiel Battle. At Left—Ruins of Grand Pré, After Its Fall to the First American Army

Camouflaged American Ambulance Truck Train Bringing Our Wounded Out of the Meuse-Argonne Battle

what we might have done against the German Army of 1914? Not so well.

From March to July the enemy had seemed both swift and deadly in his four great blows, but Foch's strategy from July to November was to make it, by comparison, a ponderous heavyweight in the ring with a brilliant boxer. Foch danced about the enemy and bewildered him with a continuous rain of blows. He could only duck, cover, clinch and back away slowly. There were to be no more battles of attrition in Foch's plan; the moment an offensive ceased to pay a quick and large profit on the investment, it was halted and a new battle opened elsewhere. That had been Ludendorff's intention in March, too, but his very successes had lured him away from his program.

The First American Army

NO SOONER did the battle slow at Amiens than Mangin, with our 28th, 32d and 77th divisions participating, launched an attack on August eighteenth that carried the heights between the Oise and the Aisne, with 8000 prisoners and 200 guns. As this fight slowed, the British opened the Battle of Bapaume. Ludendorff was preparing here to withdraw to better positions, as he had done the spring before, but this time Haig beat him to it. In ten days the British, at low cost, swept thirty-five German divisions before them over a territory that Haig had been from July to November in winning in the bitter struggle of 1916. The bag here was 34,000 prisoners and 270 guns more, and at once the British, with our 27th Division taking part, struck again at Arras, carried the Drocourt Switch Line, and by September ninth the enemy was back in the Hindenburg Line.

St.-Mihiel and the First American Army came next. On May nineteenth General Pershing had been definitely promised a front of his own for an independent army. The Second Marne had prevented that and left our divisions

scattered along the Allied front, their supply an increasing problem. Up to July he had not even secured a tactical command for the First Army Corps, organized in January. My staff, properly ambitious to get at the job for which it was created, became impatient, but I understood the commanding general's difficulties.

The concentration of American divisions drawn into the Château-Thierry region by the German attack in late May gave Pershing his opportunity, and he insisted upon a command for the First Corps in General Degoutte's army.

During that Second Marne battle he had begun the organization of the staff of the First American Army, with Col. Hugh Drum as Chief of Staff, and with the great emergency over, he renewed his insistence on an army of our own. The Marne had proved to the practical satisfaction of the Allies that we had officers capable of handling divisions and corps in French armies, but to give us our head as an army was another matter. Nevertheless, at Bombon, on July twenty-fourth, where the Allied commanders in chief met, with the German retreating, and

Liberty Division Infantry in Captured German Second-Line Trench, Argonne Forest, the First Day, September 26th. At Right—Wire and Thicket in the Argonne Forest

decided unanimously to hold and press the offensive, General Pershing won his demand. The flattening out of the St.-Mihiel salient was assigned to the First American Army. The organization of that army, with headquarters at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, was announced formally on August tenth, and arrangements made for the successive relief of the necessary American divisions. General Pershing himself took command of the near-by Vesle front for part of a day, then returned it to General Degoutte, the object being to deceive the enemy into the belief that our next move was to be in the Soissons region. Headquarters was moved immediately to Neufchâteau and the secret concentration of our First Army in the St.-Mihiel sector begun.

The First Corps was resting at La Ferté. In the fighting just ended the staff had functioned without a hitch in its first test, mainly due to the ability and energy of the Chief of Staff, Malin Craig. Supplies of all sorts had been forthcoming as needed and the wounded had been quickly and well cared for. Our losses had been heavy, but not excessive, the nature of the terrain, the enemy's resistance and the inexperience of our troops considered.

Offering Thanks for Belleau Wood

PREMIER CLEMENCEAU stopped at La Ferté to call on us while on his way to thank the Second Division formally for Belleau Wood. His long stay in America had left him completely at home in English. He told me of having been with Grant's Army when it entered Richmond. From La Ferté he drove to General Bundy's headquarters, where an unhappy incident occurred. The friendly rivalry between the marines and the regulars in the Second had helped to make it the fine division it was. General Bundy had no notice of Clemenceau's coming. By chance most of the officers of the 3d Brigade—regulars—were at headquarters and no officer of the 4th Brigade—marines—was present when he arrived, and his visit was brief, so there was no time to bring them in. As a result, the gratitude of the French Republic was offered to the regulars, and the marines, whose special plume Belleau Wood was, received this gratitude at second hand.

The First Corps, after its short rest, moved to Saiserais, where, on August twenty-first, we took over the command of two National Army divisions—the 82d and 90th—both new to us, on the eastern flank of the St.-Mihiel salient. Because of the swampy nature of much of the ground in the salient, the attack had been ordered for not later than mid-September. This threw on our new staffs the formidable task of collecting combat divisions scattered from Flanders to Switzerland, and otherwise preparing in secrecy a major operation within less than a month.

The salient was a left-over from the third week in September, 1914. A triangle—the sharpest on the Western Front—it looked easy on the map; but owing to the blind nature of the land, its two commanding heights and sheltered communications, the German had held it continuously. Joffre had made two costly and fruitless attacks against it in 1915—on the west at Les Eparges, on the south at Apremont—since when the enemy had garrisoned it with resting or secondary troops, but had continued to elaborate its fortifications. The western face ran along the rugged, heavily wooded eastern heights of the Meuse; the southern face followed the heights of the Meuse to the east, then crossed the plains of the Woëvre.

First Division Infantry Edging Forward, Exermont Region, October 11, 1918

In the angle were two detached high hills, excellent observation posts, and 200 square miles of French soil, including a town of 10,000, held by the enemy for four years.

Defensively, the salient protected Metz and the Briey Iron Basin, and so threatened the flanks of the French that any major offensive in Lorraine had been impracticable. Offensively, it cut the railroad leading up the Meuse valley to Verdun. It always had hampered the French defense of Verdun and its existence had been instrumental in deciding the enemy on the great attack against Verdun in February, 1916.

Two New Jobs for the Americans

ON AUGUST thirtieth, the First American Army, under General Pershing's own command, took over the entire St.-Mihiel front, with four army corps assembling—the 1st, 4th and 5th American and the 2d French Colonial Corps. On that day Marshal Foch came to Ligny-en-Barrois and reported that the continuing success of the British and French now made practicable operations beyond what had seemed feasible on July thirtieth, and proposed two new jobs for the American Army. The first was to be an attack between the Meuse and the Argonne Forest on September fifteenth by the Second French Army supported by from four to six American divisions; the second, an attack on September twentieth, from the Argonne west toward Rheims, to be executed, on the right by an American army astride the Aisne, on the left by a French army.

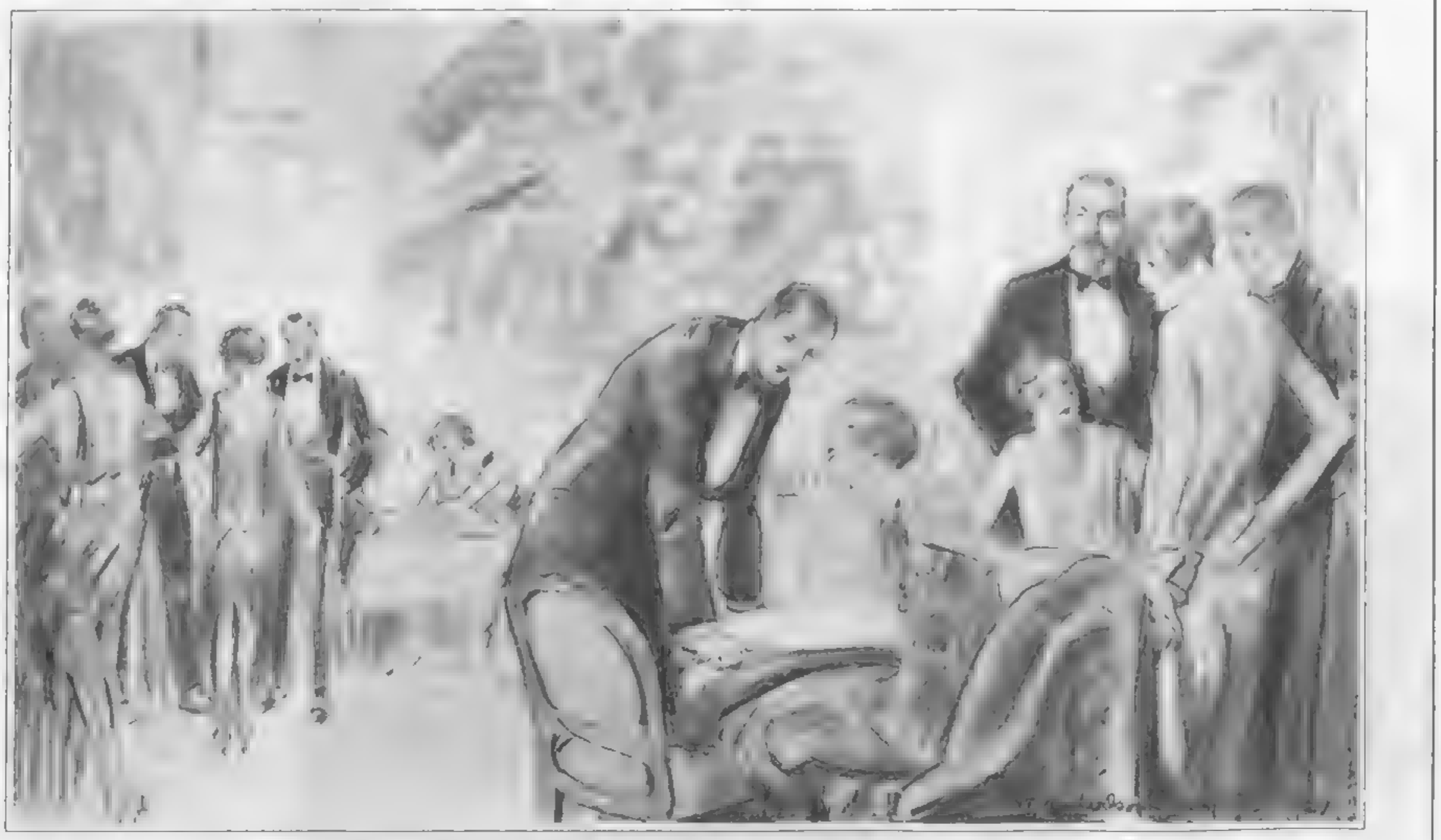
(Continued on Page 198)

American Manned French Renault Tanks Going Into the Meuse-Argonne Fight

CROOKED

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



"What Fun to See You Again! Now Tell Me Everything About Yourself!"

XI

THERE was no mystery in the source of the sixteen thousand dollars. It was at least clear where Charley Maddox got it.

Dusk had fallen and the evening lights already had begun to spring up in the small brick-and-brownstone houses that crowded the homely neighborhood when Baronov, the Brooklyn dealer, got off the street car near his home. He walked slowly, a scuffling, stoop-shouldered figure in seedy clothes, his dusty hat crowded down on his ears in characteristic fashion. Hester, his daughter, often complained of her father's attire; but though Baronov rarely disregarded any wish the daughter voiced, his appearance had altered little since the time he had pushed a handcart in the city's streets. That had, in fact, been his beginning.

A park, a small square with trees and a carpet of well-worn, threadbare turf, lay in front of the modest three-story dwelling. Along its walks benches were set, and here every pleasant evening in the spring and summer Baronov sat and gossiped with his neighbors. Tonight, though, the park was vacant. A raw wind crept in from the bay below, the trees sighing fitfully as it swept their leafless branches; but in spite of this, as well as the darkness along the deserted walks, Baronov crossed the street, his shuffling gait directed toward the bench he usually favored. He did not seat himself, however. The bench faced his house, and as he reached it he halted and stood there, staring up at the house front and its windows.

An ample rolling figure, that of a woman, sat in the parlor window, looking out. Her face, like her figure, was round and squat, its features marked with the stamp of countless generations of peasant forbears. Baronov's wife had, in fact, been a girl working in the fields when he had married her; though, for all that, by one of the curious alterations America seems to produce in alien types, little trace of that peasant ancestry was left visible in her offspring—least of all in her daughter. Just beyond the mother's rotund shape the lamplight fell on Hester Baronov. She was seated at the piano, playing.

A grunt sounded in the darkness. It came from Baronov. Every night his wife sat like this at the window, waiting for him to come up from the street car; and though she now had a servant to help her, he knew that once she saw him she would pop down into the kitchen all in a flutter to make sure the dinner was ready for poppa, that it was hot and to his liking.

Such a fuss was momma! Always she worried for a man as if it was a crime. However, that was like her; and with another grunt, all at once Baronov's shambling figure was shaken with a fit of mirth. "Ho-ho!" he tittered, both hands clapped to his side.

As if momma should worry for anything! *Nuh*, not after today she should not, that was sure. Why, diamonds and pearls could be momma's now—all she would like, almost. Momma could have now what she never dreamed of having!

Diamonds and pearls. His wife could have, too, should she wish it, a fine big varnished car, a limousine, und a feller in a cap and fancy suit to drive it. Of course, momma might alretty of had a car, her own, had she asked—only momma hadn't asked. She never did. If Baronov bought her something, as often Baronov did, momma didn't say much; only she would sit for the rest of the evening with her eyes fastened on him as he moved about and her flat round peasant face glowing with humble gratitude, with pride, with devotion. That had been her look when Baronov brought home for her her first feather bed. It was her look when he had scraped together enough to get her first silk dress. So it had been, too, when he had bought this house to give her. In her distant fatherland she had first seen Baronov plodding up a dusty farm road, his shoulders bent under a heavy pack; but had the one-time peddler now become magically a prince —— Well, shape the fancy to suit yourself, though it's hardly likely Baronov imagined of himself anything of high romance. Hardly. But by turns chuckling, by turns clapping his hands to his sides, finally he composed himself and crossed the street to his door.

One needs to dwell but briefly on the details of his home—the less the better perhaps. Long ago, Mrs. Baronov had chosen its furnishings, and though the blinding carpet and the raw knockdown hues of the plush upholstery and the hangings often were like a blow in the eyes to Hester Baronov, she had never protested these evidences of her mother's peasant taste. The mother loved it; that was enough.

Now struggling up from her chair, Mrs. Baronov gave a murmur of surprise. "So! You come home yet? I do not see you." She hurriedly kissed her husband and was surging from the room when Baronov halted her.

"Vait, momma! I got news for you."

He still had on his hat. From under its brim his eyes danced like a bird's. Hester, rising from the piano, clucked her tongue. What a hat! What a suit, too, he wore! She took the hat from his head and was saying "Tomorrow, poppa, you and I go down to Mr. Fishbein's the clothier, yes!" when Baronov dodged away from her.

"News I got!" he cried. "I got it news, I tell you!" Then, unable to contain himself longer, the news burst from him. "Ve are reech, momma! Reech, you hear me, Hester? Today I sell it the yard—sell it for big money!"

They looked at him. "You have sold the yard, what?" repeated Hester, voice low. It was so low, in fact so impassive, that Baronov's face fell.

"Vell," he breathed, his look comic with bewilderment, "for vy don't you ask me for how much I sell it, vat?"

"Well, then, how much, poppa?" Hester asked.

The reply came in another burst, an explosion. "A hunnert sixty tousand! For one hunnert sixty tousand I sell it!" cried Baronov.

There was a pause. During it Baronov glanced expectantly from his wife to his daughter.

The clock on the mantel struck. It was six o'clock, the dinner hour, but Baronov gave no heed to that. He indeed had sold the yard, his place of business, for one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, the price double what he would have been glad to get for it a week before, and there was reason for his excitement. Then, just as he was about to say it again—"One hunnert sixty tousand, think of that!"—his wife broke the pause. "Vell, I guess I go fix the dinner," she said.

She waddled toward the door, and as she did so her daughter spoke too. "Did you think what you are doing,

poppa?" she asked. Think of it? When he had sold the yard for one hundred and sixty thousand dollars! "Yes," said Hester; "but what are you going to do now?"

Baronov just gasped. Were there ever such women? Was ever a family like this? Here he had come home to them a rich man, richer than he'd hoped to be for years, yet this was the way they took it! However, Baronov knew his daughter well enough to remember she was not one to ask questions merely for the foolishness of asking them, and having scribbled down that night in his office a set of figures, he now thought the calculation might be an answer to her query. It was the amount of his resources. The sale of the real estate had more than doubled his fortune, and he eagerly mentioned the sum total.

It was three hundred thousand dollars. A fellow, he said, could do much with that. As he said it Hester smiled. "How, poppa?"

With enthusiasm, Baronov rose to the task of telling her. A new house, for one thing. He could buy also for the new house rich new furnishings. There could be a car, too, with a chauffeur for momma also. She, Hester, could travel—"taking steamships." Benny, her brother, could be a colleger. As for Baronov himself, if he liked he could give up business, retire. It was a fine picture, no doubt of that; but as Baronov warmed to the topic and his face lighted with elation, all at once he was startled to hear his daughter laugh. "Retire, poppa?" Hester laughed again. "Why, you'd die of it in a week! Die of doing nothing!"

Baronov's face fell foolishly. It was true. He looked at her a moment doubtfully. "Und a fine big house mit reech furnishings—you don't vant it, vat?" Hester laughed. "Vat? Und you don't travel like I said, spending money?" When she laughed again he scratched his chin. "Vell, if we don't spend some, the money, vat do folks like us do then with so much?" inquired Baronov.

Hester Baronov gave a shrug. "Do? Why, just what we have always done. We will live here the way we've always lived." She looked up quietly as she spoke. "I've told you what I wish, poppa, haven't I? You should know it. It is to have people say, 'See, there goes Hester Baronov! Her father is the big Baronov, the one who holds his head so high!' Maybe some day they will say too, 'He gives money for our people, money with hospitals, and so on.' You would like that, wouldn't you, poppa?"

Perhaps. Baronov, at any rate, listened raptly, his eyes blinking, a wide grin baring all his teeth. All at once, though, as if with a jolt, he seemed to come down to earth. "Gott!" he exclaimed. "Such a day!"

"Why, poppa! Not bad, you mean?"

"I ask you!" ejaculated Baronov.

But bad as it may have been, or how much he may have endured through the day's excitement, Baronov was not the only one who might have said that. It was Charley Maddox who had put through the deal, the sale of Baronov's realty. Charley—not Hodge & Peters.

XII

CLEVER! Slick, some might call it. In putting it over, too, Charley had let little stand in his way—the least of all any point of honor so slight as the rights of his former employers. That's how money is made, though, isn't it?—by letting little stand in the way; in other words, by taking chances. Charley Maddox seemed to figure so anyway.

Chances! Chances, indeed! Charley had, in short, risked all he had on the deal, his name and his reputation included—though let that go. Let it go, too, that if he had been caught he might have risked his liberty besides. The point is that Bertha's husband had that money, the sixteen thousand dollars. He had money at last, and the fact is, in itself, perhaps sufficient—sixteen thousand dollars!

It was nearing eleven when Bertha Maddox came out of the theater. Her hand was clinging to Charley's arm, and as she drifted along with the smart, well-dressed theater crowd Bertha's eyes were sparkling and a faint glow of excitement tinged her cheeks. The night and its events had been like so much wine.

Dinner first, then a show! In the marvel of that alone it was not to be wondered that her spirits soared exultantly. Dreams, after all, perhaps do come true! It was, at any rate, a good deal like a dream to Bertha.

Dinner first. The restaurant, a small high-priced place, was down in lower Park Avenue. Half-past seven had struck when she and Charley got there, and the place was crowded, the women in evening dress, without hats. At the door a moment's embarrassment nettled Bertha. She, too, was without a hat, but the question of what to wear over the lamé gown had been a problem. She had no evening wrap, and she lacked even a fur coat to put on for the occasion. The best she had was a cloth ulster with a not too genuine caracal collar, and she was conscious, as she slipped off the coat and gave it to the woman attendant, of the woman's supercilious stare. That could not be helped, though; and she made a mental note that in the morning she would buy herself a wrap for the evening. It would be needed now. Lamé to match the dress; lamé with black fur, she decided. However, as she and Charley entered the room and a head waiter obsequiously beckoned them to a table, Bertha knew there was nothing wrong with her dress. Nothing wrong with herself either. "Look!" she heard one woman say, nudging her companion. The man—he was in smart evening clothes—stared frankly.

Bertha was tingling as the waiter drew out the small table and she seated herself on the velvet banquette, her face to the room.

The head waiter deferently handed her a menu. Two other waiters were already briskly setting the table. One brought glass and silver, the second fetched rolls and butter, the butter unsalted. A pencil and a paper pad in his hand, the head waiter hovered by expectantly. "Oysters? Or perhaps a hors d'œuvre, sir," he suggested.

Bertha was watching. It was to Charley the head waiter spoke. To her relief, Charley glanced at her inquiringly. "Hors d'œuvre," she decided instantly. Then, without further ado, she herself took in hand the ordering of the dinner.

She and Charley had never before dined in a place like this, and she had a momentary dread lest the waiter see it. When the Gershons or the Harnetts had asked them to dinner, it was usually at one of the Broadway places. Music went with the meals. The music was the tin-pan, blaring kind, and between courses they danced. In such places, too, the food was secondary, Harnett and Gershon invariably ordering large steaks or chops. If not one of these, it was chicken, and always there were fried potatoes. Large cups of coffee came with the meal.

Bertha, however, knew her trick. She had an instinctive knowledge of such things. "Hors d'œuvres, then a clear soup—the consommé," she directed.

"Very good, madame."

As the head waiter jotted it down he suggested a fish course: "Sole Marguery, perhaps?" Sole Marguery was two dollars a portion.

"Sole Marguery, yes," said Bertha.

She wondered at moments how she managed to restrain herself. It was less than three hours before, at any rate, that she had sat in the cashier's cage at Pabst's, thumping a cash register and making change for store clerks, cab drivers, and their like. Here, though, there was no clank of crockery, no sordid, greasy odors of eatables, mere food. Pabst's and all that Pabst's conveyed now seemed like the grotesque, inchoate occurrences of a dream. All at once she felt rather than saw Charley start consciously.

She had finished ordering, wavering in her decision between breasts of guinea chicken grille and a filet Mignon. "The filet," she directed hastily, and laying down the menu she glanced swiftly at Charley. He had lit himself a cigarette. Affecting now to flick the ash from it, he was looking down, his eyes evasive and a faint hint of color in his face. "What is it?" she asked.

Under his breath he answered. "Hodge," he said.

Glancing across the room, for the first time Bertha saw her husband's recent employer. Mrs. Hodge was with him.

The two sat at the farther side of the room, the woman's face set in a derisive sneer, the husband scowling truculently. Bertha had the impression, in fact, that the Hodges had seen her enter and that they had been staring at her ever since in the same hostile way. A lot she cared though! As her eyes met Mrs. Hodge's, Bertha looked straight through Mrs. Hodge, her air cool, inconsequential. She was conscious, too, as she did it that the woman's face flamed, its anger venomous.

Bertha, however, wondered briefly at Charley's air. He somehow seemed

(Continued on Page 188)

He Leaped Back, Alarm in His Face. "Don't You Touch Me! Don't You Dare Lay a Hand on Me!" He Shrilled

LOST ECSTASY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XXXII

LIFE was easier after that, for a time. One day Tom took Kay in to Judson. She had never seen Judson before. She had thought that it would resemble Ursula more or less. In the back of her mind had been the thought that if the loneliness became unbearable, there would always be Judson.

But Judson was not like Ursula. It consisted of one unpaved street fronting on the railroad track, a small red grain elevator, a water tank and, a quarter of a mile past the tank along a sidetrack, some shipping pens in a bare and empty field. The general store was on the street, the blacksmith shop, and beside it, quaintly enough, a gasoline filling station. Beyond that was a three-story building faced with ornamental sheet iron, with a sign, Dry Goods and Hotel.

Before the general store was a few square feet of cement pavement, and on it a hen or two. Down the track two ancient freight cars had been turned into houses for Mexican section hands, and a forlorn goat near by was investigating papers thrown from the railroad trains. Kay sat stupefied in the shabby car.

"And this is Judson!"

"Sure is! What did you expect, girl? Chicago?"

She climbed down, a little stiffly, and went into the store. There was a little man in spectacles behind the counter. A brisk little man, and a friendly one. She was touched by his friendliness; he was even, in a way, excited. He went to a staircase behind the grocery shelves and called up, "Hey, Sally! Come down and meet Tom McNair's wife."

And Sally was big and buxom and kindly. "I was just saying to George the other day, we've got to go up and see that wife of Tom's; she'll think we're right unfriendly. And I'll bet it's lonely out there. Don't talk to me about that place you've got. It's a good ranch, but it's too shut off for a woman."

She felt warmed and cheered. They helped her with her ordering.

"Now say, here's a good coffee. Not so dear as that Tom's been buying. He always gets the best, Tom does."

"I'll say he does!" said Mrs. George, smiling at her.

Kay expanded under their friendliness. She even bought, while Tom was filling the tank with gasoline, a dreadful little necktie for him. It was a bow, already tied, and it had an elastic which went around the collar and hooked in the back. She had it carefully wrapped, and when they were on their way back she handed it to him.

"I bought you a little present," she said, her eyes demure.

"A present!"

He was as eager as a boy while she steadied the wheel and he unwrapped it. "Well, look what's here!" he said. "Say, now, I sure call that pretty!"

"Anyone Who Believes That This Country is Not Raising Riders Equal to Any Should Have Watched Tom McNair Yesterday in His Battle With the Cheyenne Horse, Satan"

He never knew that it was a joke. Long afterward she was to find the absurd thing among some odds and ends where she had hidden it for fear he would wear it, and to shed tears over it.

But although she was no longer a prisoner, she was still very nervous. The drought was continuing and the prospects for winter browse on the reservation increasingly bad. Even the well was very low; she had to be saving with her wash water. Her skin was dry and cracking, her hands so rough that mending Tom's socks was a torture. She began to feel as though she had a tight band around her head. She was even fretful, and any little thing in that surcharged atmosphere sufficed to bring on a storm between them.

"Are you going to eat without your coat, Tom?"

"That's what I aim to do. I'm just a plain man, and I've never said howdy to the Queen of England."

The aggression was generally hers, but as time went on and Tom found that the Indians intended to sell him no hay, his own nerves suffered.

"What's the use of clean table napkins every meal?"

"Because I like to think that I live like a lady."

"Well, the sooner we can this lady business and get down to brass tacks, the better. It takes water to wash these things."

"It takes work, too, Tom."

"That's what I'm telling you."

He was sorry for that, however. He went into Judson, bought a great package of paper napkins and brought them out. And because it was to save her, although she hated them, she used them thereafter.

The tragedy was that because they still cared passionately, each could hurt the other so easily. And their quarreling came only at the end of the day, when they were tired. But as the hot weather kept on, without a cloud in the sky, they found the making-up a harder matter. There were times when they went to their common bed, each to lie as far from the other as possible, in silence, until the one who felt the more guilty put out a tentative hand, possibly long hours afterward, and there was a reconciliation, abject and loving.

Such a quarrel came one day when Kay found that he was carrying the revolver about with him.

"I thought you'd promised to let Little Dog alone, Tom."

"Who said anything about Little Dog?"

How could he tell her that the Indians were nursing their injury to their breasts? That there had been threats against him, and that on the roads the old full-bloods of the reservation passed him without speaking to him, sitting the seats of their wagons like ancient kings, their faces impassive, and sold their hay hither and yon, but not to him.

"If you made that promise, you ought to keep it, Tom."

"If I get killed you could go back East, eh? Well, maybe that's the best thing that could happen to me—and you too."

It was childish. He knew it and so did she. When she tried to argue with him he enlarged on it, nursing his sense of injury, like the Indians. She could go back home and live like a lady again. "Clean napkins every meal and extra on Sundays." He knew she was getting tired of him. What was he anyhow? He was a cripple; a child could knock him down and tramp on him. And she would starve anyhow, if she stayed; if he didn't get hay somewhere he was through, done, wiped out. She had to soothe him like a child that night.

Perhaps their occasional quarrels might have been forgotten, but there was something else, more fundamental. There was a complete difference in their point of view. One night she asked him to roll a cigarette for her.

"Not on your life," he told her grimly.

"But why not? I used to smoke cigarettes. You know that."

"My wife doesn't."

She was surprised and indignant. "That's ridiculous," she told him. "It's—medieval."

"Sounds bad!" he drawled imperturbably. "Maybe I'm kinda old-fashioned, girl, but the women out here don't smoke, and you don't want to get talked about."

"You may ask me not to smoke. You can't forbid it."

"Since when?"

She made a curious little gesture of helplessness.

She lay awake a long time that night, thinking. She had been bred in the new school; even, in their own way, her father and mother subscribed to it. This school taught that the wife was no longer subordinate to the husband; that marriage was a mutual contract in which each bore his part. Obedience was even being left out of the marriage service. The old medieval idea of the wife being a chattel, a

How strange that such an idea should still persist out here! Not in the towns perhaps, but in the back country. Mrs. Mallory, for instance. She would have held it, or at least never have disputed it. But she had been happy with Jake apparently. Perhaps the issue never came up; she had never wanted to do anything of which he disapproved.

But Tom stirred in his sleep and put his arm around her. She lay still. What did it matter after all?

And still the country dried and dried. The pond had disappeared; the dam had held, and all day the cattle stood or lay there, afraid to go far from the muddy pool which was all they had. At night coyotes came slinking to drink, and then retreating, sat dog fashion on hilltop or butte, and raising their muzzles barked at the relentless sky. Outside of his cows and calves, which he was holding close in, Tom's cattle ranged far, hunting for browse. He worked them as little as possible; when they showed poor condition he brought them in, slowly, to such water and hay as he could provide. And to his other anxieties was now added fear for his calf crop; cattle were never prolific under poor feeding. He had to distribute his bulls.

Along with the other outfits, he tried to scatter the stock over the range, and by salting in certain places to hold them there. And one day in desperation he went in to Judson and bought all the cottonseed cake he could find. It left him practically without money.

Even before the fair, other men had begun to ship to the feeders the cattle they could not carry. And Tom, going to the fair—he had been appointed one of the judges—stopped in and had a frank talk with Mr. Tulloss.

"I want to do the right thing," he said, standing in front of the banker's desk. "There is still time for you to get out from under if you feel like it. There would be a loss, but not so much as it may be later."

"Then you're going to quit on me, Tom?"

"Quit! I'm ready to hold on till hell freezes over! It's you I'm thinking about."

Tulloss looked at him. The boy was certainly thin, standing there in his gala attire, the brilliant shirt, the neckerchief, the leather chaps. And he had a strained look about the eyes.

"Show clothes, Tom?"

"Some I had left, yes."

"Your wife coming in?"

"She's bringing the flivver. I rode over. Have to have my own horse, you know. I can't mount the way I used to."

"No," said Mr. Tulloss. "No. . . . How's Kay standing it?"

"It's mightly lonely for her, but she's"—he flushed darkly—"she's a pretty fine little girl."

"No trouble then?"

"No trouble," said Tom valiantly.

When he left he knew the banker was still behind him, and he felt happier than for weeks. He strode out, made that awkward mount of his and rode to the fair grounds. After all, life was still good to him; he was not down and out; he had a herd of cattle and a ranch, and he had Kay. His heart swelled a little as he thought of her dauntlessly driving the ramshackle car along the dusty roads, and there was a bit of swagger in the way he rode onto the field.

The grand stand was full, and in front of it the local band was playing. Earlier in the day the crowds had thronged the buildings, and had viewed the exhibits proudly, and with reason.

They themselves had made them possible, had fought their hard fight and were slowly winning out. The school display, the vegetables and fruits, the very pedigreed cattle and the great stallions with crimped manes and shining hoofs—they had made them possible. They had taken this forgotten corner of the world and made it bloom. It was theirs; God had given them the land and they had nourished it and made it bloom.

And now they were ready to play.

"Look! There's Tom McNair! Surely to goodness, he can't be going to ride!"

"Roping, maybe."

And a deep masculine voice: "Bulldogging, most likely. He's throwin' enough bull now to make him champion!"

But if they laughed, there was affection in the laughter His lameness, his marriage, his refusal to accept his handicap, even his attack on Little Dog, had added to his popularity.

"What pains me is, why he didn't kill that Indian when he had the chance."

"Well, he got ten days' free board for it."

There was a rattle of applause as he rode out into the field. He ignored it, but he heard it; he sat a little straighter, put his gloved left hand more jauntily on his thigh, and hoped that Kay had arrived to hear it. He was more nearly his old reckless self than he had been for months.

But Kay had not heard it. She came in rather late, to find the crowd assembled, the band blaring, and the races filling in the time until the bucking began.

The dust was intense. Her feet sank into it as into a cushion. Just as she passed before the grand stand she was suddenly self-conscious and uncomfortable. It seemed to her that all the eyes had left the track and were focused on her. She even heard a voice:

"There she is now. I know she hadn't come yet."

And once seated, she was aware still of intent concentrated inspection. The chatter around her had practically ceased. Not for a long time did she dare to take her eyes from the dusty track before her and to glance around; when she did, the gazes around her became instantly absorbed in the racing. She saw only immobile faces.

(Continued on Page 48)

"Hello!" She Said. "I Thought Maybe a Little Food Wouldn't Go So Bad"

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 4, 1927

Albert J. Beveridge

THE state of Indiana and the nation as a whole have sustained a great loss by the death of Albert J. Beveridge. Twice during his early, formative years he was elected to the United States Senate. By ceaseless hard work and by natural talents of a high order he raised himself to a commanding position in that body. Openly and steadfastly he championed principles and policies which were bitterly opposed by some of his associates, but which, within a few years, they were glad to accept as their own.

Though in his two terms he had served his state and the nation with distinguished ability, Senator Beveridge was twice defeated for reëlection. Politics proved an inconstant mistress. He returned to private life with a splendid public record behind him, a record for sane and enlightened Progressivism which has not since been surpassed; and he left a deep and lasting impress upon the plastic era during which his years in the Senate were spent.

It was one of Senator Beveridge's beliefs that Americans are overfond of winning rather for the glory of being proclaimed winners than for the sake of having accomplished something worth while. He used to tell his friends that they should be just as ready to fight for a forlorn hope which deserved their support as to espouse a cause in which success was a foregone conclusion. In his eyes splendid defeat counted for more than cheap and easy victory. He was able to apply this philosophy to his own political setbacks with such success that he was never cast down by them; nor was he ever at a loss to find some new and useful task to attack.

Defeat at the polls was not without its compensations. Freedom from the cares of office afforded him leisure in which to undertake his long projected life of Chief Justice Marshall. For eight years he toiled at this formidable task and finally produced a monumental work which is an indispensable fount of information for every serious student of the formative period of this Republic and of the processes by which a loosely linked group of states was welded into the solidarity of a united nation.

No sooner had this great biography issued from the press than Senator Beveridge set to work upon an equally ambitious life of Abraham Lincoln. Death prevented its completion, but enough was written to give a new picture of its great subject. He devoted years of painstaking research to the two volumes of this life that he had finished, going back to original and in many cases to hitherto untouched sources of information. Love of country and enthusiasm for its past and for its heroes had as much to do with the writing of these books as either industry or scholarship. These works were labors of love, and they are national services which are perhaps as distinguished as any which might have been performed in an additional term or two in the Senate.

For a quarter of a century Senator Beveridge was a contributor of notable articles to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He wrote of the Philippines, of government, statecraft and politics, of the Bible as literature, and of many passing phases of our national life. A spirit of courage, honesty, self-reliance and fine Americanism pervaded all he wrote.

For friendship Senator Beveridge had peculiar gifts. He liked people and people liked him. His relationships were not the self-seeking contacts of the politician but manifestations of good will and understanding such as come from men who have taken many a hard knock themselves and are intuitively able to enter into the lives of those about them with discerning sympathy. Even in his later years neither ill health nor the cares of a busy career affected his buoyant and dynamic personality. His zest for the pageantry and adventure of living did not lose its edge nor did his enthusiasm lack its youthful sparkle.

Senator Beveridge was a self-made man of the loftiest type. His early years were a long, plucky struggle against poverty and narrowness of opportunity. Both these obstacles he overcame. He got himself an education, won the respect of friends and neighbors, made himself an envied place among local lawyers and then went into the Senate. His maiden speech, delivered so prematurely as to defy senatorial precedent, instantly placed him in the first flight of parliamentary orators.

Work, fighting, study for the causes that he championed, all of which had become second nature to him, developed his vigorous mind and brought him invaluable experiences and contacts. The respect of the nation, the loyalty of his friends, a generous measure of fame and the consciousness of having served his people valiantly and to the best of his abilities were his rewards.

The Winning of the West

THE settlement, the winning of the West is looked upon these days as an early chapter of American history, a proper and patriotic subject for schoolboy study, but hardly meat for grown men with more important things to think about.

The late E. H. Harriman, with the vision of genius, did not feel that way. He began the construction of a railroad from Arizona down the west coast of Mexico, and this line, some twelve hundred miles in length, is just now completed.

However strained the relations between these two countries may become at various times, the geographical tie that binds them can never be cut. That trade between two such large nations, with so vast a contiguous territory, should fail to increase with the years is unthinkable. Yet until the completion a few weeks ago of the last gap in the far-flung line of the Southern Pacific of Mexico, much of the rich west coast of that country had no direct rail connection either with the United States or with its own interior.

More than nine hundred miles of this railroad had been built by the time the Madero revolution called a halt for a whole decade. Since the renewal of the work, further revolutions, banditry, Indian outbreaks, floods and landslides have been encountered. The last leg of a hundred and three miles was through rugged mountain country where costly bridges, viaducts and tunnels have been the rule.

The expenditures upon this lengthy railroad, the delays encountered and the immense losses sustained cannot be recompensed by any immediate or early profits in proportion. But the nearly twenty thousand miles of the company's lines in the United States have been tied in with the heart of Mexico and its great consuming centers.

The new line traverses a country of strange sights and colorful scenes. In places there is scenic magnificence; in others a tropic agricultural richness. It reaches several large cities, but they are as foreign to us as if located on another planet. The very names of the states in this region suggest a different world—Sonora, Sinaloa, Nayarit and Jalisco.

It does not seem as if enterprise on the scale conceived by Mr. Harriman was misconceived, if we view at long range. Certainly American capital and enterprise have not exploited Mexico in any attempt to provide markets for this country's products. There is machinery ready for its future economic growth; life lines for its processes of wealth production when peace and stability are more assured.

No less visionary, in the short view, was the inception of the Moffat Tunnel, just recently completed, after years of financial difficulty, through the main range of the Rocky Mountains in our own state of Colorado.

This means that the most important intermountain center of population—Denver—is brought nearly two hundred miles nearer to the Pacific Coast, an accomplishment in transportation that is sure to have greater meaning with the years.

Then, too, but recently the construction of new highway bridges has been commenced at two points on the Colorado River—Lees Ferry and Blythe. To those unfamiliar with the wilderness traversed by the Colorado, this may seem an unimportant item of local news.

But the wild and destructive stream is bridged in scarcely half a dozen places, including the railroad crossings, in its tumultuous course of two thousand miles through our Western states. Anything that makes for travel across such a natural barrier serves to enrich the West and thereby the whole country.

The bridge at Lees Ferry means closer communication between Utah and Arizona, and between Utah and California. It is significant of more than the mere physical values inherent in bridges and new highways.

Not merely do East and West at times misunderstand each other. The Far Western states themselves do not always see eye to eye, or appreciate one another's problems and varying richness of opportunity. The incredible extent of Nature's barriers has served to some degree to keep the peoples apart in spirit as well as habitat.

Coming down from the north, a great transcontinental railroad system is about to build a hotel on one rim of the Grand Canyon, just as another system to the south has long had accommodations on the opposite rim. These wonders of Nature cannot be witnessed by too many of our people.

The processes of the earth's creation are nowhere seen on a grander or clearer scale. No human being can see or feel even a little of the bigness of the Far Western country without gaining new enrichment of life.

It is useless to argue the relative advantages of a vacation in Europe or in the many wonderlands of our own country. We say we go abroad for refinement, culture and history. But no culture can strike very deep into the soul of man if based on a narrow, seaboard provincialism.

Of course, we need to understand Europe; it has many lessons to teach. But the men and women about to make their twentieth trip abroad who talk of the crudities of America without ever having been west of the Mississippi River evidently learn but little from their many transatlantic travels.

Our country is rich in more than wheat fields, stockyards and factories. The Far West has a spacious scenic sublimity of its own. The facilities to see it can be far extended and still leave many a wilderness area untouched.

In other sections there are countless places and spots of charm and beauty. Except in the older primitive Indian races, we have not the length of human history that marks so many European towns. But there is far more history, romance and beauty in a thousand directions in America than many of our people, especially those who go abroad so often, will ever know.

The New Science of Exporting

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

WHEN the World War came to a close it was assumed, both in Europe and the United States, that American exports, which had suddenly increased, not millions but billions, would soon register a sharp decline. This assumption was based upon the ancient theory that American business men did not understand the science of exporting and, moreover, had no great desire to learn it. However, the exports did not decline. On the contrary they went on increasing.

Today the trade publications of the great European exporting nations are addressing to their readers almost exactly the same exhortations and criticisms that for so many years before 1914 American trade publications addressed to their readers. "You don't pack your goods properly," "You do not make an adequate survey of your market," "You do not study local conditions in the countries in which you wish to sell, consequently your trade practices and sometimes your goods are not suited to their requirements."

All these sermon texts are so well known to Americans that it is amazing to discover them now in German, French, English and Italian newspapers and trade journals. Still more amazing is the fact that in the course of their preachments they add: "Now the way the Americans do it is thus." Whereupon they proceed to describe the new science of exporting.

Fundamental changes of tremendous importance have taken place since 1914, and nearly all these are American in origin. Obviously the Europeans did not forget their ancient skill acquired by centuries of practice; they know just as much about exporting today as they ever knew, not to say more, but quite a number of things have happened to this science since the Americans took it up on a large scale. For example, when a European trade journal says "You don't pack your goods properly" this does not refer to the shipping cases, but to the attractiveness of the individual packages. It would appear from the many references to this subject abroad that no other exporters now equal the Americans in the art of making their goods attractive and incidentally suggesting by the appearance of the container the high quality of the contents

In this article I shall deal with methods of doing business rather than with statistics. There is quite an imposing list of manufactured goods in which the United States leads and the other countries are simply nowhere, consequently to quote statistics with regard to such exports would be unfair and misleading, for each of the great exporting nations has a similar list of its own. The point to be made here is that if any one country uses a vastly superior method of doing business in foreign fields, that fact will be of assistance to all its foreign traders and presently the business men of other countries will see that they ought to be copying the superior method even in those lines where they already enjoy great natural advantages. In fourteen years American business men have not only caught up with the procession but introduced several revolutionary innovations which European exporters are now very busy trying to master. Instead of merely maintaining a toe hold against keen and more adroit competition, American exporters are making sensational gains in all of Latin America, in India and the Orient, in Africa, Australia and many of the remote but wealthy and productive islands of the seas. Indeed, they are also making progress in Great Britain and Europe.

Before going into the details of their innovations, however, it will be necessary to review briefly the steps by which they first caught up with the procession. Less than ten years ago even such an ordinary term as "f. o. b." had no uniform definition so far as American export trade was concerned. A merchant in Iowa buying in Chicago knew exactly what "f. o. b." meant, but a merchant in Chile, buying in New Orleans, did not, except as his experience with some particular exporting firm indicated.

Similarly the technical term "f. a. s.," which means "free alongside ship," had no definite meaning. To some exporting firms it meant that they would pay all of the freight, insurance, trucking and other charges necessary to move the goods from the point of origin to the vessel's side. To others it meant merely delivery at railhead in the port from which the goods were finally to be shipped, strange as that may seem.

In between these two extremes there were at least a dozen other definitions. For instance, one firm would assume responsibility for loss or damage, but added to the quoted price the freight and all other carrying

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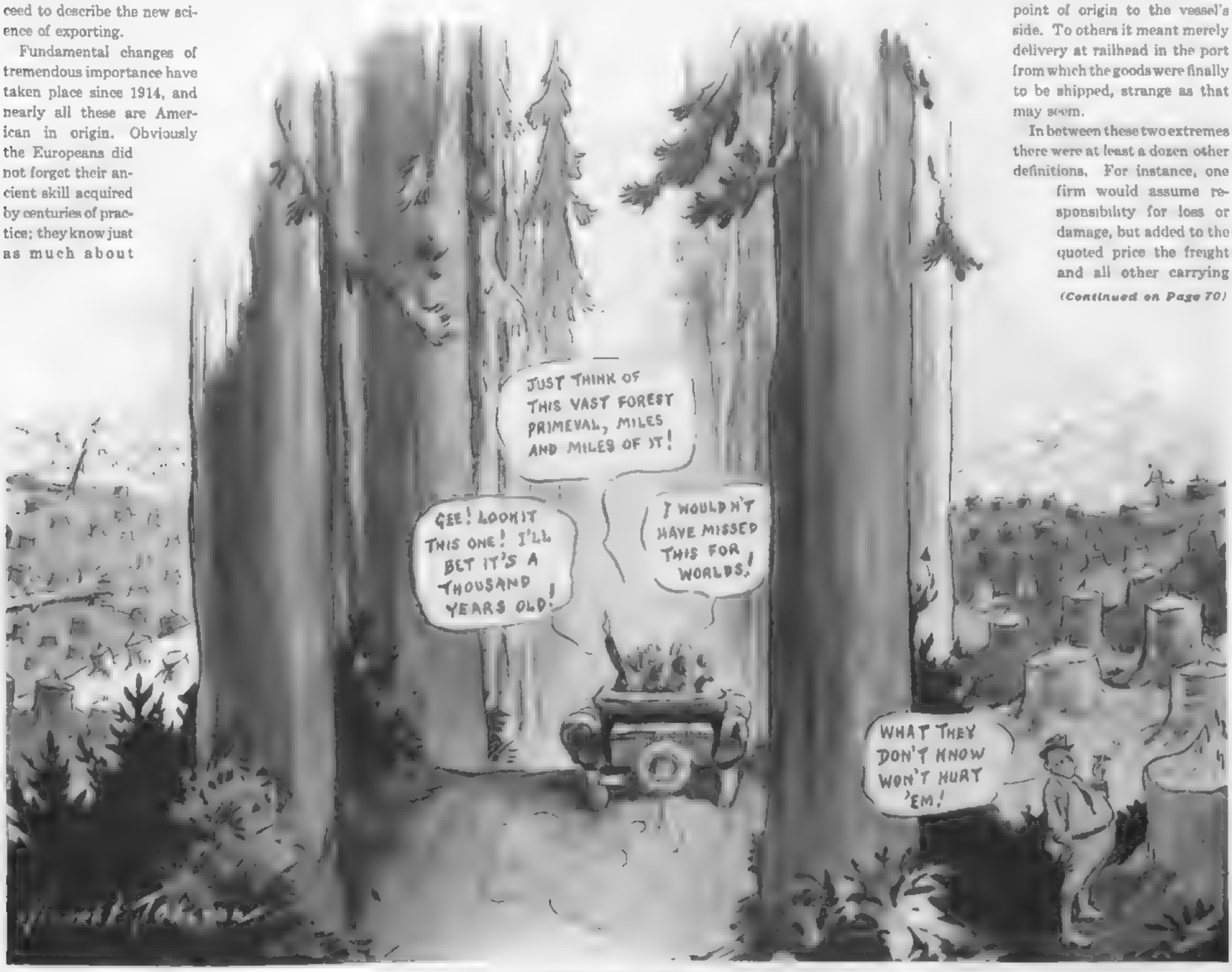
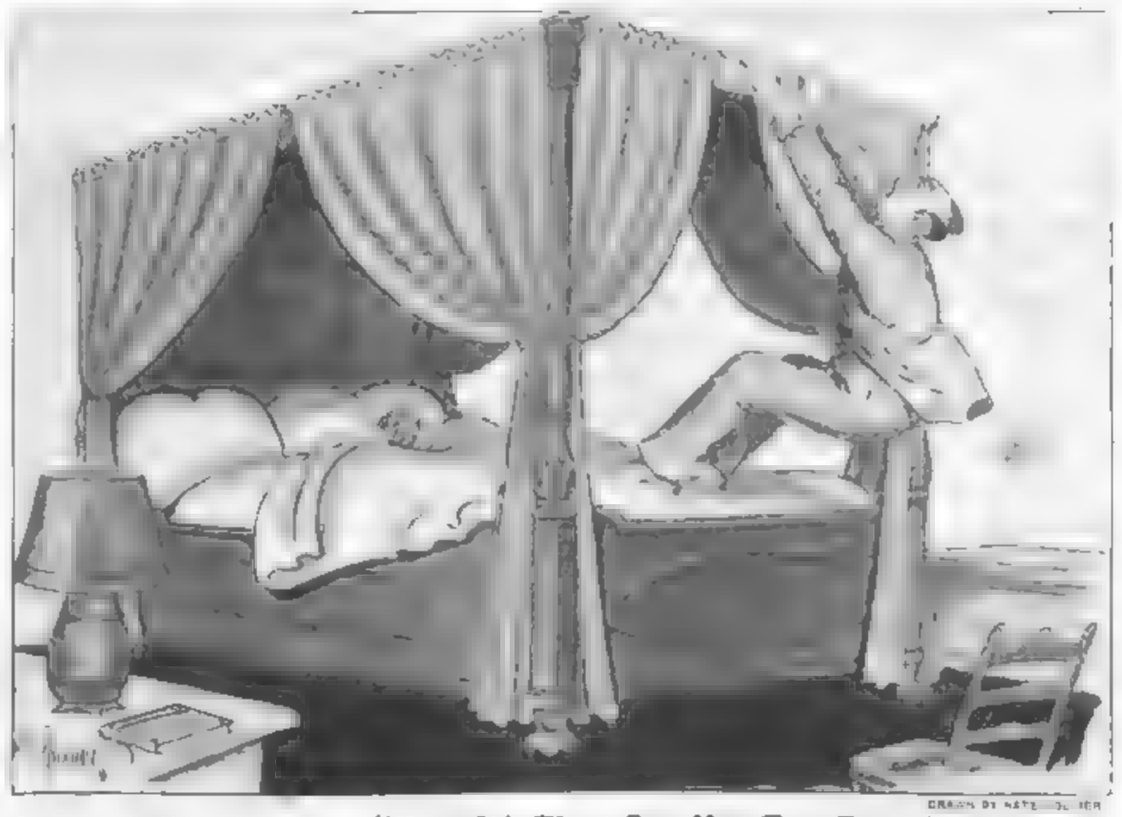

JUST THINK OF THIS VAST FOREST PRIMEVAL, MILES AND MILES OF IT!
GEE! LOOK IT THIS ONE! I'LL BET IT'S A THOUSAND YEARS OLD!
I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS FOR WORLDS!
WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT 'EM!

BEHIND THE SCENERY

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Dusty: "So This is Where the Kennel is Located!"



Somnambulistic Motorist: "Hang It! These One-Man Tops Never Come Down!"

Manhattan Theatrical Note

ALICE PERKINS, a struggling hello girl,
Was regarded by all as a slow girl,
Till one evening in jest
Alice murdered a guest,
And she now is a prosperous show girl!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

The Beauty

HER face was lifted only twice,
Her skin bleached once, her hair dyed thrice;
Reducing by a new device
She cut her figure to a slice.

She's resting now—in Paradise.

—Mary Dorman Phelps.

Daddy Helps With the Home Work

GO AROUND to the library, this wet night! What for? . . . Oh, you have to read Young Lochinvar and tell the story in your own words? If that's all, just get a pencil, Minnie, and sit down and listen to daddy. We had that when I was in school, and that's not so long ago but what I remember the story.

Now this Lochinvar, he had a ranch out West, and he was one of these big handsome go-getters, same as Tom Mix, and his sweetie's name was Ellen. She was a peach, and she liked him all right, but she belonged to a ritzy old Scotch family—something like the Carnegies, you know—with a p'latial estate up in the hills, and they wanted her to marry a society bird with money; so they picked her out a little shrimp of a millionaire in her own set. Ellen knew he was a flat tire, and it near broke her heart, but she didn't dare to go against the family. Well, it came the night of the wedding, and the grand villa was blazing with lights and the limousines of the prominent guests was parked for half a mile both ways.

The minister was late—maybe with a blow-out—and everybody got sort of nervous and peeved, and they started dancing to pass the time. The bride looked blue, and the bridesmaids were saying what a crime it was to waste a knock-out like Ellen on a wet smack like Harry, when who should come barging in but the old boy friend Lochinvar in his snootiest ranch togs! Ellen's father asked the butler, quite audible, why he let that Airedale crash in when he probably meant to start something; but Lochinvar spoke up polite enough, and said no need of the high hat, for he was merely a hoof-and-mouth this

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The Friend Who Drops In on You for an Hour's Idle Chatter on Your Busy Day

McNab and His Neighbors

The World's Meanest Man—When His Wife Makes Him Angry He Runs and Pinches the Sensitive Plant

"Sandy, Just Look at This Lovely Mrs. Sheep Dog!"

"Aye, Jinny Lass! But Ye are Far Mair Comely"

"Sandy, Ye Auld Flatterer!"

"And What's Mair, Jean, What Ye Lack in Hair Ye Save in Dog Soap"

The pick of the finest tomato fields!

Thousands and thousands of acres of sun-bathed fields, all thickly studded with luxuriant tomato vines, grown from special seed developed on Campbell's great Tomato Farms.

Just those full-fleshed, juicy varieties that yield the richest and most delicious tomato soup. This is the mighty harvest required each season to supply the popular and ever-growing demand for Campbell's Tomato Soup.

Only the luscious "meat" and pure juices of the tomato are saved for Campbell's—a smooth, appetizing puree still further enriched with nutritious country butter and seasoned with utmost skill to make the flavor even more attractive. A treat awaits you!

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

A NET OF CIRCUMSTANCE

VI

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES C. McKELL

FREE of the toboggan, burdened only by Lambry's snowshoes thumping against his shoulders, Farr now made better time. Without any particular reason for haste, he nevertheless went as swiftly as his strength permitted, slogging heavily forward. He set his feet down with a thump so that he might feel their impact with the snow, for they were so dull with cold as to be half insensible. From behind him the wind came whistling down the lake, bearing its scourging load of snow crystals. They lashed at his back till they seemed to penetrate the heavy fabric of his garments, and they sifted between the flap of his cap and the back of his coat and bit at his nape icily. When his hands swung at his sides, mittened as they were, they ached with cold, and sometimes he flapped his arms across his chest to start the circulation, and sometimes he folded his arms there or clasped his hands together, sheltering them with his own body from the wind. And sometimes he whimpered with his fear and with the loneliness.

He Was Haunted More and More Intensely by This Feeling That He Had Been Followed. That Someone Even Now Was Watching Him

He walked with head bowed, inattentive to his course, seeing only the dull white of the snow beneath his feet. Once or twice uneasily he paused and tried to peer behind him into the darkness, but the wind from that direction buffeted him, forced him to turn his head away. He tried to laugh, in a grim fashion, at the absurdity of this persistent feeling that someone there was following him; it could be only a part of his dark imaginings.

A long time after he had abandoned the toboggan—and Farr did not know how long—while he trudged onward with bowed head, he came abruptly upon an obstruction; and lifting his eyes he saw that he had reached the shore. Whether this was an island or mainland he could not know. He could see the shore line, clad with trees to right and left of him, and the black bulk of the wood ahead. Because the trees would offer shelter from the wind, he left the lake, groping among the intertwining branches, fighting through them his weary way.

The ground beneath his feet, he realized, was rising steadily, and when he had climbed perhaps a hundred yards from the lake he came abruptly out of the wood and into more open land. The trees behind him, breaking the wind, made it seem curiously quiet here, and he looked about. Ahead, silhouetted against the sky, there was the bulk of a considerable building, dark and silent there; and Farr guessed it was a summer residence of some proportions. He went toward it hurriedly, willing to take what shelter it might offer.

He was not particularly attentive to his surroundings. His perceptions were still fastened upon the fish house far behind him, upon the business he had done there; and awkwardly, without removing his snowshoes, he climbed the steps to the veranda and went along its length and around the house, trying windows here and there, and doors, to seek some entrance. He made the circuit without finding what he wished to find; but when he came back to the front of the house the force of the wind struck him again, and he realized that he was terribly cold. His fears had rasped his nerves; they broke now, and he flung into a furious anger at the elements and at the world which thus conspired against him. With an impetuous and unconsidered movement, he swung Lambry's snowshoes against one of the unshuttered windows. The glass splintered; he knocked the jagged fragments from the frame and climbed through into the interior of the house.

It was black dark here, and he went groping forward, his hands outstretched, until he came to a table with which his thighs collided. His hands touched a lamp standing on this table, and when he fumbled at it, he found that it was wired for electricity, and his fingers touched a switch and turned it. He was shocked and startled by the quick leap of current, by the glare which broke before his eyes; and with a movement of instinctive fear he turned the light off again and stood trembling at what he had done, as though by this small action he might be betrayed.

He stood for some time there beside the table, trying to accustom his eyes to the darkness which filled the room, trying to look about him, wondering what to do. But in the end his thoughts fell back into some sort of order. It was unlikely that anyone would see the lights in this house if he did turn them on; and if they did, there was still no harm, for the story he meant to tell would be consistent with his presence here. In the end, he switched on the light once more, and because it was grateful, dispelling as it did the dark so full of terrors, he turned on other bulbs here and there about the room.

In the fireplace, he saw now, logs were laid, with kindling ready below them, and he struck a match and set the fire to blazing, and so at last kicked off his snowshoes and crouched near the flames, warming himself there. He huddled like an animal, turning himself this way and that, chafing his hands, stripping off his shoes so that the heat might come more quickly to his aching feet.

The wind whistled through the window he had broken, and he took two or three leather-covered cushions from a couch at one side of the room and approached the window, intending to try to close this opening. But halfway across the room he stopped suddenly and stood trembling, moisture springing on his brow.

For it seemed to him that through that broken window he had seen, in the blackness of the night outside, a furtive movement, as though a portion of the dark itself had moved. And he stared for a while, trying to see what it was that he had seen; but there was only the darkness which his glance could not penetrate.

In the end he wiped his arm across his forehead and assured himself his fears had arisen from nothing more tangible than fear, and he went on and wadded the cushions into the open window until the flood of the gale diminished to little whistling trickles of icy air.

He returned then to the fire and found more logs in the iron basket at one side and piled them on; and as his circulation revived and he came back to life again, he began to move about the room and about the lower floor of the cottage in an aimless fashion, curious to survey his surroundings even though there was no considered purpose in his mind.

He came presently into the kitchen, and on the pantry shelves saw some cartons of cereal and realized he was hungry; and he rifled one of the cartons and chewed furiously at the dry fare. This made him thirsty, and he found a kettle and unlocked the kitchen door and stepped out, cautiously peering into the darkness about him, to fill the kettle with snow. He was surprised to discover that now the night was clear, that it had ceased to snow. The wind still blew, but with a moderating force; and his eyes, sweeping around through the darkness, saw three or four miles away a little cluster of lights. A village, he knew; or a town.

(Continued on Page 42)

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Blackberries
Prunes, Figs
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork and Beans
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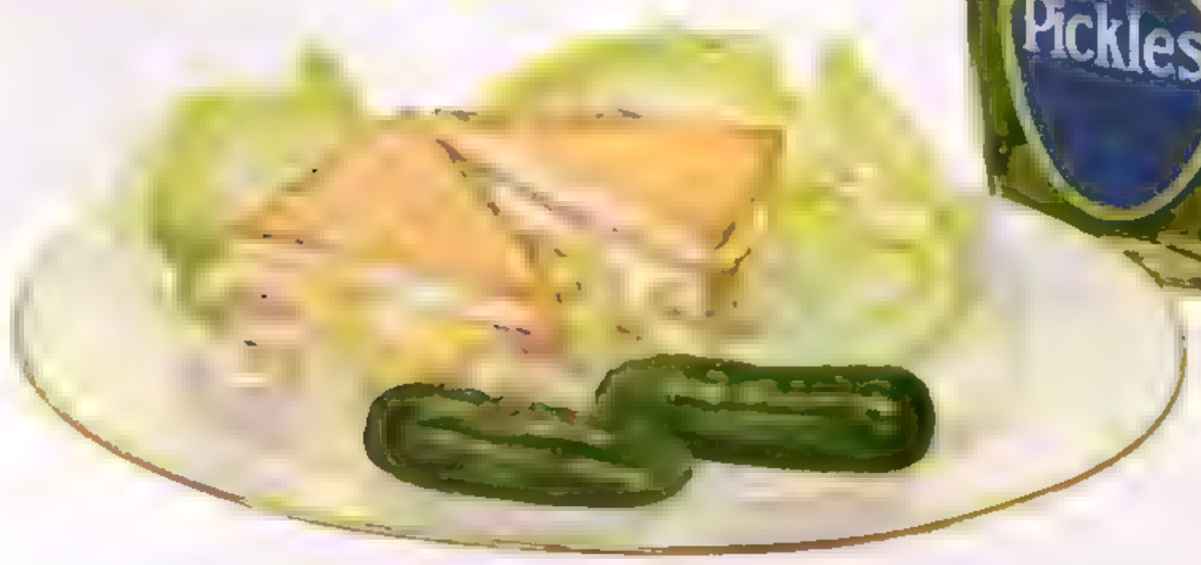
Sweet Potatoes
Kraut
Tomato Soup



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(Continued from Page 40)

It occurred to him that if he could see the village, someone there might see the lights in this house, and the thought startled him. He had to remind himself that if the story he meant to tell was to be believed, he must make no apparent effort at concealing his presence here; and when he went back into the house again with the kettle packed full of snow, he turned on other lights, as though by very ostentation he sought to demonstrate his innocence of all wrong in intent or deed. He took the kettle back into the living room and set it on the hearth, so that the reflected heat from the flames might melt the snow; and he crouched there beside the fire, taking a fierce pleasure in the fact that he was now too hot for comfort, as he had for so long been too cold.

The big house about him, empty and still, was yet full of little creaking sounds as the frost gripped or relaxed its hold upon the timbers and the studs. The wind, though its force was lessening, still blew with a perpetual and irritating whine, hooting about the corners of the windows; and through that window which he had stuffed with sofa pillows it sang with a long whistling sob like the cry of a hurt man. Farr at last could bear this no longer, so he rose and crossed and thumped at the cushions, changing their arrangement till the whistling was stopped; came back then to the fire once more. The flames were whickering and singing so there was a friendliness about them, and to some small extent they shut out all other sounds.

While he sat there by the fire he kept his attention fixed upon it. He listened to it so that he might hear nothing else; and he watched it because he was afraid that if his eyes wandered to the black windows which walled the room, he might against their blackness catch a glimpse of some formless yet accusing countenance. He was haunted more and more intensely by this feeling that he had been followed, that someone even now was watching him.

Yet there could have been no one on the lake on such a night save himself and Lambry; so if anyone were watching outside this lonely house now, it must be Lambry. And it could not be Lambry. Lambry lay secure in sixty feet of water. Farr told himself this over and over, seeking conviction. But though his reason told him his fears were empty ones, yet he kept his eyes upon the fire.

Farr had been in the house perhaps an hour when the telephone rang. The sound of the bell came muffled to his ears. He heard it incredulously, thought his senses were deceived; but after a little it came again, and at this reiteration the big man got lumberingly to his feet, stood alert and poised and listening to hear the sound once more. And when the phone rang for the third time Farr accepted it as an actual sound and not the product of his fancy, and he tried to think what he should do. Someone, he guessed, must have seen the lights in the windows of the cottage, must be calling to discover who was here. His presence here, he had to remind himself, was to be no secret. The world would know of it in time, and since this was the case, the sooner it were known, the better. When the bell rang again, Farr set out to find the telephone.

He discovered it at last in a closet behind the dining room; was led to its hiding place by another peal of the bell, and the bell was still ringing when he stood in front of the instrument, staring at it, afraid even now to lift the receiver from its hook. But in the end he did so and put it to his ear and spoke at last in a husky tone which even he could scarcely recognize. "Hello!" he said. And when

there came no reply, he spoke again. "Hello!"

Over the wire came a man's voice, astonishingly clear, as though the speaker were here in his closet. "Hello!" this man shouted. "Hello! Who's this?"

"This is Bill Farr."

"Who?"

"Bill Farr."

"Is this Maple Lodge?"

"I don't know," Farr said.

After a momentary pause, the other put his question differently: "Where are you?"

"I don't know that," Farr confessed; and swallowed hard, and added: "I got lost on the lake in the storm, and I came ashore here pretty near frozen. I broke in and built a fire to warm myself."

The other echoed: "Lost?"

"Yes," said Farr.

"You alone?"

Farr hesitated for a moment. "There was a man with me. We came up on the train this afternoon," he explained carefully. "We got lost and we separated to try to find out where we were, and I couldn't locate him again. Yes, I'm alone here."

The other man seemed to wish to make sure of his facts. "Is it a big cottage on a hill, maybe two hundred yards from the water?" he asked. "Has it a veranda on three sides of it?"

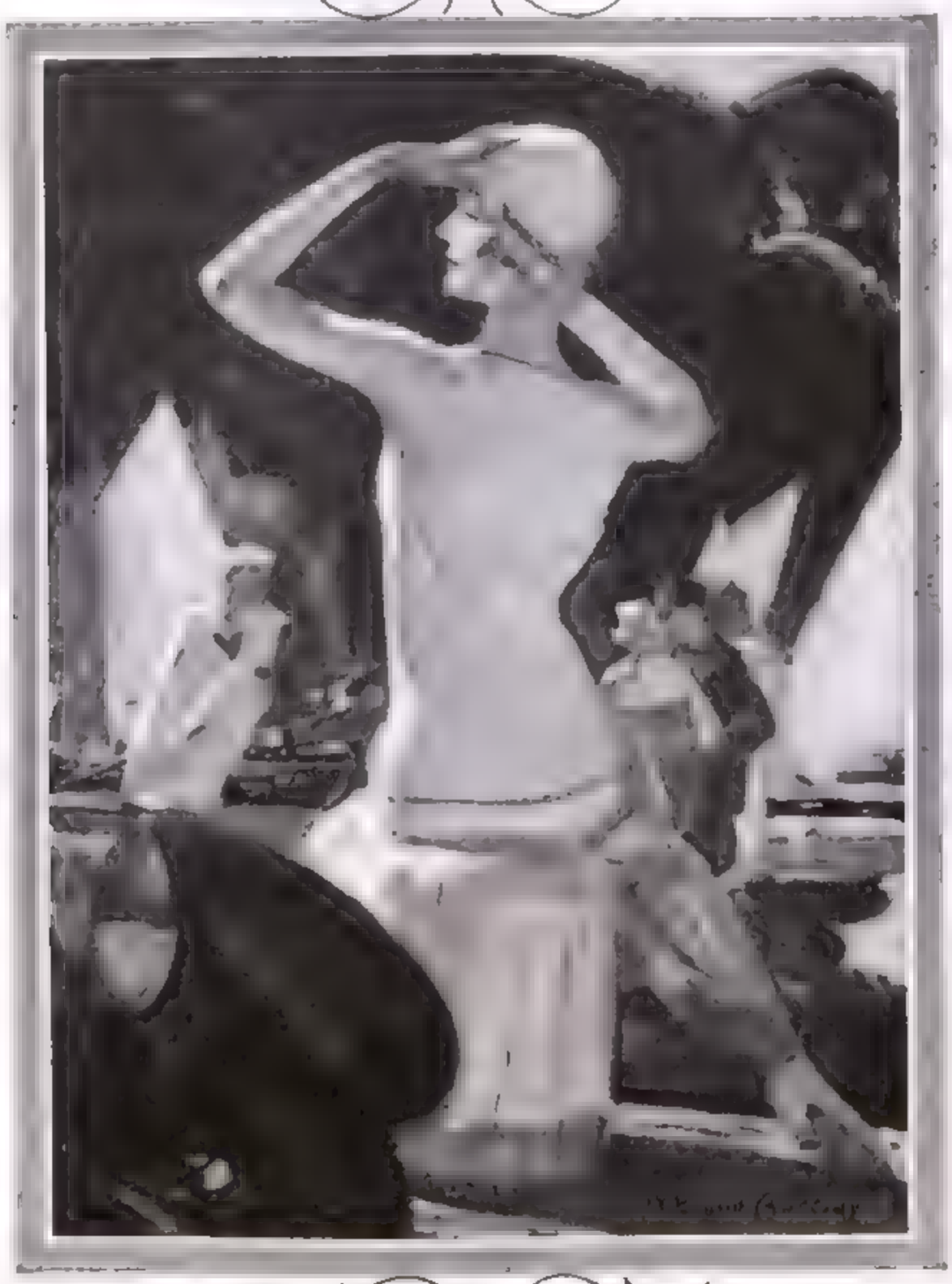
"Say," said Farr, in pretended impatience, "I guess you ought to know who you're calling, oughtn't you? If I answer the telephone, where else could it be?"

(Continued on Page 93)

But When They Stopped and Hailed the Fish House and the Door Remained Closed, a Quiet Settled on Them

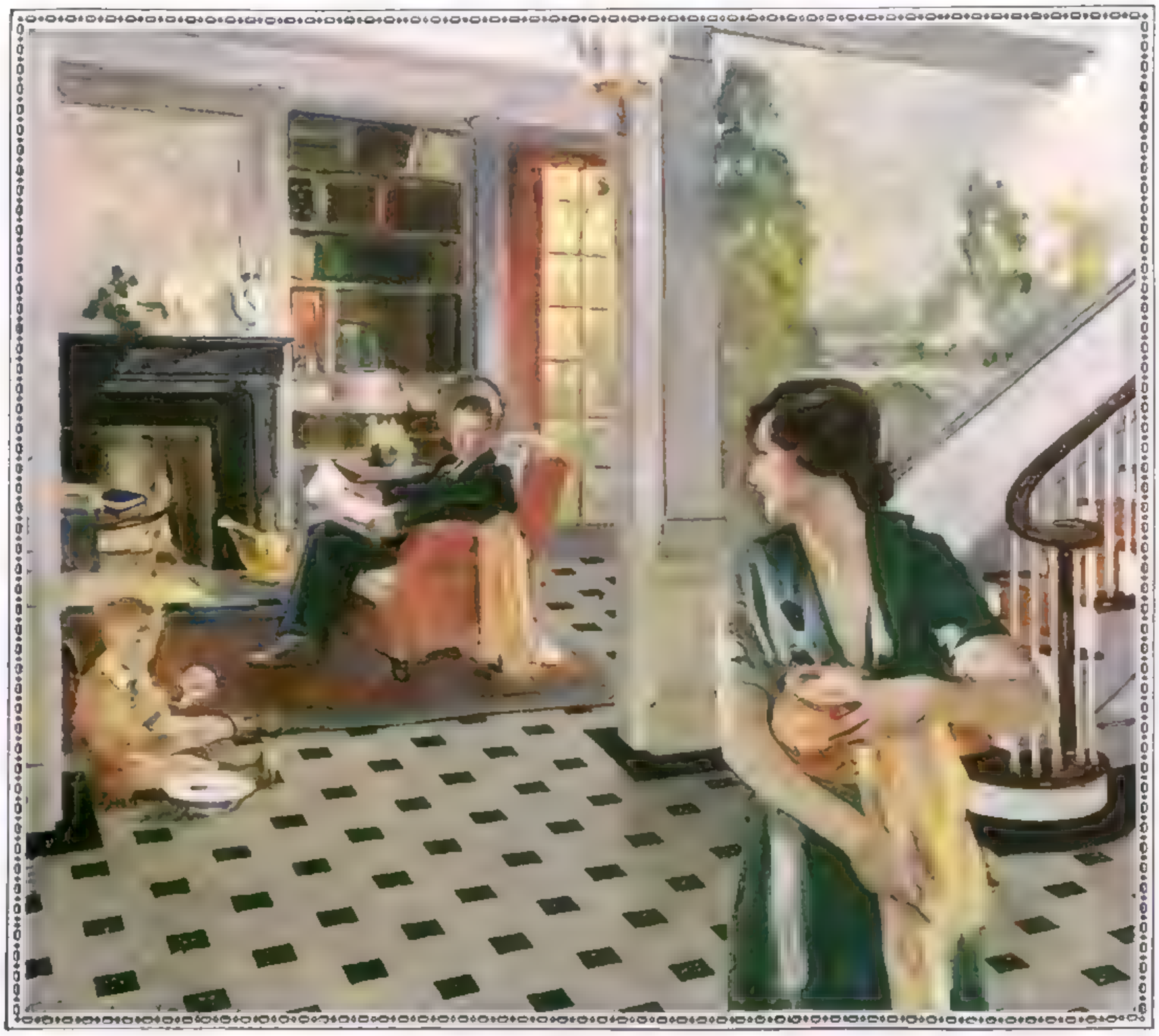
FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS



Throughout the years, the success of "Body by Fisher" has been completely identified with the success of the cars which are recognized leaders in their respective price groups

BODY by FISHER



This attractive floor is one of the new Gold Seal Inlaids—*a Belflor Inset Tile, blended black and green, set in a softly mottled gray field.*

Everybody's happy now—

WHAT an eyesore the old floor was! It utterly spoiled all Mother's attempts to make her downstairs rooms inviting and livable. Father was always grumbling about the run-down look it gave the house. And certainly the splintery boards, with their dust-filled cracks, were no fit playground for the most important member of the family.

But everybody's happy now. Pleased and proud of the beautiful new floor of smooth, sanitary Nairn Gold Seal Inlaids. It is one of the most effective and delightful improvements ever made in the whole house.

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You, too, will be happy over the change made in your home by Gold Seal Inlaids. It is the one modern way to make your floors permanently beautiful.

Nairn Gold Seal Inlaids are genuine inlaid linoleum. Cemented down, they are good for a lifetime of service. They offer an extraordinary variety of distinguished, up-to-date designs. Colors are inlaid through to the stout burlap back—will not wear off.* Varnishing or expensive refinishing becomes a thing of the past.

Your guide to this beauty, economy and durability is the Gold Seal Guarantee pasted on the face of the pattern. Look for it when buying linoleum.

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Whatever your flooring problem, send the coupon below for a copy of "Creating a Charming Home." In it Laura Hale Shipman gives many practical suggestions, that any woman can follow, for developing beautiful decorative schemes with inexpensive Nairn Gold Seal Inlaids.

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The Battles of Phantom Cities

By ELMER T. PETERSON

The Cimarron Band in the Nineties. Top Row, Left to Right—Bert Garten, W. H. Hopper, Herbert Rudisill, William H. Evans and Drew Evans. Lower Row, Left to Right—Charles Warner, Ellis J. Garten, Hugh Hudson, Harry Barton and Ed Barton. At Right—Ellis J. Garten at Twenty, When, as Editor of the Jacksonian, He Defied the Dodge City Men

WHEN Eat-'em-Up Jake and Bat Masterson, of Dodge City, saw the steady surge of covered wagons snaking over the hills from the East, and then along Front Street, under frowning Boot Hill, and on west along the wheel-churned dust of the trail beside the Santa Fe Railroad, they sighed. The farmers were coming West. That was disconcerting to the old cowpunchers and the gunmen. They shook their heads, for they did not know what to make of it. And some of the Dodge citizens sneered. But John and George Gilbert neither sighed nor sneered. They were recently from Rochester, New York, and they had come along with the sudden stress of farmers and town boomers who were going to take over the cattle country and make a fine little garden out of it.

They thought of their friend, Asa T. Soule, of Rochester, a millionaire manufacturer, and built great projects in their minds, that involved irrigation canals, the purling of crystal waters over thirsty clods, the upspringing of green alfalfa and vegetables and luscious fruits, the manufacture of sugar out of sorghum cane, the building of new railroads to the Colorado coal fields through sod that was blanketed for miles with flaming gaillardias. They were exhilarated by the newness, the potential riches, of the pregnant prairies of the West. The wine of the plateau air went to their heads.

Telling the World About Cimarron

AND so they induced Soule to come West and take a look at the magnificent country beyond Dodge. When he came he was convinced. But there was already a fly in his sirup. That was Cimarron, the next town of size west of Dodge. Somehow it did not fit into his cosmos.

Cimarron was already a town of 1500 or more, practically as large as Dodge City. It was enjoying trade from a distance of 150 miles south and southwest, for the Rock Island, Pacific-bound, had not yet entered the Strip and Panhandle. Cimarron was the farmers' town. There was a farmer on nearly every quarter section in the eastern part of Gray County. Dodge City was the cow town, and the cow days were gone. The farmers had come in a mad rush in 1884 and 1885, and everybody was wildly excited about the new agrarian boom that had suddenly taken the place of the punchers' paradise.

The Cimarron country was already a little too well organized. Soule needed fresher pastures. So he picked a location six miles up the river, west and a little north of Cimarron, on the Santa Fe Railroad. The newly created town was first called Soule, but the name soon was changed to Ingalls, in honor of the well-known Kansas senator-author.

Drew Evans and William H. Evans From a Photograph Taken at the Time of the County-Seat Fight

Then Soule began the construction of a plan which caused the state to talk. While he was working out his schemes the Jacksonian, one of the Cimarron newspapers, was active in letting the world in on the secret that Cimarron was the logical place to establish a second Kansas City. This may explain why each town thought it was important to secure and hold the county seat of Gray County for a starter. Here is one of the eager rhapsodies of the editor during the boom days:

"CIMARRON! A LIVE CITY! A PRETTY PINK OF THE PROUD PRAIRIES! THE COMING CAPITAL OF GRAY COUNTY!"

"Christopher Columbus caught the western fever four centuries ago. The malady has been hereditary and has ever since been handed down from generation to generation. The veteran journalist, Horace Greeley, wrote a prescription for the same that has been satisfactorily tested by thousands, who daily sing the praise of the prescription, which was simply: 'Go west, young man; go west and grow up with the country.' . . .

"The developing of this new country made new demands, and enterprising founders, to meet these demands, built up Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Kansas City, and in our own state, Wichita. These cities grew up like magic. In place of the old lifetime battles, defeats and victories, at once to our modern cities comes thundering along the railroad and the telegraph. Real estate takes a great bound forward and the shrewd speculator of today finds himself well heeled tomorrow. Instead of the dreaded Indians of our pioneer forefathers, the modern frontiersman in a successful Western metropolis is welcomed by the hands of real-estate agents, driven behind fast horses, boarded at princely hotels, ushered into cushioned church pews and taken through colleges and schools superior by far to the ones he left behind him. He invests for at least 100 per cent profit in ninety days and not infrequently gets it. . . .

The same resources that brought Chicago, Kansas City and Wichita into existence, as the country develops, will build up new cities of like proportions. For like efforts here await equal rewards and remuneration. Greater opportunities hath no country than this. The star of Western enterprise last settled at Wichita, but so far has the tide pushed on this way again, that again westward it must guide its way, until, like the tired dove, it must rest its weary wings, and, as a beacon light, gather the multitudes into its city of refuge, greatness and prosperity. More than one hundred and fifty miles west of Wichita, on the banks of the Arkansas River, on the main line of the great Santa Fe, is situated the mascot. Its name is Cimarron. Its crowning day will be the securing of the capital of Gray County. Then unto himself will this star of the new trade empire surrounding Cimarron rapidly gather greatness."

In the temporary organization of the county, Cimarron was successful. The census taker, A. J. Evans, designated by the governor, had found the required population, and Cimarron was designated the county seat by virtue of the fact that it had received the vote of 779 electors, while its nearest rival, Montezuma, in the southern part of the county, had received only 598. The newly established town of Ingalls received 98, for Soule had not yet swung into action. He, with all his money, knew better than to make a frontal attack on Cimarron. It had secured too long a start. So he resorted to a skillful flank movement.

A Railroad as a Weapon

COL. SAM WOOD, well-known Quaker soldier, lawyer, editor and promoter, in Stevens County, had planned a coup in Stevens County which may have furnished a model for Soule's final drive for votes. Wood had promoted a railroad to strike his own town of Woodsdale, in the northern part, and then to fork far to the south and strike Voorhees, leaving the hated rival town of Hugoton marooned in between, without a railroad. But Wood did not have millions. He sought to work the scheme by the voting of bonds, but the bonds failed. Soule's plan was more magnificent in its simplicity. Although it had an unforeseen climax, the specifications were cold blue prints.

He would not go through all the trouble of getting the people to vote bonds. Bond elections in those days were apt to be messy affairs. He would give Montezuma and

Continued on Page 47

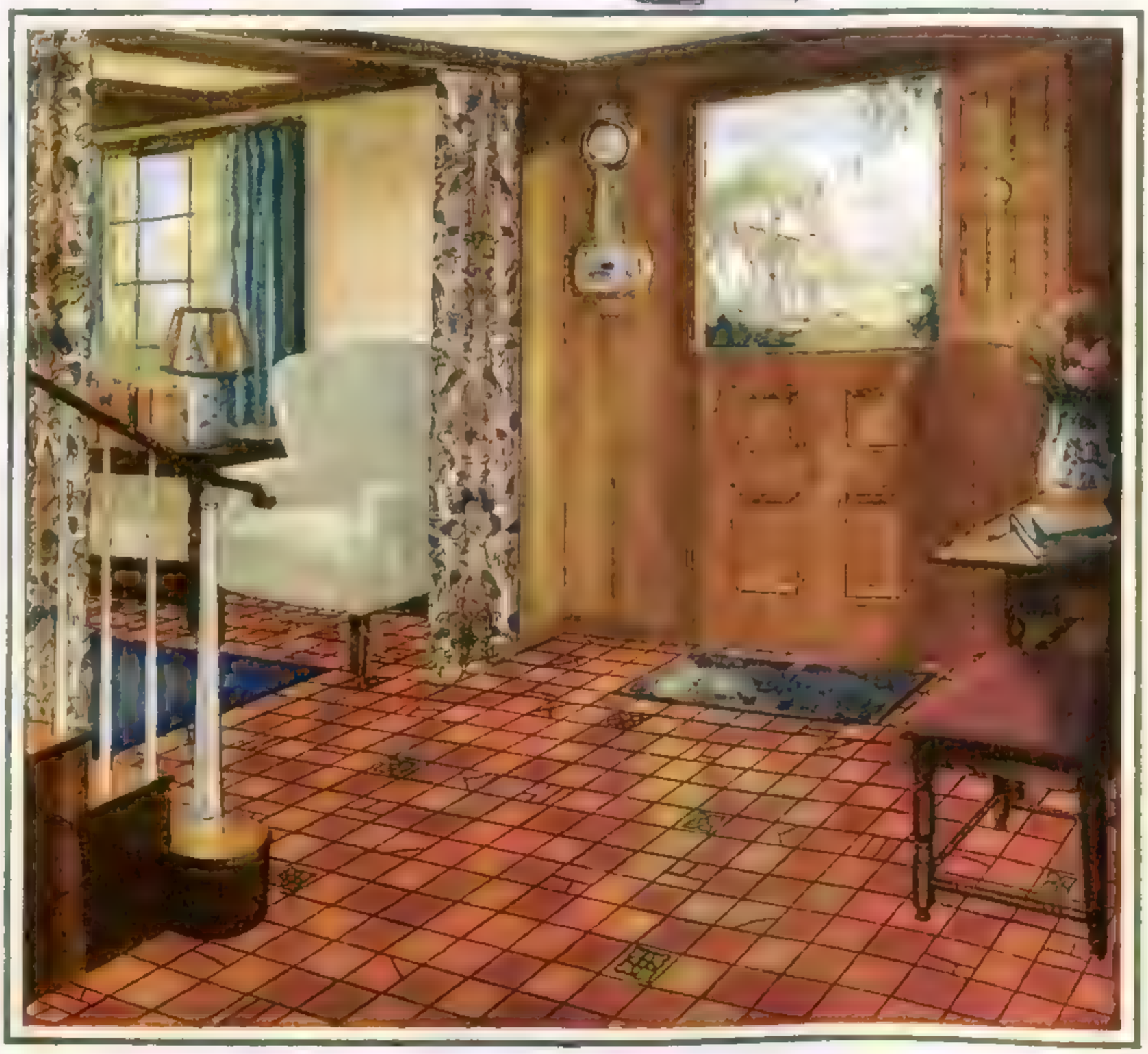
Even the smallest Entrance Hall *has plenty of room for beauty*

The effect of spaciousness for small, narrow rooms; a happy balance for odd-shaped rooms; and the brightness of sparkling color for rooms which might otherwise be dismal and dreary —these are but a few of the magic touches of the new floor designs in Armstrong's Linoleum

A narrow hall—yet to the eye it seems roomy enough for a pleasing grouping of large pieces of furniture, due solely to the effect of width obtained by using a pattern floor in black and white. This floor is Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum, No. 305.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Below—Both small entrance hall and adjoining living-room are linked together in pleasing decorative harmony by the built-in Handcraft Tile Inlaid floor of Armstrong's Linoleum (design No. 3005)



SOMETIMES it takes quite a bit of fussing and changing things about to get a pleasing decorative effect in an entrance hall. The room is too small or too stretched out. Stairs climb down right in the middle of every attempt toward a happy ensemble of furniture. And doors to adjoining rooms take up most of the wall space.

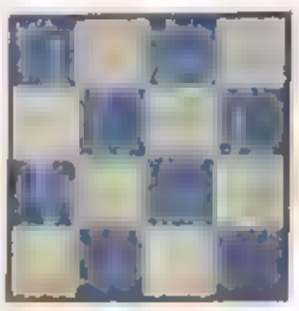
The easiest way out of the small-hall dilemma is to begin your decoration with the floor. That's exactly the way the simple foyer you see at the right was planned. This room has very little space for furniture. Yet the vari-toned handcraft floor of Armstrong's Linoleum contributes such a decidedly decorative touch that neither the smallness of the room nor the lack of furniture is apparent.

Now glance at the smaller illustration above. An effect of width has been added to the long narrow hall by the use of an Armstrong Floor in twelve-inch black and white blocks. Because of the color contrasts, this floor also brings added light where it is needed most.

Of course, no two rooms present the same problem. Yet practically every decorative need has been anticipated in the many new floor designs in Armstrong's Linoleum—marble tile inlaids, two-toned Jaspés, marbleized effects, printed figured designs, and the latest in linoleum design, the new Embossed Handcraft Tile Inlaids.

You can see all these new linoleum floor designs at good department, furniture, and linoleum stores near you. The merchant you visit will gladly tell you how these floors can be laid for permanence —cemented in place over builders' deadening felt. He will also submit estimates for any room of your house after you have selected the pattern that best fits your needs. You can be sure you see genuine Armstrong's Cork Linoleum by glancing at the back of the pattern. All Armstrong's Linoleum, both printed and inlaid, bears the Circle A trade-mark on a *gray* burlap back.

Hazel Dell Brown's new book, "The Attractive Home —How to Plan Its Decoration," tells of a simple method for planning correct color schemes for different types of rooms. This 32-page book also brings you many full-color illustrations of modern home interiors, and an offer of Mrs. Brown's free, personal service that is unique. It will be sent to anyone in the United States on receipt of 10 cents to cover mailing costs (in Canada 20 cents). Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2636 Liberty St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



New Marbleized Inlaid design No. 0282

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

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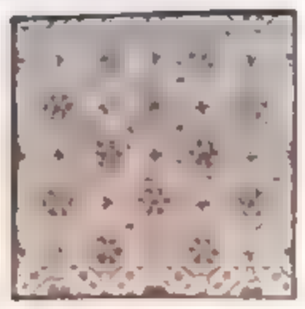

Printed figured design No. 8431

(Continued from Page 45)

its neighbor, Ensign, a railroad outright. He would give Ingalls a sugar mill, to make white sugar out of brown sorghum molasses. He would give Dodge City a bank and a college, for valuable help could be secured there. The gunmen were dying of ennui under the new agrarian régime and were open to engagements of select one-night stands. Finally, he would cleave the enemy's force by running a ninety-mile irrigation canal from its intake at Ingalls, slambang through the town of Cimarron, holding out the bait of water rights to thirsty farmers along the way, clear into Ford County and past Dodge City to the east.

The two Ingalls papers—the Messenger and the Union—hailed Soule as The People's Friend, and the Ensign paper, euphoniously named the Razoop, shouted: "Hurrah for A. T. Soule and the railroad!"

Bat Masterson, Perhaps the Most Famous of All Dodge City Characters

"How large a factory shall I build for you?" was the only question asked of Ingalls by their benefactor. He said that a new process had been discovered whereby white sugar could be made from the sorghum juice. Farmers were urged to plant sorghum cane. He wanted no money. All he wanted was to be shown where he could spend money to help Ingalls. He was to drill for natural gas, artesian water, coal or anything else that the community might desire, said the Union. No other town in the United States had been so richly blessed. Ingalls pinched itself each morning to see if its rich uncle were really functioning. There would be no taxes there, the papers asserted. In Cimarron, where bonds had to be issued for public improvements, the taxes would be ruinous. To counteract this telling propaganda Cimarron was offering to build a county courthouse free, the finances to be furnished by the citizens of the town.

Railroads for Everybody

THE election for permanent county seat was called for October 31, 1887. And then a quick shift of votes occurred. Montezuma withdrew from the race, in consideration of one new railroad. According to the Jacksonian, Soule offered to give Montezuma a large city hall, two railroads with roundhouses and machine shops, besides a few jobs for leading citizens. The editor also mentioned three railroads and four banks as being Ingalls' portion, while Ensign was to have a sugar mill and two or three railroads with machine shops. It was said that farmers in the adjoining county of Ford invaded Gray County and voted for Ingalls out of gratitude for Soule College, at Dodge.

"During the contest for permanent honors and before election day," said the Jacksonian, "every unfair means and methods that could be put into execution to further the interests of Ingalls was done. A gang of imported toughs and murderers were stationed at Ingalls when the contest was first opened, and were kept there until after the election. . . . Men were hired and did drive over the country buying votes like so many cattle. Old Man Soule would scheme day and night, and made speeches in nearly every schoolhouse in the county—which consisted of lots of talk and many promises. . . . The time was nearing for the day of the permanent election. There was great confusion in the camp, their best men were rapidly deserting them and something must be done. An extra force of toughs were shipped in, more men placed on the so-called railroad, and money was poured out like water. A canvass of the county showed them their case was hopeless and Cimarron would have a majority of two or three hundred votes. On the night previous to the day of the election, toughs were sent in on trains from the East and West."

A Part of the Business Buildings at Cimarron, Kansas, From a Photograph Taken Shortly After the Street Battle

Elsewhere the Jacksonian said: "The hired henchmen of Soule, who boldly infest our town in the interest of Ingalls . . . are no better than barn burners, robbers, cutthroats and thieves. . . . They would make paupers out of our citizens, leave helpless the widows and orphans who have their all invested here. These curs are on our streets like anarchists. . . . We look upon and treat them all as deadly vipers."

The New West Echo, another Cimarron newspaper, was equally profuse. The pen seemed to be mightier than the six-shooter, for the Dodge City gunmen, in the old régime, would have casually shot down men for lesser insults than these. The editors, a new battalion of fighters entering an old and bloody arena with strange weapons of type and paper, found they could defy the gun fighters and live.

This cordial and neighborly spirit was reciprocated by the two Ingalls papers, the Union and the Messenger, the editors of which dog-eared their dictionaries for unique ways of describing Cimarronites. However, their philippics lacked much of the spontaneity of the Cimarron vocabulary, since they were on the defensive, as being allied with the outstanding target—Soule. Their best strategy was merely to write mild articles telling of Soule's beneficence.

Dividing Nothing Equally

AT THIS critical juncture the Foote Township Equalization Society boldly heaved into the picture. As its name indicated, its object was simply to treat all its members alike. The members were seventy-two sturdy farmers who calculated that their combined vote was worth $10,000, and the sole aim of the society was to divide the money. The members were bound by a bloodcurdling oath to perform according to contract and to keep all proceedings secret. The penalty for violation was death.

The Ingalls papers contained veiled references to this organization, also called the Dark Lantern Society. Outwardly both towns disclaimed connection with it. The votes were delivered, to the number of seventy-one, but when a committee of the society went to Cimarron to collect the $10,000, they were told to "go to hell." The bond for that amount was a forgery, and its signers—fifteen Cimarron men—later swore to that fact, proving their case. What really happened when the bond was signed was that each of the fifteen signed the name of another of the group, so that the names were all there, but signed by the wrong person. It was an ingenious round-robin sort of bond, obligating no one.

There were three judges of the Supreme Court of Kansas in those days. Judge Horton, in a dissenting opinion, held for Cimarron in a legal test. Judges Johnston and Valentine decided for Ingalls. Judge Johnston, who is still on the Supreme bench of Kansas, dryly told the writer the other day:

"Judge Valentine and I decided that there was a little more fraud committed by the Cimarron side than by the Ingalls side."

As in the case of Col. Sam Wood in his multiform activities, actual words of Soule are strangely lacking in the contemporary sources of history. He seemed to be a man of deeds rather than of words, and the principal record of his doings is written in the vituperation of his enemies, the man himself being apparently behind the scenes. That he was industrious, however, is certain. The Jacksonian, most vocal organ of the county, said of him:

"We have lying before us at this writing a double-barreled shotgun, one barrel means penitentiary for life and the other certain and sudden death, and if he

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The Type of Farm That Has Taken the Place of the Old Sod-House Kind in the Newer Prosperity of Gray County. Above—The Last Sod-House in Gray County

LOST ECSTASY

(Continued from Page 35)

After a time she relaxed. The judges in the stand across became individuals in straw hats and an occasional Stetson, with Mr. Tulloss among them. The bandsmen below them had taken off their coats and were playing in their shirt sleeves. Boys selling near beer and pop were moving about. Tom, with a dozen or so of other mounted men, was waiting by the corral inside the track.

She felt happier when she had located him, and less alone. She watched him, apparently so unself-conscious of his audience, and after a time she decided that he was less so than he seemed. She even thought he was quietly touching his horse with his spurs. The horse would rear and show excitement, but Tom sat him straight and somehow splendid, but certainly posed. Oh, certainly posed.

She was vaguely annoyed. She looked around the grand stand, and she thought she saw there an understanding as quick as her own—quicker.

"Tom's some rider still."

"Well, don't tell him. He knows it."

It grated on her horribly. She began to look any way but at Tom. Even the knowledge that he had earned the right to pose if he wanted, that there was admiration mixed with their scorn, did not help her. Nor that in the world she had left, while there was little posing, there were a thousand hypocrisies instead. She took to watching the crowd before her, and it was then that she saw Clare again.

She was wandering, apparently aimlessly, back and forward; a queer figure in a very short scant black-and-white checked skirt, and above it a sleeveless blouse. On her head she wore a curious contraption of black satin straps, from which in front protruded a visor like a beak, and at the rear of her skirt was a pocket in which, carefully arranged to show, was a green handkerchief. All in all, perched on her high heels, she looked like some queer and rather sullen bird.

Each time she passed she gave Kay a long look, half scornful and half challenging, and Kay became acutely self-conscious once more. Clare would move along, her eyes down, until she came to Kay, and then the performance would be repeated. She was not alone; there was a girl with her, and this girl was obviously arguing with her and not too comfortable.

"For goodness' sake, let me alone, Sarah Cain."

"But everybody's looking."

"Let them look. Do you suppose I care?"

Kay was uncomfortable and uneasy. She even, after a while, decided that the girl was dramatizing herself not only for her benefit but for that of the crowd. Like Tom! She felt a little shudder of distaste. If only she could get out, get away ——

The races went on and on. The audience, hot and perspiring, waited through them stoically for the things that were to come later, the calf-roping, the bucking. When Clare at last ceased her tragic parading Kay got up and left the stand. She had no thought but to get out and away. She had not even missed Tom from the crowd around the corral. And thus it was that, hidden among the parked deserted cars outside, she came across them, with a shock that made her feel faint and ill.

Tom was standing still, his expression one of distress and discomfort. And leaning against him, crying hysterically into the green handkerchief, was Clare. She was utterly abandoned to her grief; her body in her absurd clothes shook with her sobs. And as she stared Tom put his arms around her.

It was only a flash. Neither of them had seen her, and Kay turned and fled on trembling knees.

After a while she found herself in the car again, and sitting there, she tried to reason the matter out. Tom still cared for her, Kay; it was only that the girl was still crazy about him and had trapped him there. What if he had put his arms around her? He might be sorry for her. Suppose she had belonged in his past? What was his past to her, Kay? All men had pasts, probably; perhaps even Herbert; only Herbert's past would be neat and discreet. It would never come in a jockey cap and hip-pocket skirt and hang around his neck.

But jealousy cannot be reasoned with. How had she got word to him? She must have written a note and sent it by some grinning messenger. And Tom had come—had left the field and come. She had sat there in the grand stand, and people—many people, perhaps—had known why he had left. It was dreadful; it was cheap, and she was involved in all this sordid scheming and cheapness, this shopgirl intrigue.

After a while she forced herself to go back to the gate again. Tom had returned, and the riders were drawing their horses, the names written on slips of paper in a hat. All at once she knew she could not face that curious crowd again, nor Tom himself. She needed to think things out, to be alone. She could not even face Ed at the Martin House, where they had intended to stay for the three days of the fair. She found some paper in her hand bag and wrote a brief note:

I am not feeling very well. Please don't worry, but I am going home. I'll be all right after a day or two of rest. KAY.

When she gave it to the gatekeeper to be sent to Tom on the field, he smiled, and she knew instinctively that it was not the first note he had sent to Tom that day.

A mile or two along the road she began to weaken. What was she running from? Because a girl had been crying in Tom's arms? How silly! A thousand things which had nothing to do with Tom and herself might lie behind that scene. But she did not turn back; Tom would have the note by then, and would know she was not ill.

She would have to tell him, and she did not know which she dreaded more, his righteous anger or feeble explanations from him which would not explain.

She was quieter when she got home. She made some tea and drank it, and afterward she sat on the porch and looked at the distant mountains.

They gave her their own message, of the passing of time and the smallness of human affairs, and when she crawled into bed she had determined on her future course. She would never refer to Clare or to what she had seen, and Tom was to find no change in her.

But she had not counted on Tom himself. She had been asleep for an hour or so when she was roused by the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs, and a moment later she heard him at the door: "Kay!"

"Yes. I'm coming."

He was dusty and wild-eyed and almost reeling with weariness as he came in. Outside she could see his horse standing with heaving sides and drooping head, the reins hanging loose.

"Kay, you've scared me almost to death. Are you sick?"

"I'm better now. I felt queer for a while. I never thought of your coming all this way."

"Of course I came," he said snortly. He surveyed her intently, and his anxiety suddenly gave way to suspicion. He caught her by the shoulders, not too gently. "Is that all? You felt queer, and so you came home? Why didn't you go to the Martin House?"

"I wanted to come home. Sit down. Have you had anything to eat?"

"No; I don't want anything. I want to know what brought you back here, forty miles. You knew darned well I'd follow you."

"I never thought you would, Tom," she said honestly. "When I left ——"

"Well?"

"Couldn't you have borrowed a car?"

"And let every fool around know my wife had run off and left me? No! I'm going back as soon as I find out what the trouble is." He was working at his boot. "You're not sick. You weren't sick when you left."

"No," she said quietly.

"Then what was it?" he demanded.

"I think you know."

He glanced at her and his eyes fell. He drew off his boot and sat rubbing his swollen ankle. Her heart was beating wildly.

"If you mean Clare Hamel," he said roughly, "you can forget it. She's always crying on somebody's neck."

"It was yours today, as it happens. She sent for you, and you slipped away and went to her."

"And you followed!"

"No," she said patiently, "I didn't follow you. I hadn't an idea —— Has this Clare any call on you, Tom?"

"What do you mean—call? I used to know her, that's all. And since you know so darned much about my meeting her, perhaps you saw that I wasn't making any great fuss over her. Not so you could notice it."

"Then she hasn't any claim on you?"

"No," he said sullenly. "I'm married. She knows it. And that's all there is to it. Look here"—he was suddenly angry—"what about yourself? You were engaged to Percy when we were married. Have I ever thrown that up to you? I have not!"

But he saw that he had trapped himself, and he changed color.

"Then you were engaged to her when I ——"

"Yes," he said sulkily. "And I treated her like a yellow dog."

In the lamplight, they stared at each other. His boot lay on the floor, one of those gay boots which he had donned so happily the day before. Above it was his tall weary figure, his face streaked with dust and sweat. He looked older, unhappy, defiant. Across from him, her red dressing gown held around her, a haunted look in her face, was Kay. Only a few feet separated them, but neither could cross it.

"Then," she asked, painfully quiet, "when I came to you she was expecting to marry you?"

"The same as your Herbert."

"But it isn't quite the same, is it? I came to you. You had to marry me or send me back home."

"Oh, for God's sake, Kay! I wanted to marry you."

"I wonder if you did."

She turned and went wearily into the bedroom and crawled into bed. He sat for a time as she had left him. After a while she heard him strike a match, and the familiar odor of his cigarette came through the open door. When he moved finally she braced herself for a renewal of the scene between them, but he did not come in. Instead she heard him lighting the kitchen fire and putting the kettle on, and later she knew he was soaking his swollen ankle in hot water. Her thoughts milled about—Clare, Tom, herself; that day when she had gone to him and they had been married, his easy, casual ignoring of his engagement to Clare, his almost equally easy and casual marriage to her. Yet was she being fair to him? He had worked hard. He had been faithful to her, so far as she knew. He had even ridden forty miles that night for fear she might be ill.

But had he? Might he not have suspected that she had seen him and have come desperately to make his peace?

She waited and listened in the darkness. Surely the next move was up to him; in her morbid condition his very silence gave corroboration to her fear. But he did not come, and at last she fell into an exhausted sleep. When she awakened it was dawn and he had gone again.

She did not see him for three days.

XXXIII

DURING that three days Kay suffered more intensely than she had ever suffered before. She tried hard to reason with herself; after all, why not take him at his word? He had wanted to marry her. He need not have done it. A word to her that day and she would have gone back.

But now and then Herbert's words came back to her: "He's violent; he fights and he drinks—and he's a bad man with women."

A bad man with women! Then if that were so, perhaps this girl had a call on him. And he had said he had acted like a yellow dog to her. What did that imply? What was he doing in town all this time—this man who fought and drank, and perhaps debauched? This strange man who was her husband.

A little more time, perhaps, and she would have been fairer, but in the early morning of the day after the fair had closed, Kay, who had been sleeping badly, heard his horse coming slowly up the lane and sat up in her bed.

Tom did not come in at once. He went to the corral, grained the animals, waited until they had finished and then turned them out. Even then he seemed loath to come into the house. From the window, as she was getting the breakfast, she saw him rolling a cigarette by the corral. He looked very tired, and when he finally started for the house his limp was painfully apparent. He came slowly and evidently unwillingly, and as he neared her she saw a vivid bruise on his cheek.

She turned a little sick. Herbert was right, after all! He was weak. He was one of the brotherhood who sought escape from reality in liquor. When he finally opened the kitchen door she was busy at the stove. She could not speak, and after eying her for a moment he threw up his head.

"I'll get you some water," he said, without further greeting, and took the pail out to the pump. When he came back he had clearly made up his mind to a course of action.

"Breakfast's ready."

"I'm not eating—not yet. You and I've got some things to clear up first."

"You'd better have some coffee," she said coldly. "You look as though you need it."

"About this girl," he began, ignoring her remark, "I just want to say this: She ——"

"It isn't about the girl—not now. I dare say I was foolish. That's all over."

He stared at her. "Then what?"

"I think," she said, her lips shaking, "that you've been drinking again."

"What makes you think that?"

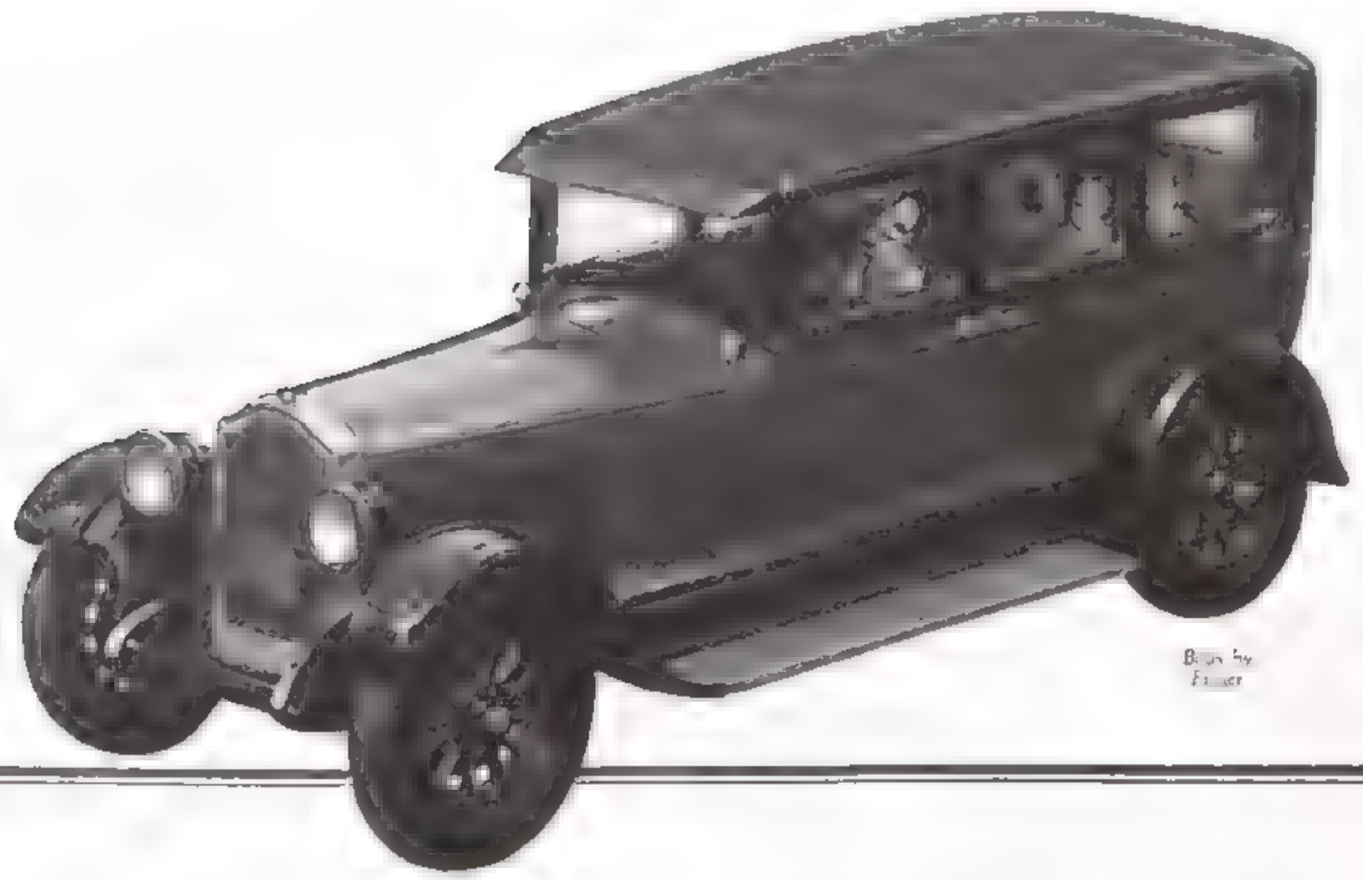
"Drinking and fighting," she persisted. "Maybe you haven't seen the bruise on your face."

She could hear the shrewish overstrained note in her own voice, but she could not control it. Tom put his hand to his cheek, and then turning went into the bedroom and closed the door. When he came out again he had a blanket over his arm and the old felt slipper in his hand.

"When you're in a reasonable mood we'll talk this thing over," he said. "Until you tell me you're ready I'm sleeping in the barn."

She had a wild hysterical fit of crying after he had gone, lying face down on the bed; she was filled with self-pity. She had abandoned everything that made life worth while, recklessly staked all she had on one throw of the dice, and luck had been against her. But after a time the will power which was her inheritance from old Lucius Dowling asserted itself. She got up and set about the routine of the day, heated more water and washed the breakfast dishes, from

(Continued on Page 50)



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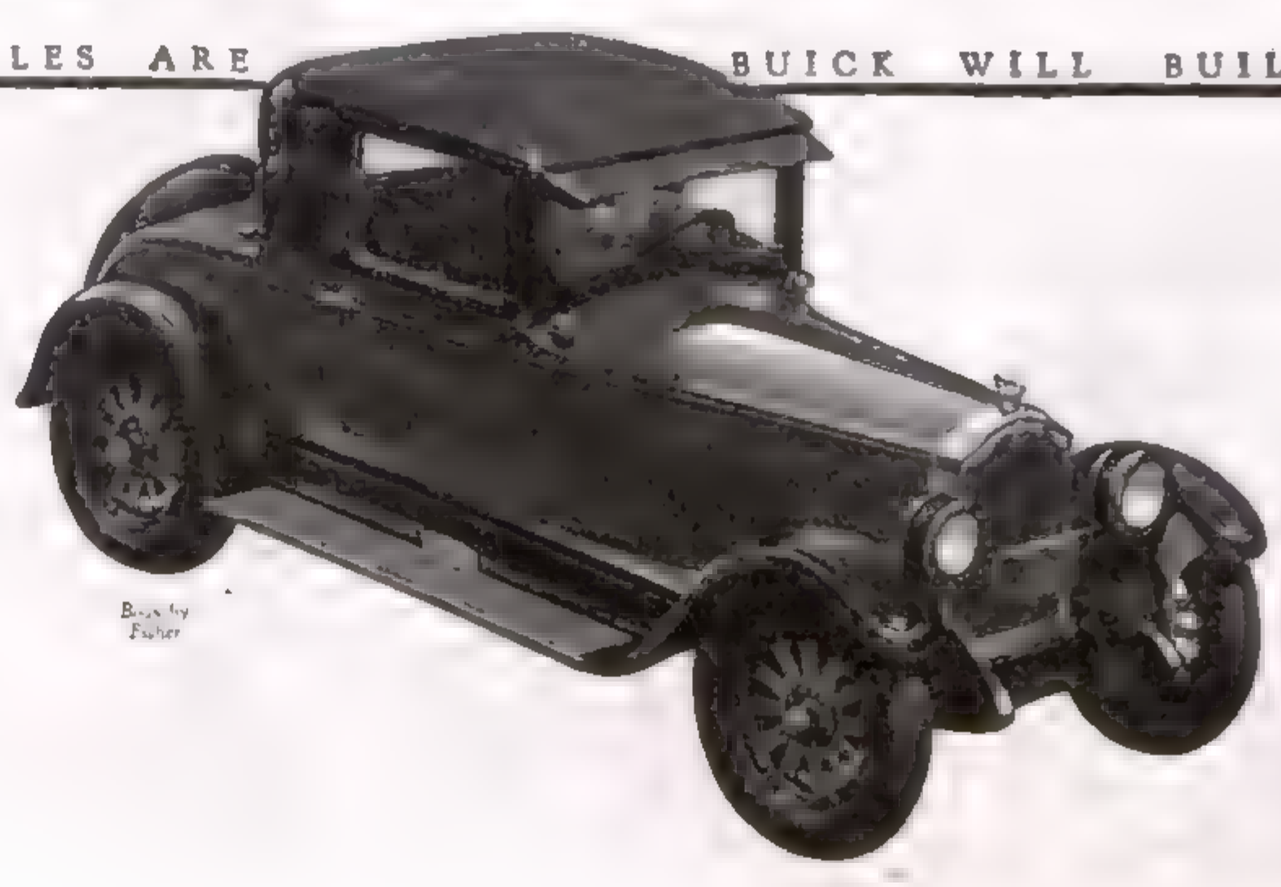

(Continued from Page 48)

which nothing had been eaten, and swept and dusted the sitting room.

Tom did not come in again, and later on she saw him in the car, starting out. He never so much as glanced at the house as he went by.

Suspicion was still doing strange things to her; was he going after more liquor? Some of the Mexicans at Judson were bootlegging. Or again, maybe he had brought some with him from town, and secreted it somewhere. In the barn, maybe.

White and wide-eyed, very near the point of a nervous collapse if she had known it, she waited until he had gone and then went out, past the breaking corral, to the barn.

But she found no liquor. What she did find, hidden under his saddle, was Tom's boot, one of that handsome pair which he had put on so proudly. Rather than ask her, he had slit it with a knife. Rather than ask her!

He did not come back until late that night. Then he stalked into the house, the bruise on his cheek an even darker purple, laid the Ursula paper before her without a word and stalked out again. His supper was waiting, but he had not so much as glanced at the table.

She looked at the paper. He had marked a paragraph. It was entitled: Is Riding Dead in the West? and ran as follows:

Anyone who believes that this country is not raising riders equal to any should have watched Tom McNair yesterday in his battle with the Cheyenne horse, Satan, which came here with a record of never having been ridden before. The horse had thrown two good men on previous days, and only by clever work was Bert Ramson, on Thursday, saved from being trampled to death by the killer.

Yesterday, McNair, who is still badly handicapped from a recent injury, fought the horse to a standstill ——

But she did not finish. She was on her way to the barn. Tom was just outside, unloading some packages from the car. He did not stop when she reached him.

"I'm sorry," she panted. "I can't bear it, Tom."

"Well," he said, without any particular feeling in his voice, "those little mistakes will happen."

She put her hand on his arm, but he evaded her and carried his parcels inside. When he came out again he stopped a little distance from her and began to roll a cigarette.

"But if I say I'm sorry ——"

He was silent. In that world she had left, an apology was accepted, on the surface at least. Rancor and discord might remain, but they were glossed over. She felt helpless and defeated.

"What more can I say?" she asked desperately. "I can't go on fighting you, Tom. You're stronger than I am."

He gave a short bitter laugh. "Me? Why, I'm a cripple! A child could knock me down and tramp on me!" Then, more gently: "You go back to the house, Kay. Don't you worry about me. I'm doing fine."

After that for some days they lived a curious sort of life. He came in for food, short constrained meals quickly over; he carried the water, chopped the wood for the stove, but he continued to sleep in the barn.

Once again it was childish, absurd. But Kay began to wonder if something else did not lie behind his sense of injury: if this girl, this Clare, had not said something that had devastated his fierce pride, if she had not sown some seed of suspicion or distrust over which he was brooding. And in this she was correct. Out of all the hysterical reproaches of that unlucky afternoon Tom had retained only one speech of hers, but that had stayed in his mind:

"I've watched her, Tom darling. You go in now and look at her. She thinks she's too good for this earth. She won't even speak to the folks around her. She acts as if they'd poison her if they touched her. And if she's too good for them she's too good for you. She'll leave you. She's sorry now. I used to see her from Dicer's crying her eyes out."

She believed it. There was sincerity in her red-rimmed eyes, in her weak quivering chin. And because she voiced his own fears they became fact to him.

"I've got to get back," he said morosely.

Her face hardened, her eyes narrowed. "And there's something else," she said, her voice shrill. "She saw you in the show and it carried her away. But it's different now. You're lame. I'll bet she hates that. It makes a difference, and don't you forget it."

"It doesn't seem to have made any difference to you," he reminded her, and smiled. But his heart was sick within him.

In the end it required what was by nature a small calamity to bring him back to Kay.

He heard her calling to him, and he ran to the house. She was standing just inside the bolted door, and when he tried it her voice was frightened.

"Who is it?"

"Did you call me?"

She threw open the door, and he had a wild desire to catch her to him, but the next moment his pride took control once more.

"There was somebody outside the window, Tom, looking in."

"Sure you didn't dream it?"

"I haven't been to sleep," she said simply.

He looked down at her. In her bare feet, without the heels which gave her height, in her sleeveless nightgown, she looked small and young and infinitely appealing; frightened too. For fear he would take her in his arms, he swung around and stepped outside.

After the lamplight—she had lighted a lamp—he could see nothing. He went back, got his revolver and started out again. There was starlight, but no moon.

He made a round of the house; somewhere she heard him lighting matches, but when he opened the door again his face was impassive.

"I'll look a bit further," he told her. "Put out that lamp and lock the door again. I haven't seen anything, but you'll feel better."

She sat in the darkness, crouched and listening. There was no sound outside. After a time she could see, as she had in the bedroom, the faint rectangles which were the windows; she watched them, terrified, but that queer immobile outline did not return. Later on she crawled into bed for warmth, and something later, an hour or so, she heard him coming back. She admitted him, shivering. In the darkness, he was a stranger to her, a big looming figure that did not reach out to her but stood carefully just inside the door.

"I didn't find anybody, but if you're scared I'll roll up on the floor here."

"Why?" she said, her throat tight. "Why shouldn't you come into your own bed?"

"And be as welcome as poison ivy?"

"That's not true."

She tried to say, "Oh, Tom, come back to me! I'm sorry. I love you; I love you madly." But her lips were stiff, and as if he had been waiting for something of the sort, he drew a long breath and moved into the room.

"I'm not asking any favors."

"I'm afraid to be alone, Tom."

He said nothing, he went out once more and looked around, and she stayed inside the door, waiting and listening. If he did not come back, she told herself, she would go home. She had reached her limit. She would cash her Aunt Bessie's check and go away.

But soon she heard him coming from the corral, she had only time to get into the bed before he was at the door. Her heart was beating fast, her feet and hands were like ice. She listened to him moving about, preparing for the night. Once he struck a chair and swore under his breath, but he did not speak to her. When he got into bed it was to lie as far from her as possible, but toward dawn she wakened to find him sound asleep, with his arm around her.

It was late in the morning when he discovered that someone had cut through his dam and let out his precious hoard of water.

XXXIV

FOR a time the gulf between them was bridged.

Toward the end of September it rained again, but too late to save the range. One day the sun was warm and bright; the next, small grayish clouds began to gather around the horizon to the northwest and slowly to coalesce. Fitful gusts of wind set the dried vegetation on the plains to rattling, and Tom, coming home that night, said, "Looks like something doing around Medicine Hat!"

The next morning Kay rose to a world clothed in a gray veil. The clouds covered the mountains and hung so low that she felt she could almost touch them, and from this irregular roof came the rain, steady, penetrating and cold. The roads became impassable. Tom, freighting cottonseed cake from Judson, was marooned on the way, and leaving his wagon there, rode the team back.

All over the vast empty country the round-up outfits were at work. Cattlemen were frantically shipping all the cattle they could not hope to hold over the winter. The Potter company, out of twenty-two thousand head, was shipping ten thousand. Kay watched one evening while a dozen cowboys bedded down a herd on a hilltop not far from the house. Until late she could see the red glow from the stove in the cook tent, and at intervals during the night she heard the night guards moving about. When she wakened in the morning they were already on the move.

The days had begun to shorten. At five o'clock twilight fell, and by six she lighted the lamps. Perhaps she never knew just what the lighted windows of the ranch house meant to Tom; he had always been inarticulate in his love for her. But when, after the long day, he rode over some near-by hill and looked down, those warm yellow rectangles of light were his first welcome. His heart swelled, great thoughts surged in him; then he would scrape the mud off his feet outside, and limping in could find no words for them. He would hang up his hat, kiss her, and then, indignant at his own stupidity, stand around awkwardly, watching her.

Only once did he refer to the matter of their quarrel over Clare. She was mending by the fire in the living room, and he had been apparently busy over some reports from the Department of Agriculture. But she knew he was not reading.

"D'you mind if I tell you about that girl, Kay?"

"What girl?"

"Now what's the use of that? You know and I know. I never wanted to marry her, and she knew it."

She bent lower over her mending. "Do we have to talk about it?"

"I do."

"You were engaged to her, you said."

"That's what I want to tell you about."

And he did tell her, sitting there by the fire, his hands dropped between his knees. His threatened arrest, his determination to go East with the cattle, his appeal to Clare and the condition she had imposed. It was then that she looked up.

"And she was found out?"

"She says she was. I don't believe it myself. Either that or she took mighty good care to be found out. She had plenty of time to get back."

But womanlike, she had seized on one part of the story and ignored the rest.

"And on this long ride with her, did you—make love to her, Tom?"

"Not what you think," he told her. "I've lived the way a man does live, I reckon, but Clare's got no call on me. I'll swear it if you like."

Later on she was to wonder if there had been a motive behind that frankness of his, but she was warmed and comforted that night. When, after his old manner, he came over and, sitting on the floor, put his head against her knee, she had a new and different feeling for him. He was her husband, but he was also her lover and her child.

The days went on. The rain ended and it turned bitterly cold. Tom rose in darkness in the mornings and came back to her after darkness had fallen again. He was working as a "rep" now with other outfits, but he was afraid to leave her alone at night. Not for him the long evenings in the warm cook tent, the poker games, the early turning in. He would come back in the car, turn in to sleep like a dead man, and be up and off after a minimum of rest.

He had left his revolver for her, against her protest.

"You're the one who may need it."

"I'm not worrying about myself."

But as a matter of fact, after that malicious breaking of his dam, nothing happened, nor was to happen for a long time yet. When the drives ended at the railroad, sometimes the outfits would work side by side with the Indians, and at such times Tom kept a wary eye open for Little Dog. But he never saw him, and later he heard that he was working on the other side of the range. After that he was easier.

He himself was doing no shipping that year, but his purchases of hay and cake had practically exhausted his money. When the last cattle car had been loaded at the railroad near Judson, he went in one day to see George Seabright at the store, and asked how good his credit was.

"Good as money in the bank, Tom."

"Well, I'm not asking for interest on it," he drawled. "But I may have to stretch it some this winter."

"That's all right, Tom. Anything you say."

But George was practical too. The big Newcomb wheat job was still threshing and it needed men. They paid good money.

"I'm no farmer," Tom objected. "And what's more, I'm not leaving my wife alone these days."

"Send her into town," George suggested. "Sally and I've been talking about that. She's young. Send her in and let her go to the movies and see some life. She's got a long winter ahead."

Tom considered that on the way back to the ranch. After all, why not? He needed to earn—needed it desperately. Kay needed clothes; she must be warm that winter.

He could manage food, with George's assistance, but cash was different. Under ordinary circumstances he could have taken in horses to break at ten dollars a head, but that avenue was closed to him.

And Kay needed a change. He thought of her, alone all day in the house. She had grown thinner lately, and she was very quiet. Her hands, when she mended by the fire in the evenings, were like small white claws. Not so very white either. Poor little hands!

By the time he got up and put the car away he had it all planned. There was a new lift to his shoulders when, having scraped his boots outside, he went in.

"How'd you like to go to town for a while and live like a lady?"

"And leave you, Tom? I wouldn't think of it."

"I've bached before this. Anyhow I won't be here."

"Where would you go?"

"The Newcomb company needs me. Says it can't get along without me. That's the kind I am!"

She was relieved. For a moment she had thought he had meant to go to Ursula, too, and a sickening fear of Clare had taken her breath away. But she did not easily fall in with his plan, at that. She liked Mrs. Mallory, but to take a room there—that was different. Here she had her work, but there—what would she do with herself?

"You could go to the movies."

She laughed at that, but she had a small uneasy feeling of apprehension. Ursula meant nothing to her; she had been watched there, although she did not tell him so. But he was singularly determined to have her

(Continued on Page 52)

Body by Fisher

"even a feature-for-feature comparison does not reveal the full extent of Oakland's value supremacy!"

Knowing the Oakland tradition of advanced engineering, you have probably sensed that the Greater Oakland Six offers certain things not found in other cars. But *even a feature-for-feature comparison does not reveal the full extent of Oakland's value supremacy*—for that is based not merely on these features, but on these features plus super-precision construction!

Expressed in terms of ten-thousandths of an inch and hundredths of an ounce, this exacting craftsmanship has excited widespread commendation. Yet you as a possible Oakland buyer could appreciate its true significance only by coming here to Pontiac and living among the men who design and build the Oakland Six. Here you would quickly sense the most vital factor in Oakland's success—a determination that every car leaving the plant shall be so built as to keep on creating owner good will long after an ordinarily-built car would have been replaced. This calls for more than advanced engineering; more than continued experimental work at the General Motors Proving Ground; more than the use of superior Fisher bodies and the high quality materials made possible by General Motors purchasing economies. It demands that every mechanic and inspector eternally keep himself in the position of the buyer—that he carry out his work just as painstakingly and carefully as though he were going to buy each car himself! That, we believe, is the strongest assurance of lasting satisfaction a buyer could demand. And apparently tens of thousands of buyers have thought likewise. For the growth of Oakland popularity last year was an outstanding feat of recent automobile history—and that growth will be surpassed this year.

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Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

REGINALD DENNY *Writes a Play*

REGINALD DENNY, one of the screen's most popular comedians, has realized a pet ambition and written a comedy for himself. We have thought so well of the plot that we have produced it in picture, and the entire organization is well pleased with the result.

The title, which is *"Fast and Furious"* is highly appropriate. It shows DENNY in his favorite rôle of automobile racer, and is in all things a speed romance. Some of the best auto-race scenes we have ever beheld are included and I feel confident that the picture will be what we know as a "box-office attraction."

Denny is now at the height of his popularity and we are making even more elaborate plans for each of his succeeding productions, all of them of the high comedy order, full of life, youth, beauty and action. In *"Fast and Furious"* DENNY has brought out those elements of which he knows himself the master, and I am curious to see how the public will view his effort as a playwright.

The cast of *"Fast and Furious"* is excellent. Melville Brown directed and has seen to it that there is not a slow moment in the picture. Most of DENNY'S pictures are fast and furious and this is the type of picture he likes. Please let me know what you think of it.

I advise you to watch this column for news of new pictures to come. The list will prove remarkable from the standpoint of author, star, play and director.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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go. He picked up one of her hands and examined it. Then he kissed it.

"First thing you're going to do," he said, "is to get that healed up. Can't have them saying I work my wife to death."

In the end she yielded.

He sat up late that night making his plans. He could come down over week-ends and see after his cows and calves. There was nothing to worry about until the cold weather came. And she was to get some warm clothing while she was in town. He'd been paid; he had plenty. There was something magnificent in the way he handed her fifty dollars.

"Warm!" he insisted. "All wool and a yard wide. There's the hell of a long winter coming."

She was strangely uneasy, although on the surface she was acquiescent enough. She moved around, doing her small packing the next day, making her arrangements.

"You know about the damper in the stove, Tom, don't you?"

"Me? I took a course in dampers before you knew there was such a thing."

His cheerfulness was forced, she thought, but his determination held. Only once he weakened, when she was packing the gold brushes and jars from the bureau. He had always had an odd sort of pride in them.

"Little old house is going to be mighty"—he hesitated—"mighty bare," he said.

He seemed to loathe to leave her, stood around awkwardly, got in her way, ate little. Once he said, apropos of nothing at all, "How'd you like to stay in town all winter?"

"What have you got in your head now?" she asked. "If you're trying to get rid of me ——"

"You've never spent a winter out here. You don't know what it means. That little old stove won't keep this place warm. What you ought to do's to dig in like a bear some place. Only you haven't got any fat on you."

But she knew he was only arguing to have her oppose him.

He was very talkative on the way to town, very cheerful when Mrs. Mallory had taken them up and showed them the plain little room.

"It isn't much, but it's warm," she said.

"Warm—that's the word. And it looks pretty fine to me."

Then suddenly he went away. He took his hat off, kissed Kay quickly and disappeared. Mrs. Mallory listened to that one-step-at-a-time descent of his as he went down the narrow stairs.

"He never was one to show what he feels," she said to Kay, half apologetically. "Now I hope that bed's comfortable. If you want more blankets ——"

It was their first real separation since their marriage. After the beginning Kay accepted it stoically, but she missed him. Now that he was gone, after the fashion of women the world over she forgot his failures, his occasional moroseness, his quick angers, his moments of actual violence. And also after the fashion of women, she began to rebuild her romance. Her letters to Bessie, with their inclosures to her mother—Bessie had suggested that finally—took on a new note:

Dearest mother: Aunt Bessie says you are feeling better, and I am so relieved. And I am not on the ranch just now. Tom has had to go north on business, and I have a room in town. I am more than comfortable, but of course I long for my own little house. I had no idea I would miss it so much. I am getting some warm clothes for the winter while I am here ——

And so on and on. Never a word about Nellie practicing on the old piano downstairs, hour after hour; or of the odors of cooking, or of the long periods when Mrs. Mallory sat creaking in her rocking-chair and talked about the old times when Jake was still alive. Nor of Little Dog, nor Clare Hamel, nor of the "business" which had taken Tom north.

It was a business which threatened to keep Tom rather longer than he had thought. He was working hard, new work which tired him more than he cared to admit. By dawn the engineer and crew were waiting by the big caterpillar. Then, when the time came, the engineer threw over his lever, the great belt began to move, and into the ever hungry jaws of the separator went the first waiting sheaves of wheat; the thresher roared and shook, the men in the growing light, forks in hand, bent, straightened, pitched; the belt writhed, the jaws crunched, the brown wheat kernels flowed from the side of the machine like blood. But it was not blood; it was bread—bread for the world.

There was competition among the separators, scattered over fifty thousand acres of wheat, and so there were hours when life for Tom narrowed down to the slats that climbed endlessly in front of him, to the fork in his hand and the incessant bend, straighten, pitch of his job. When his boot bothered him he took it off, and the wheat stubble cut his foot and hurt him painfully.

But at night, unable to sleep for very weariness, he would lie awake and think about wheat. Maybe Jake had been right, after all. Wheat was king now, not cattle. He and his kind were through, or nearly through. They would hold on for a while, but the end was in sight.

He did not go home that first week-end, but on the second Saturday he filled up the car and started back. It was threatening rain and he made all the haste possible. But it was after dark before he halted the car near the house and stared at it in amazement. There was a lamp lighted inside.

Never once did he doubt that it was Kay. He left the machine where it stood and fairly ran to the kitchen door. But when he flung it open it was Clare Hamel who stood busy over the kitchen stove.

XXXV

IT WAS on the Tuesday following that Mrs. Mallory gave her luncheon party for Kay. All morning in her front room on the second floor Kay had heard the preparations going on for the meal; the squawking of chickens in the back yard, followed by a tragic silence, the arrival of the grocer's boy, Nellie turning the ice-cream freezer on the porch.

"You keep that lid down or the salt will get in"

"I've got to look at it, haven't I? How do I know if it's freezing or not?"

Later the smell of cooking filled the house and at half-past twelve Mrs. Mallory came heavily up the stairs and tapped at the door.

"You'd better be getting ready," she said solemnly. "I just got to slip off this apron." She came into the room. "Would you mind if they came up here to take off their hats and coats? It's the best room. That George Smith's got his place so littered it's hardly decent."

George Smith was the railway freight brakeman, who occupied at intervals the bedroom across.

"Of course not." She went over and put an arm around Mrs. Mallory's heavy shoulders. "You're sweet to go to all this trouble for me."

"I want you to know people. They're not the society folks, you know, Kay. They're plain people."

"Well, so am I plain people."

"No, you're not. And it wouldn't hurt some folks I know of to come and see you. They came fast enough when you were out last year at the ranch."

It was an old grievance of hers. Kay had heard it more than once in the two weeks she had been there. She changed the subject.

"Anyhow, the rain's over," she said, and Mrs. Mallory went out.

Left alone, Kay went to the window. For three days it had rained, turned the roads into slime and Mrs. Mallory's heart to despair, but today was cold and clear. She was glad of that. If Tom had gone to the ranch for the week-end he could get back, now the roads were drying. She wondered how he had managed over that week-end. Long ago she had learned that his idea of making a bed was to fling the coverings over it anyhow, and, as he said, let Nature take its course. She was smiling a little as she went down the stairs.

The guests were already arriving. They came in soberly, creaked up the stairs, took off their dark substantial wraps, their unfashionable hats and creaked soberly down again. They were not, as Mrs. Mallory had said, society folks; some were the wives of small storekeepers in Ursula, others had come in from the back country, from small cattle ranches; still others had been forcibly detached from their isolated hard-working lives by the recent hard times and were trying to fill in the empty anxious days. One and all, they were elderly women; their hands, as they offered them, felt rough in her clasp, their faces were dried and lined with years of sun and alkali dust.

She felt her heart warming toward them. She resented what life had done to them, and behind her resentment there was a pang of dismay. This was her future; in time she, too, would dry up and wrinkle. Her youth would pass, and there would be no one to note its passing.

They shook hands and sat down. Mrs. Mallory had brought in extra chairs and arranged them around the wall. They sat stuffly, their tired hands folded in their laps. A decorous buzz of talk arose. Kay, in a low rocker in the center, felt like a very young kitten encircled by motherly cats softly purring. From the dining room came the clattering of plates as Nellie put them down, the pungent odor of coffee drifted in, and then she became conscious of another conversation in low tones, carried on behind her. The voices were carefully subdued:

"I hear Dicer isn't going to take her back."

"Still, with the roads the way they have been, no car could ——"

"Dicer says she didn't go to Easton at all. He thinks she went to the res——"

"Sh!"

Mrs. Mallory opened the sliding doors. She was highly flushed from excitement and the stove.

"Come right in while everything's hot," she said. "And I guess some of you ladies will have to bring in your chairs."

There was a move toward the dining room, a little suppressed laughter, a small confusion. Kay found herself moving in, sitting down; later she found herself eating. Great platters of fried chicken passed around, light biscuits, vegetables, honey. She even talked:

"No, we didn't ship anything this year. Maybe next year, if we're lucky ——"

"Well, I know that place. It's a good house, but it's lonely."

Food. More food. Wheat. Sugar beets. The five-and-ten, newly opened. The negro who had tried to kill a sheriff's deputy. Ice cream.

"Any of you ladies have some more ice cream? We haven't made a dent in the freezer yet."

The early self-consciousness was wearing off, the talk was louder, more cheerful. When they went back into the parlor Mrs. Mallory urged Nellie to play the piano for them, and Nellie simpered and complied. She had been taking lessons for a year. They sat politely silent while she hammered away, their tired hands folded again, their strong bodies relaxed. They were comforted with good food they had not cooked themselves, they need not even talk. With natural good manners they kept their eyes from Kay.

She had brought a bit of romance into their busy lives; for a little time they had seen their beautiful arid land through her eyes; they were even consumed with curiosity about her. But they kept their eyes away.

After a while Kay slipped off. She went up to her room, where on the bed lay their substantial wraps, their unfashionable hats. She went inside and bolted the door, and then stood staring ahead of her. It was Clare they had been talking about. Clare

(Continued on Page 54)

Another family – HAPPY

***for* DAD:** Their downright dollar-for-dollar value . . . their upkeep cost . . . their reputation for dependableness . . . the standing of the manufacturer . . . these are of first consideration when the man of the house invests his money. Check any separate Paige model in any price class between $1000 and $3000—and you'll be convinced that a Paige is just about the *soundest* motor car *investment* you can make.

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had gone to see Tom and had been storm-stayed there. How long had it rained? This was Tuesday. It had begun Saturday night. Then she had been there for two days, living in her house, perhaps even occupying her bed. And Tom had been there. She knew that beyond a doubt.

From downstairs there came a clapping of hands, a murmur. Nellie began again, even more vigorously. The thin floor vibrated under Kay's feet. She sat down in a chair and put her hands to her burning face. She had no doubts whatever; she knew. She was fair even then. She could see Tom's early annoyance, even his angry protests; but as the storm continued, she could see Clare, moving about the little house and making it livable again, cooking meals, and then the two of them at the table across from each other. Or in the long evenings in the lamplight, Clare curled up in a chair, her pretty face transfigured with love, her short skirt outlining her young body, deliberately feminine and tempting. His anger would not outlive that. How could it?

She was still trembling when she went downstairs again. When at last the party was over, when the last heavy figure had descended the porch steps, she jerked on her small soft hat and the blue coat and went out. She went deliberately into the Emporium, made a small purchase and saw that Clare was not there. Then, with fear and anger in her heart, she started out along the street which led to the reservation road. She had thought it all out: if Clare had been with Tom, she could hardly have left until noon, when the roads were dry enough to use. She would have had to come slowly too. She might even now be nearing Ursula.

It had turned bitterly cold after the rain. The wind whipped her face. Where the town abruptly ended she took to the road, a road which wound across the empty open country. It rose to a hill and was lost. So far as eye could judge, it served no one, went nowhere. But she knew better. She knew that it led to the reservation and to Tom McNair.

She sat down and waited. She had no feeling of shame at what she was doing. She was beyond shame. She neither hated nor loved. She waited.

And after an hour she had her answer. A small, muddy car labored over the hill and began to descend. It followed a rut already made, advancing drunkenly and ribaldly, and as it came closer she saw Clare at the wheel. She was intent on driving. Not until she was almost abreast of her did she see Kay. She looked frightened, but the next minute she had stopped the car.

"Want a lift?" she said airily.

"Thanks. I'm out for a walk."

They stared at each other, Kay pale, Clare defiant. Then Clare started the car again, with a faint smile.

"These roads are sure hell," she said, and went on. Not until she was almost into the town did she remember that she had one of Kay's plaid blankets across her knees. She was frightened then; she stopped the car and rolling it up, dropped it into an irrigation ditch beside the road. And Kay, suspecting some such action, saw it lying there on her way back.

What was she to do? She had already done her best. She had worked for him, loved him, been lonely for him, forgiven him over and over. But there was a limit to what one could forgive or endure. She had tried. She was fairer than that; they had both tried. But he had never really wanted to marry her. He had had this girl then. Perhaps he had never let go of her, for all his protestations. How had she known that he was going to be at the ranch that week-end, unless he had told her or written her? That was it, of course. He had written. He had got rid of her, sent her into town, so that he ——

Her world was profoundly shaken; what she wanted was sanctuary, security, the reserves of a society which, whatever its hypocrisies and weaknesses, covered them decently away. The ease and dignity of living; cars stopping at the door and liveried chauffeurs with cards in their hands.

But her despair was more profound than that. What common ground had she and Tom ever had, except their love for each other? When that was gone, what was to take its place? What was it Aunt Bessie had said? "Tastes. Habits. Ideas of life —— When it"—love—"has gone, you have to have something else to fall back on."

What had they to fall back on now? Nothing; only their mutual poverty, their mutual anxieties, to hold them together.

She thought of her people. She was in the house now, in her room, and Nellie's voice was raised from below in angry expostulation:

"For gosh sake, ma! How can I answer the bell with my hands in dishwater?"

Time and distance had softened her memories of her people; she saw them loving and forgiving, kind and understanding. They had been right, after all. Her marriage had been doomed to failure from the start. Herbert had been wrong that day at the hospital. He had said it didn't pay to be decent and honest, but surely it did.

Suppose she confessed her failure and went back. Wasn't that the answer? How could she face the long winter with Tom, knowing what she did? The long hours, without even books to read, except those eternal reports of the Department of Agriculture, with nothing to talk about but the cattle or the small, unimportant happenings of the day.

And always that shadow between them, of a girl with a pert face and defiant eyes, passing with one of Kay's blankets over her knees.

She could not do it. Before Mrs. Mallory tapped at the door she knew she could not do it. And Mrs. Mallory held a special-delivery letter in her hand.

It was from Nora.

XXXVI

WHEN Tom went in Clare was standing by the stove in her absurd skirt, busily frying potatoes. The table was set, after a fashion, for two. She glanced over her shoulder, smiling but wary.

"Hello!" she said. "I thought maybe a little food wouldn't go so bad."

He was speechless with disappointment and anger. He came inside and closed the door before he could trust his voice to speak to her.

"What brought you here?"

"You eat something and you'll feel better. Anyhow, you needn't worry. I'm going back tonight."

"I'll tell the world you are," he said grimly. He hung his hat on its nail, glanced into the bedroom and saw Clare's hat and coat there, and limping inside brought them out and closed the door.

"What's the big idea?" he asked disagreeably. "Trying to make trouble for me?"

"That's all the thanks I get for cooking you a decent meal, is it?"

He still held her hat and coat. She had a terrified moment when she thought he was going to force her to go at once, but now he put them down slowly.

"You're liable to get talked about, doing things like this," he said, less unpleasantly. "And the sooner you've eaten and run, the better. It looks like rain outside."

She put the supper on the table while he watched her. He was still suspicious and angry, but, after all, his own conscience was not too clear concerning her. If this made her happy ——

"I'm not joking. It's going to rain."

She was dishing up the supper, practical, competent. She moved back and forward, talking and laughing. She disarmed him by her matter-of fact manner. And then suddenly, passing him, she stopped in front of him and held up her face.

"Just once, for luck," she said. "It won't hurt you."

What could he do? He stooped and lightly kissed her, and the next moment her arms were around his neck. He was thoroughly uncomfortable, her small body brought no thrill to him; he even felt slightly ridiculous. But when he released himself it was gently.

"I'm all through with that, Clare."

She made no protest, sat down with him and ate her supper, talked, even laughed. She had no plan. She had simply followed a desperate urge to see him again. She was ready to stay an hour or a week, depending on his reception of her. If it was to be only an hour ——

"Things taste all right?"

"Mighty fine. You sure can cook. How'd you know I was coming back?"

"A little bird told me."

She chattered on, playing for time. There was a new clerk at the National Drug Store. Some good-looker. He wanted her for steady company, but she didn't care about him. Sarah Cain was crazy about him. She made her luncheon of ice-cream soda now, so she could look at him. And Ed at the Martin House had been caught bootlegging and was in for trouble.

Then suddenly the rain came down; it came without warning, like a cloud-burst. It fell in sheets on the roof, on the ground, on the road. It rolled in yellow torrents down the trails and paths; it slid off the bare dry hillsides, carrying earth and gravel before it. The note of the creek rose higher, and in front of the porch, when Tom was at last able to open the door, there was a small lake, shining yellow in the lamplight. The first burst over, it continued to rain. The shingles of the roof, dried from the long drought, began to admit it. They ran around with pails and pans.

"It's dropping here, Tom! Quick!"

When that was over they sat down and looked at each other. There were anger and despair in Tom's face, and amusement in Clare's. "You look as if I'd made it rain."

"You've got me into the hell of a fix, and you know it."

She moved over to him. "Who's to know?" she said. "You can go out and sleep in the barn if you want, but who'd believe it?"

"That's where I'm sleeping, just the same."

"I'll bet it's wet out there," she said, and laughed again.

Her laughter angered him. He felt absurd enough as it was. But he was grimly determined to let her alone. He knew her psychology, the result of her careless rearing, her narrow life with its emphasis on sex. She had no passions; she and her kind preyed on passion, that was all.

By eleven o'clock the worst of the storm was over, but it was still raining. No car would have moved a hundred feet along the road. Even if it cleared now it would be a day, two days, before Clare could get back. She sat, relaxed and slightly sulky, in Kay's chair by the lamp, while Tom raged about the room. He hated her; the very sight of her in that chair made him murderous. At something after eleven he took his hat and a slicker and went out, and shortly after she heard the splosh of horses' feet in the water outside.

She got up, angry herself now, and confronted him when he came in. "What are you going to do?"

"Put a slicker on you and take you to Sally Seabright, at Judson."

"If you think I'm going to ride all those miles tonight in this rain, you can think again."

"You're going to do just that."

She fought savagely against Kay's slicker when he put it on her, but he was relentless. He even stuck her hat on her; and then opening the door when she refused to go through it, dragged her out forcibly. She tried to bite him in her helpless fury, but he only laughed, and lifting her up in his arms carried her to her horse. She did not speak to him during the long ride through the darkness and rain. At the store she slid out of the saddle herself and stood waiting in savage silence while he hammered at the door.

(Continued on Page 58)

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. . . baked to nut-like sweetness

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GRAPE-NUTS—a tempting combination of wheat and malted barley—comes to you ready-to-serve. . . . *Baked.* And baked again . . . Long, slow bakings that bring out to perfection the unique Grape-Nuts flavor. A nut-like flavor, with just a delicate suggestion of malt-sugar. It's delicious! Millions of people eat Grape-Nuts first and foremost because it tastes so good.

Grape-Nuts' remarkable digestibility, too, comes from the long, slow baking. With a minimum of digestive effort, your body benefits by the varied nourishment contained in this food. Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite—all these vital elements are supplied by Grape-Nuts. Eaten with whole milk or cream, it is an admirably balanced ration.

Try it for breakfast tomorrow. Two tablespoonfuls of the golden kernels are enough for a serving. Pour cream or whole milk in carefully at the side of the dish, so that the *crispness* of the food may be retained. Grape-Nuts tempts you to chew thoroughly. Unusual, in this day of soft foods! Your dentist will tell you that the health and beauty of teeth and gums cannot be protected without exercise. Almost all dentists make a point of advising their patients to eat some crisp food *every day* Many dentists especially recommend Grape-Nuts.

Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts. If you wish us to, we will gladly send you the following:

Two servings of Grape-Nuts—free, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts"

Mail the coupon and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free. With them we will include "A Book of Better Breakfasts", written by a famous physical director and containing a series of menus for healthful breakfasts.

G.—S.E.P. 6-4-37

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Company, Incorporated
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me [illegible] packages of Grape-Nuts together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts" [illegible] Cornell Medical College

Name

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City State

In Canada, Address Postum Company, Ltd.
Birks Metropolitan [illegible] Toronto 2, Ontario

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Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate.

We Studied Years

To correct the mistakes of old-type shaving preparations for you — now please accept a 10-day tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream to try

GENTLEMEN:

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a truly unique creation.

We made it up to meet the supreme desires of 1000 men whose ideals of a shaving cream we asked.

130 formulas were developed and discarded before we found the right one. All our 60 years of soap study, we put into this preparation.

Then we told men, "Don't Buy, Yet—accept a 10-day tube to try and find out first if you like it."

The result was a business sensation. Palmolive Shaving Cream rose, almost instantly, to a leading position in its highly competitive field.

Millions of men have flocked to it. We think you will find it superlative in a shaving cream. Hence, seek the opportunity of sending you a 10-day tube to try.

These 5 advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. Here are new delights for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now

3581

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1333, Palmolive, 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

(Please print your name and address)

(Continued from Page 54)

Nobody answered. After a time he saw a card against the glass and lighted a match. "Away until Monday," it said.

Clare read it, too, and shook with silent laughter.

He stood uncertain on the bit of pavement. Only one passenger train stopped at Judson, and that at noon. And even that did not run on Sundays. To take her to the hotel over the other store at this hour meant gossip, ugly talk. After a long bitter silence he said, "Well, we'd better go back."

They rode back. It was still raining with a threat of snow. Clare's teeth were chattering when he got her back; he built up the fire, and then, taking a blanket as he had once long before, he went out to the barn and rolled up in the hay. He did not sleep at all. The mischief was done now. Whether she went back the next day or in a month would not matter.

The next day, when the rain persisted, he hardly fought her dogged refusal to take that ride again. He carried out more bedding to the barn and nailed up newspapers to keep out the wind. When she called him he went in to eat, surly, unhappy and hopeless. Only once he brightened. She told him her family believed she had gone to Easton, and on that frail hope he built.

When, on Tuesday, she took her departure he felt conscience-stricken. Her face rather alarmed him; it was set and unhappy. She let him put the blanket over her knees, which her absurd skirt left uncovered, without comment; she even recoiled a little from his touch. He was ashamed of his relief at her going. He tucked in the blanket and stood back.

"Well, so long, Clare."

"Good-by," she said drearily, and started off.

Could he have gone at once to Kay, things might have been different; but the storm had left him with work to do about the place; fence posts had washed out and let down the wire, a shelter-shed roof had to be repaired. The threshing did not bother him; the rain would have stopped that for a while. But he worked in a frenzy of haste. Argue as he would, he knew that Clare's absence would have excited comment, even alarm, and that if the story reached Kay she would know.

He was not so much startled as appalled, then, when on the next day he entered Kay's room, to find Mrs. Mallory in tears and Kay resolutely packing her bag. On the bureau lay a small stack of bills, but he did not see the money at first. He was stricken by the disaster, at the preparations, at Kay's white face and set mouth. He stopped in the doorway; he was trembling, but he controlled his voice.

"Looks like somebody's going somewhere."

"I am, Tom. I'm sorry, but—my mother's very ill."

"That's it, is it?"

"That's enough, isn't it?"

"Not if you were going without letting me know."

"I was going to write."

"So I'd get it after you'd gone! I'm much obliged to you."

"I didn't see any use in worrying you about it. I'm going. I have to go."

Mrs. Mallory slipped away then, closing the door behind her. Tom stopped to bolt it and then advanced into the room and took her by the shoulders. His face was very white. "Now we'll get to the bottom of this," he said. "That about your mother—that's a lie, isn't it?"

"Let go of me, please. You can read the letter if you like. It's on the bureau."

He released her, puzzled.

"And that's all? You haven't any queer ideas in that head of yours?"

"I know you've had Clare Hamel with you for three days, if that's what you want to know."

"Had her with me!" He laughed bitterly. "She got storm-stayed, the damned little fool! And I treated her like a yellow dog."

"That seems to be a specialty of yours," she said cruelly, "treating her like a yellow dog. But she appears to like it."

"I never touched her, Kay."

"I suppose you were shut up there together for three days, and you never even kissed her."

He hesitated, then came out with the truth: "Once. She asked for it."

But he saw that the admission was fatal. She resumed her packing, folding something carefully on the bed, smoothing and straightening it. He saw that her hands were shaking.

"I'll bring her here, Kay. She'll tell you."

"She would lie. Anyhow, I never want to see her again."

"Or me either, I reckon."

"I didn't say that."

"But you don't believe me."

"I can't, Tom. I want to, but I just can't."

"You're going then?"

"I must," she said desperately. "I've told you the truth. Anyhow, I'll have to have time, Tom. I have to think, and somehow I can't think here."

"You know what it means, don't you? You'll never come back. Oh, I know! You think maybe you will, but you won't. They'll get their hooks into you somehow. They'll talk you over. They'll bribe you."

And as he thought of them his old anger rose. He saw them, fat and sleek and rich, grinning over their triumph, putting their heads together behind closed doors, whispering, conspiring—conspiring against him.

He saw her back on the country-club porch, idle, surrounded by idlers, luxurious, filling time with play, with lovers, with Herbert. His gorge rose, his voice tightened.

"Oh, no," he said. "You'll never come back. You won't want to come back. They'll get you. And if you ask me, it isn't them you're going back to. It's that fellow. And who's he? They wouldn't pay a bounty on a dozen of his kind out here."

"I should think they would," she said evenly. "He's a gentleman -and they seem to be scarce."

She had not meant to bicker. When love died it should die silently and decently and be laid away with secret tears. But Tom recognized none of the amenities. He could not even let her go with dignity.

"Oh, please don't quarrel," she said wearily. "I haven't minded the hardships, but—maybe it was all wrong. I don't blame you only; I blame myself too. If I'd been right, you would never have turned to her." He made an angry movement. "I'll have to get away and think things over."

"And if you decide in my favor, you'll come back! Not on your life! If you go you go, Kay, and I'm telling you. I'll never ask you to come back, so help me God!"

Mrs. Mallory tapped at the door; the taxi from the station was waiting and Kay had only just time for her train. She closed her bag, pulled on her hat. All the time Tom stood staring at her, helpless, defeated. Only once did he speak at all, and that when she picked up the money from the bureau and thrust it into her purse.

"Where did you get that?"

"Aunt Bessie sent me a check for a thousand dollars. I've left the balance in your name in the bank."

"Oh, you have, have you!" he exploded. "I'd burn in hell fire before I used it!"

And that was their farewell. He did not even go down the stairs with her. He stood inside the door, his hands clenched, a cold sweat on his face, and heard the taxicab drive away. But he made no move to follow it. His mind—such of it as was functioning at all—was busy with this new aspect of the situation. She had sent East for money to go home with! Then she had planned ahead to leave him. It was not because of Clare. That had only been an excuse ready to her hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mr. J. M. Davis *on the sea near Hollywood, Calif*

Mme. Rosa Raisa, *prima donna lyric soprano of the Chicago Opera Company*

"MY DUTIES as the leading dramatic soprano of the Chicago Opera Company, together with my concert tours, proved a great strain. I found myself lacking in ambition. I suffered from a general run-down condition. And I had lost my natural complexion. Naturally I was heartbroken and searched in vain for a remedy. A friend suggested Fleischmann's and I at once started taking it daily. Immediately I began to regain my lost complexion and in only a short time I was myself again. Now when I feel that I am a bit run-down I take Fleischmann's Yeast, and I also prescribe it to my friends."

Madame Rosa Raisa, Chicago, Ill.

AS COACH of a famous western university crew, Russell Callow is an authority on keeping men in tip-top condition. He writes:

"For the past two years, members of my crew squads have taken Fleischmann's Yeast during the training period. At first, many of the men were skeptical. It was necessary to make it a *rule* that Yeast be eaten regularly. This year I found this rule unnecessary. Practically all the men are sold on the use of Yeast. They are making a steady diet of it of their own accord. Since using Yeast we have not been troubled with constipation. And we have had no skin disorders, with one exception, which was shortly cleared up. What is more, the general condition of the men seemed improved. I do not intend to go through any future rowing season without Fleischmann's Yeast."

Russell Callow, Seattle, Wash.

"Overworked worried— *I was near a nervous collapse*"

RIGHT

"I WAS growing frantic. For years my system had been constantly clogged, resulting in a most irritating skin condition. Small white blotches were always appearing. And worst of all, my trouble seemed steadily to grow worse. I was about in despair—did not know what to do.

"It was at this time that a friend urged me to try eating Yeast morning and evening. It may sound foolish, but as I had tried nearly everything else I concluded I might as well try Yeast too, even though I did not see how it could possibly help.

"Well, I started to eat it—and the change in the way I felt was marvellous. My system was no longer clogged, my complexion became smooth and clear—till today I can face the sunlight without fear. To everyone who asks me how it is done I say, 'Simply eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly.'"

Hubert Burroughs,
Freeport, New York

"Last Christmas *and the holiday season meant less than nothing to me. I was completely down and out from overwork and worry.*

"*I tried a rest. It brought only bills and added business expense. All too soon I was back in harness again, subsisting on milk and will power, with a little gin added to cheer.*

"*At meals each dish of food was taken in doubt as to how it would be handled. My nights were sleepless, my mental condition a cause of anxiety.*

"*One evening, throwing myself on the couch with the newspaper instead of going to the dinner table, I read of Fleischmann's Yeast. Impressed, I arranged for three cakes a day.*

"*The results were these: good sleep, good appetite, good digestion and a daily increase in strength. In short I am now about 100% and all from thirty days' regular use of Fleischmann's Yeast.*"

J. M. Davis, Hollywood, Calif.

A MIRACLE?—call it what you will! Yet literally on every hand his experience is being duplicated. One person in every third American family is today a user of Yeast for Health.

A corrective food, that is what yeast is—not a medicine. Grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain, yeast is composed of millions upon millions of tiny living plants.

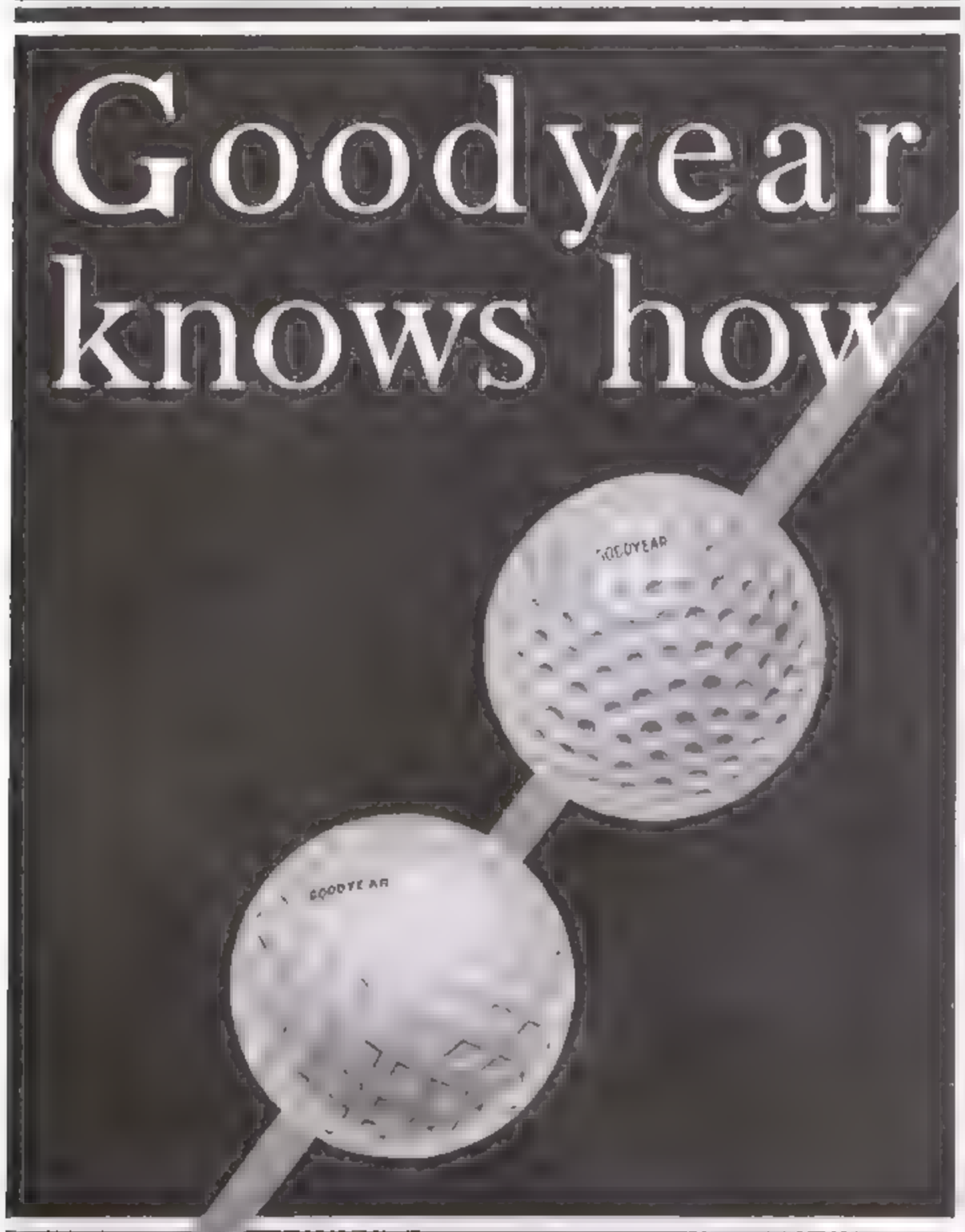
Yeast keeps the system internally *clean*. And healthfully *active*. It purifies the digestive and intestinal tract, preventing the absorption of dangerous poisons by the blood, correcting indigestion and clearing the unhealthy skin. It strengthens the sluggish muscles of elimination, gradually overcoming constipation.

Your grocer has Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-39, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

This easy natural way to feel yourself again

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

Goodyear knows how



One of the axioms of golf is that it's all in knowing how. The same holds true in making golf balls.

So, just as you might expect, Goodyear's experience—years and years of "knowing how" to select, prepare, and compound rubber for every purpose—has resulted in a new idea of how tough a golf ball cover can be.

This new cover makes the new Goodyear Ball last longer. And all through its life you have a ball that flies far and true. It has the "click" you may have had with the best European balls.

But the new Goodyear costs only 75c. Ask your professional.

The new Goodyear—All-Weather or dimple marking—only 75c. The Goodyear Glide, 60c.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF GOODYEAR TIRES

GOODYEAR

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THE MEANEST MAN

(Continued from Page 11

The Honorable Hezekiah had for twenty years been consumed with a devouring social ambition—that of being elected a member of the Pottsville herd of the Sacred Camels of King Menelik, the benevolent order of which Sheriff Higgins was probably the most influential Dromedary. Thrice had he foisted his name upon the election committee of the local lodge of The Brotherhood of Abyssinian Mysteries to which the herd belonged and thrice had he been unanimously blackballed. Yet he was not discouraged. Every man had his price. Tit for tat! It would only need a little log rolling. If he purchased the contemplated car from Sheriff Higgins, why should not the latter procure his longed-for election to the Abyssinian Brotherhood?

"Well, sheriff!" he remarked, strolling into the showroom one evening early in April. "I've 'most decided to order one of your Silent Silver Sixes; provided, of course, you're willing to split commission with me. But there's just one little matter I wanted to talk over with ye first—so's there wouldn't be any misunderstanding later."

"Wal, what is it?" inquired Mose suspiciously.

"You're still Grand Supreme Patriarch of the Sacred Camels, ain't ye?"

The sheriff's face became grim. "I don't know what you have reference to!" he replied stiffly.

"Bunk!" retorted the squire. "What's the use bein' so mysterious 'bout something everyone knows! Don't I watch you going into the P. of H. Hall every Friday night? I kin see you setting up there in your purple nightgown a-holding your gold spear right through the window!"

The Grand Supreme Patriarch of the Sacred Camels of King Menelik restrained a homicidal impulse in view of the prospective sale of the Silent Silver Six.

"Speakin' seriously, Mose, what I want to ask you is this: What chance have I got of being took into the brotherhood? I know all the boys and there ain't nothin' agin me so far as I know. Why can't you get me in?"

The sheriff turned contemptuously on the hard-visaged lawyer. "Mason," he said frankly, "you've about as much chance to get into any fraternal organization as a celluloid cat to get outer hell. They wouldn't elect ye into the Boy Scouts, the Total Abstinence League, or the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

As the squire stalked out of the store Mose almost suffered a relapse. "Durn it all!" he muttered. "I've lost that sale all right! Now sure as shootin' he'll go over to Job Allen at Patterson and buy one o' them Humming Highjackers!"

But the Honorable Hezekiah fooled 'em all! Contrary to the firmly established and universally accepted moral tenet that every patriotic citizen should buy his car from his own local dealer, the measly skinflint committed the one unpardonable sin. Just to show 'em, he sneaked off to Utiky and bought a four-thousand-dollar Cytherea seedan on the installment plan, b'gosh!

Hate was not the only motivating cause of the squire's extravagance, for the dealer who sold him the Cytherea had done so at a sacrifice, the car having been originally ordered by Miss Judy Joselyn of the Scarlet Sinners Number 3 Road Company and never paid for. As Miss Joselyn's taste had expressed itself in a special paint job estimated at seven hundred and seventy-five dollars, involving yellow body and wheels with vermilion trimmings, mud guards, wheel caps and rims, prospective customers who as motorists desired to remain modestly inconspicuous had rather shied from it. Not so Squire Mason! Here was his chance to parade not only his wealth but his independence of his fellow townsmen. Keep him out of the Sacred Camels, would they? He would let them see that he could get along quite well without them. He would teach 'em that they could not treat him with indifference and at the same time expect to get his money! He'd make 'em set up and take notice!

"Who's that in the big fancy car?" he could hear the yokels exclaiming to one another.

"That? Don't you know who that is? Why, that's Squire Hezekiah Mason, richest man in Somerset County!"

What they really said was: "Say, Bill, 'd y' see Mason's circus parade? He might as well 'a' bought a lion cage and steam calliope!"

But, of course, he trowed not of this, the only fly in the ointment of his satisfaction being the obvious fact that Ma Best's sedan was nearly as big as his.

II

CAME then the great and never-to-be-forgotten day! A scarlet day compensating the citizens of Pottsville and of Patterson tenfold—nay, a thousandfold!—for all that they had ever suffered at Hezekiah Mason's hands! A purple day the fame of which was destined to go echoing down the corridors of time until no true son or daughter of Pottsville could afford to admit, without losing caste, that he or she had failed to be one of those present and assisting in the dénouement. And since a precise knowledge of the *locus in quo* will contribute toward a fuller enjoyment of the adventure about to be recounted, let us now invite the attention of the jury—as did Squire Mason upon the day of the trial—to a somewhat detailed description of the whereabouts.

Know then, all of ye, that between Pottsville and Patterson Corners runs a highroad that at one point for a hundred yards or so borders the turbid overflow from Turkey Pond, forming as it were a causeway, or dike. In winter the boys skate there, but as the spring advances the waters recede and the pond becomes a swamp of black mud, thick or fluid, depending upon the character of the season's rainfall. Now at a point about halfway across this swamp and at the foot of a slight declivity, another road emerges from the woods directly at right angles to the highway. It is a dangerous spot, since a motor coming downhill cannot be seen from the road below, which has no fence or barrier to protect it from the swamp. The road is the road of prosperity, for the local inhabitants who have spared neither labor nor money to make it straight, hard and smooth, and there is no true knight of the open road whose eye alights upon that gray ribbon flowing so alluringly into the azure distance but is irresistibly impelled to put his foot down and step on it.

And now, gentlemen, having accurately described to you the place where the accident occurred, I must direct your attention to the time, the weather, the *dramatis personæ*, and what is commonly known as the *res gestæ*.

It is not my purpose, gentlemen of the jury, to attempt in any way to palliate the fault of my client, Mrs. Best. What she did, she did!—albeit unintentionally. But it is my duty to place within your reach all the facts, in order that you may have a full understanding of the case and may be thus enabled, without confusion, fear or favor, to reach a proper decision.

My client, Ma Best—that good sweet soul—having at first utilized the services of the versatile Ulysses as her chauffeur—when he was not otherwise engaged—and observing the ease and dexterity with which he manipulated the wheel, decided before long to essay driving the car herself. Can you really blame her? Even if she had thoughtlessly neglected to take out a license? Imagine for yourselves, gentlemen, that beautiful spring afternoon, of Friday, May thirteenth last, with all Nature smiling, the birds singing, the great outdoors calling, as well as the commendable humanitarian desire to call upon your old friend

(Continued on Page 60)

6 Cylinders-4 Wheel Brakes

A *New* Speed Wagon

6 cylinders
3¼-in. bore, 4-in. stroke
7-bearing crankshaft
Aluminum pistons
Rubber mounted suspension
Semi-automatic spark control
Thermostatic engine temperature control
4-wheel brakes
3-speed selective transmission
Oversize single plate clutch
Cam and lever steering gear
114-in. wheelbase
Nineteen-foot turning radius
93 cubic feet load space
Pressed steel weather-tight body, non-drumming
Full vestibule driver's compartment
Twin-beam headlights
Cowl lights, etc.

Traffic is changing. Soon only six-cylinder, four-wheel brake delivery or passenger cars can keep the pace.

For progressive merchants—merchants who know that economy lies in doing a job quickly and doing it well—Reo has created the Speed Wagon Junior.

Here is tomorrow's delivery car, quick to start and quick to stop, large enough for average deliveries but small enough to handle easily and park in small pockets. And so smart in appearance is the Speed Wagon Junior that it will say to all the world: "I represent the kind of merchant you like to deal with."

REO MOTOR CAR CO., *Lansing, Mich.*

SPEED WAGON JUNIOR

ASK . . ANY . . RADIO . . ENGINEER

This is the Burgess Radio "A" Battery

A SPECIALLY designed "A" battery for radio service. There is nothing like it in its field.

Proportioned to permit ease of handling and convenience of cabinet assembly and storage, you may expect this new Burgess creation to give you the length of service and dependability under all conditions for which all products of Burgess are noted.

If you are using the ordinary type of No. 6 "A" battery, we suggest that you learn for yourself from the Burgess Radio "A" the measure of service you have a right to expect.

Ask Any Radio Engineer

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
GENERAL SALES OFFICE: CHICAGO
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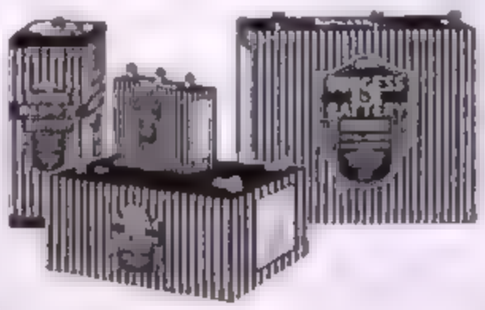

BURGESS
RADIO BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 58)

Abigail Dix—otherwise Susan Monks—up on Beech Knoll, and inquire after her lumbago. Ulysses is busy at the filling station. Your Silent Silver Six is awaiting you under the porte-cochère of the hotel. Propelled by an irresistible philanthropic urge, you seat yourself, release the brakes, push the self-starter, listen to its fascinating whir, and gently move off into the sunshine.

III

AT ABOUT half after four on that same afternoon Hezekiah Mason, having some interest to collect from a farmer who lived a few miles beyond Patterson Corners, closed his desk, shut and locked the door of his law office and descended the stairs. His beautiful yellow and vermilion Cytherea was awaiting him at the curb, new, glorious and uninsured—for Hezekiah was a thrifty man and regarded insurance as a pure waste of good money. Seating himself in the sedan, he started her up and gingerly let in the clutch.

The birds were singing, all Nature smiling, and so on, and so on. But Hezekiah did not smile. Nature did not amuse him. Carefully—at not more than fifteen miles an hour—he started along the highroad toward Patterson Corners. Just ahead of him, in a dilapidated flivver which he had purchased for thirty dollars, rattled along one Oscar Giddings. As he gained the causeway, the said Oscar, tempted by the smooth surface, put on speed.

Hezekiah, filled with a natural contempt for the wretched junkshop drawing so rapidly away from him, and not desiring to be left behind, accelerated his own pace. They were about fifty yards apart and going at approximately thirty-five miles an hour as they approached the intersection of the crossroad leading from the knoll. No other cars were in sight. Oscar, unaware that there was a motor behind him, having run by the crossroad, suddenly decided, for no reason at all, to back and turn up it. Without extending his hand, looking around, or giving any other warning, he stopped abruptly, and throwing the gears into reverse, shot backward toward the onrushing and unsuspecting squire, who, thinking only of how he should collect his interest, was paying no attention to the car in front of him, when he suddenly perceived that the flivver, instead of going in the same direction as himself, was backing toward him and that a collision was apparently inevitable.

Meanwhile Ma Best, who had somehow managed to negotiate the Beech Knoll Road, had satisfied her curiosity about Abigail's lumbago and had started upon her return trip. Halfway down the hill she realized to her horror that the car was out of her control. Hanging for dear life to the wheel, she could but try to steer and call upon the Lord. She did this loudly, as the Silent Six, at thirty miles an hour, bounded down the slope toward the causeway, just as Oscar was slowing up at the entrance of the crossroad and the oncoming squire had jammed on his emergency.

Swinging to the right in a vain effort to clear the flivver, Ma struck the Cytherea squarely in the midriff at the very instant when the Honorable Hezekiah was congratulating himself on his miraculous escape.

There was no justice in it! Squire Mason hadn't done a single thing he oughtn't to have done. He was driving well within the speed limit and was exercising due care; Oscar had deliberately stopped and backed without warning; Ma had no license, and didn't know how to drive anyhow. By every rule of right and equity one or both of the two latter miscreants should have suffered.

But they did not! As fate would have it, the bumper of the Silent Six caught the Cytherea at some mysterious point in its equilibrium, and with a crash that could have been heard in Utica, drove the squire clear off the causeway and into the swamp as neatly as a drop kick planted squarely between goal posts. Ma was knocked breathless against the steering wheel, but otherwise unharmed, the Silent Six stopped, with a bent bumper, in its tracks. Oscar, hearing the smash, awoke to the realities in time to see the Cytherea lying upon its side in the mud and the Honorable Hezekiah Mason frantically struggling to climb through a badly damaged door.

"For heaven's sake, help a feller, can't ye?" he yelled. "Gol ding it, we're sinkin'!"

He spoke truth! Beyond peradventure the Cytherea was slowly disappearing into the swamp—sinking by the head in some hole or quicksand.

"Do somethin' quick, can't ye?" bawled the squire, as he squeezed himself through the door and stood erect and apparently uninjured upon the side of the car.

"What kin I do?" inquired the dumfounded Oscar. "If she's sinkin', she'll sink! I ain't got no way to stop her."

"Haven't you got an emergency chain?"

"No. Haven't you?"

The squire made no reply. He had discarded the idea of an emergency chain as extravagant.

Clouds of steam, accompanied by a fierce hissing, arose from the unfortunate Cytherea.

"Better come ashore!" suggested Oscar.

"How'm I goin' to git ashore?" roared the squire. "This here is quicksand."

"If only there was a fence, I'd throw y' a rail, but there ain't none," Oscar informed him.

"If only there was a brick I'd throw it at your head!" yelled the desperate attorney. "Why don't you go fer help, instead of standin' there like a pair of idiots doing nothin'?"

At this moment two other cars drew up and the occupants thereof, observing the woebegone squire, extended their derisive sympathy. The Cytherea was now a yellow Atlantis in a black and slimy ocean which was creeping up over the wheels with the inevitability of Judgment Day. A truckload of farm hands rumbling across the dike stopped, gaped and burst into a hymn of hate. Other cars appeared from both directions.

People sprouted mysteriously out of the ground, and the Pottsville fire alarm began to sound its tocsin. Soon the causeway was lined with jeering spectators feasting their eyes upon the squire in his extremity, but making no move to help him. They had waited a lifetime for this opportunity and were going to make the most of it. Their witticisms were both mordant and heartless. But the squire, who had at first ground his teeth in impotent rage, was by this time too terrified either to resent or properly to evaluate them.

"Jump in, squire! The water's warm!"

"Swim fer it, old mud turtle!"

"What'll you take for the old bus?"

"Can't y' walk on the water?"

Above the chorus of catcalls now was heard the frenzied clanging of a bell, as the Pottsville Hook and Ladder Company came clattering across the causeway. Over on Turtle Pond the whistle of Sampson's Steam Lumber Mill added its shrill voice to the infernal clamor. The red-hatted firemen, led by Grand Supreme Dromedary Mose Higgins, piled off the truck and rushed to the edge of the swamp.

"Hey, squire!" called the sheriff. "Want to buy a nice, new car, if I'll split commissions with ye?"

"Got one'll float?" inquired Toggery Bill Gookin.

"Sell him a marine policy!" suggested someone else.

At that point the Cytherea gave a slight lurch and vanished, leaving the squire protruding from the swamp like a red-faced statue of liberty ankle deep in mud.

"Ye ain't goin' to stand there and let me drown, be ye?" he shrieked. "I'll give any feller two dollars that'll throw me a rope."

"Don't be extravagant! It ain't worth it!" retorted one of the onlookers.

"Make it two-fifty!" urged another. "Them pants alone must 'a' cost two dollars!"

Ma, who had been feeling a little faint and generally discombobulated, suddenly revived and burst into song:

"Throw out the life line!
Throw out the life line!
Somebody's sinking out there!"

They all joined in the chorus.

The mud was now up to the squire's knees. Clearly of the opinion that they would deliberately let him drown, he raised imploring hands clasped as in prayer.

"Save me!" he begged hoarsely. "Have pity, can't ye? I know most of you folks has it in fer me, but if you get me out of this I swear ——"

"Don't swear, squire!" advised the sheriff. "And don't make no rash promises! We're goin' to save you. We need somethin' to amuse us durin' the long winter evenings!"

He hurled an improvised lasso at the cowering figure. It dropped over the squire's shoulders and he clutched at it desperately.

"Now then, boys!" And with cries of joy the Sacred Camels of King Menelik laid hold upon the line and rushed with it across the road. It tightened. The Honorable Hezekiah Mason tried to move his feet, failed, and at the next tug toppled forward face down in the mud.

"All together!"

Thus ignominiously did they pull him ashore upon his belly. Coated with slime and weeds, as it might have been with tar and feathers, he staggered to his feet upon the causeway. Shaking his fist at his rescuers and spitting out eel grass, he shouted:

"I'll have the law on all of ye for this! An' ye'll pay well for it! Damages, special damages and exemplary damages! Y'll be sorry ye ever pulled me out!"

"We knew that when we did it," replied the sheriff. "But we thought suffocatin' was too easy a death for ye. We're savin' you for somethin' special and exemplary! An' when we git through with ye we're goin' to have ye stuffed!"

IV

IT WAS not without due warning, therefore, that the Honorable Hezekiah commenced his famous one-hundred-thousand dollar action for personal injuries against Ma Best, the Town of Pottsville and Oscar Giddings.

Alleging quite properly that through their joint acts and negligences he had been severely bruised, contused and otherwise damaged, and had suffered severe internal injuries of a permanently disabling character, together with great physical pain and mental agony, and had lost his new Cytherea sedan car, and put his gold watch on the blink and spoiled his pants and his hat and what not, and so forth, and of a truth, moreover, and then some, and again, and even so—and they were every one of 'em equally responsible, each having contributed to the debacle, viz, sic and to wit:

(A) The defendant Best, because she had negligently run into him while driving without a license; (B) the defendant Giddings, because he had negligently backed without giving any warning, and thus forced him, Mason, the said plaintiff, into the position where he was hit; and (C) the defendant Town of Pottsville, because it had negligently failed to maintain a proper wall, fence or other barrier at the side of the road, as a result of which he had been knocked into the swamp and pecuniarily damaged as to his health and person and belongings as follows:

Five thousand by the loss of his car, five hundred for his watch, one hundred for his clothes, three and a half for his hat, and fifty cents for being taken back to Pottsville, and one hundred thousand for his bodily injuries, external, internal, real and imaginary, past, present and future, with costs and interest and disbursements to date, amounting in all to the sum of one hundred and seventeen thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and eighty-seven cents, *sic transit gloria mundi, quod*

(Continued on Page 63)

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 60)

eral demonstrandum, in loco parentis, and God save the State of New York. Signed, Hezekiah Mason, Attorney and Counselor at Law; Office and post-office Address: Five Cents Savings Bank Block, Pottsville, Somerset County, New York.

Mr. Tutt, who had arrived at the Phœnix Hotel on his annual spring fishing trip upon the very day the complaint was served, perused the monstrous thing with keen attention. He loved Pottsville and the Phœnix—even in its new war paint—and he adored Ma Best, and he quickly perceived how the crafty squire intended to divert the sweet uses of adversity into an opportunity to get Ma's little patrimony away from her, by securing a substantial judgment, too large for her to pay in cash, and foreclosing on his mortgages. A clever Dick this Machiavellian country squire! Even had the Pottsville treasury contained enough money to satisfy a reasonable judgment—which it did not—it could not satisfy Mason. What he was hungering to get his clutches on was the Phœnix Hotel with its growing trade. Hence for all practical purposes Ma was the only defendant.

"Who's this Oscar Thingamyjig?" asked Mr. Tutt as he handed her back the paper.

"Oscar Giddings? Oh, he's just a poor man who does odd jobs around Sampson's Mill. His wife's always been sick and they have a whole flock of small children. I don't s'pose Oscar's got ten dollars cash in the world."

"Does Mason know that?"

"Sure. 'Course, he knows it!"

Mr. Tutt canted his stogy toward the ceiling and studied the insects decorating the new electric globe that had replaced the ancient kerosene lamp.

"Could you get him over here in such a way that he wouldn't be seen?"

"Yes, I can get hold of him easily enough. He always stops in to Colson's for his mail about five o'clock. I'll speak to him this afternoon and ask him to call here after supper."

Promptly at 7:30 o'clock Oscar Giddings arrived. Obviously poor in more senses than one—in goods, in health and in appearance—it was fantastic to suppose that Mason honestly expected to squeeze any money out of him.

He now stood by the door twisting his cap and evidently expecting a word lashing from Mr. Tutt for having been the fundamental cause of the accident. In this he was agreeably surprised.

"Come in and sit down, Oscar," remarked Mr. Tutt genially. "Have a cigar? And how about a piece of pie and a cup of coffee?"

"Sounds pretty good to me!" replied Giddings, thus encouraged.

"How are you getting on?"

"Fair to middlin'. Leastways I was until this accident happened. I s'pose now I'll have to hire a lawyer, and that'll take all the money I've saved up."

"I don't suppose you'd fancy having Squire Mason get a judgment against you for a hundred thousand dollars?"

Giddings, in the act of elevating a large piece of apple pie, paused and grinned. "It wouldn't make a mite of difference to me how big it was, if it was over eight dollars. That's all I've got. Say!" he added. "He can't put me in jail, can he?"

"No—although you ought to be there!" replied the old lawyer. "He can't put you in jail, owing to the unfortunate fact that nobody was killed. If the squire had been drowned you might have been convicted of manslaughter in the second degree."

"I sure was careless!" freely admitted Oscar. "It's mostly my fault. If I hadn't backed up, the squire wouldn't have had to slow down, and if he hadn't slowed down, he wouldn't have been where Ma could hit him."

"You know what he's after?" continued Mr. Tutt. "He wants to get a judgment against Ma so big that she can't pay his mortgage when it comes due next year and he can foreclose."

"Then why is he suing me?"

"Perhaps because he thinks that he may somehow squeeze something out of you or hopes, by dropping the case against you, to induce you to testify in his behalf against Ma."

"He's got another guess coming to him if he thinks that!" declared Giddings.

Mr. Tutt handed him a stogy. "You'd like to help Ma?"

"You bet! Anyways I can!"

"Then I wish you'd go to Mason and, without letting him know that you've seen me, try to settle his personal claim against you."

"What with?"

Mr. Tutt took a hundred-dollar bill from his wallet and gave it to him. "Go to Mason and tell him that you have no use for lawyers and don't want to waste what little money you have by paying an attorney what you really ought to turn over to him in settlement of his claim. That'll appeal to him! Tell him you've only got five dollars cash of your own, but that if he'll settle with you for forty or fifty dollars you'll try and borrow the difference. He'll probably jump at the chance. Make a date with him for the next day. Then get this bill changed over at the bank, and when you go into Mason's office, before giving him the amount agreed upon, demand a release. He will be quite ready to give you one and will probably start to fill in a printed form. At this point you must begin to show signs of uneasiness. Just imagine that you're one of these actor fellows. 'Mr. Mason,' you will say, 'I don't know anything about law and I'm not much on reading and writing.' You can pretend that for once, whether it's accurate or not. 'Your receipt may be all right, but I'd rather you'd sign one I can understand. I wrote this out in my own hand. If it suits you, it will suit me.' If he signs, you can pay him the money; not otherwise."

"Where will I get the receipt?"

"I'll make one out for you. Have you got any writing paper at your house? Fine! Use a pencil and be careful to copy the spelling exactly—whether it looks right to you or not. And you can keep all you can save out of the hundred dollars."

"Fair enough!"

"You might give Mason to understand that if he settles with you in this way, it won't do him any harm on the trial and may do him some good. He's a crook, and a crook is always ready to believe everyone else is crooked too."

"Well," returned Oscar, "I'm sure glad I came over here."

"The pleasure is mutual," said Mr. Tutt. "I wonder if you could stage another little act for me? Before you first go to see Mason, I should like you to have an open-air quarrel with Ma over who was to blame for the accident. Select the most public place in town and a time when plenty of folks are around. I promise that whatever profanity you use will be freely forgiven you."

V

THE great fight between Ma Best and Oscar Giddings is still discussed as one of the historic events of Somerset County, and to this day neither party is quite sure just how far the other was making believe. It started at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon in front of Colson's Grocery, and inside of ten minutes Oscar had lost his collar and necktie and Ma her false front. By 5:20 the entire voting population, including dogs and small boys, were participating in the row, and it was still being carried on vicariously long after the principal actors had been carried off the field. Yes, it was a great success in every way, including the accidental presence of the Honorable Hezekiah Mason himself, who, on crutches and with his arm in a sling, happened to be limping by just in time to see Ma lambasting Oscar over the coconut with one of old Colson's brooms. In fact, rumor hath it that so keen was his delight in the spectacle that at its conclusion he offered to make good to old Colson—"s'long as it was spoiled anyhow"—the cost price of the broom, if he'd send the relic over to the office.

Ma, who did not know in the least what it was all about, looked forward to the trial with apprehension, particularly in view of Mr. Tutt's open admission that her chance was slim. The most they could hope for on the undisputed facts was that the jury would render a verdict small enough for her to pay and at the same time have enough left to meet the squire's mortgage. The whole Valley of the Mohawk, from Amsterdam in the east to Utiky in the west, was agog over the approaching trial, for the tidings had penetrated to the remotest hamlet that Mr. Tutt was going to sacrifice his vacation and defend Ma Best, and that Squire Mason intended to try his own case. For the Honorable Hezekiah's object was clear to all—his iniquitous purpose, under guise of an innocent action for personal injuries, to gain title to and possession of the Phœnix Hotel, rake in the shekels as lord proprietor thereof, and compel Ma to work for him *de jure* as she now did *de facto*.

Ma confessed to Mr. Tutt that with any sort of a verdict the squire would probably be able to accomplish his fell design, for the truth was that the Phœnix was overextended. Ma had been coining money, yes; but the blue and white paint, the new plumbing system, the garage, the vermilion birds and Ulysses' green livery had not all yet been paid for. And the trouble was, she had no defense! To go driving around without a license was *res ipsa loquitur*—negligence *per se!* Irrespective of brakes or anything else, it shifted the burden to her of proving that she was not to blame, when everybody knew that she was, at least in part. It was darned hard luck for her that Oscar Giddings had taken it into his head to go backing around that way, but if Ma hadn't been driving a motor car when she had no legal right to do so, the squire would not have been knocked into the swamp. And as to damages! The Cytheres had vanished forever. "*Spurlos versenkt!*" No derrick or wrecking machine was of the slightest use when you couldn't find hide or hair of the remains! Apparently, although no one had ever so suspected, the hole in the swamp went clear through to Chiny! Perhaps some Mongol emperor or Tibetan lama was even now racing around the Gobi Desert in that gorgeous chariot.

So it was reasonably clear that the squire was entitled as matter of law to the Cythereal's replacement value—four thousand dollars anyway. And there were his costs and disbursements—say two hundred and fifty dollars more—and his minor property damages, watch, trousers, hat, and so on—say fifty—before you even got to the scratches on his epidermis and those permanent internal injuries which the old fox was parading so publicly. The squire, as his own attorney, might have a fool for a client, but he was certainly taking all the steps to insure getting a verdict.

Already one surgeon and two gastro-intestinal specialists from Utiky had engaged rooms at the Phœnix for the duration of the trial, and it was asserted by those who were backing the plaintiff—the odds over at Colson's were quoted at 2½ to 1; no bet received over ten cents—that the squire could prove positively that since and directly owing to the accident he had (1) lost appetite, (2) been unable to sleep, or if he did, suffered from agonizing dreams in which he was being hurled naked over a precipice, (3) was afflicted with constant headaches, (4) found his eyesight growing dim, (5) could not freely use his right hand, (6) discovered one leg had become shorter than the other, (7) experienced sudden fits of nervousness, (8) was constantly afflicted with shooting pains in and about, adjacent and appertainin' to, the groin and abdomen, (9) had damaged his coccyx, his sartorius longus and his *pons asinorum*, (10) had great difficulty in breathing, and (11) suffered from unexplained attacks of nausea on arising in the morning—by reason of all of which his health and earning capacity had been permanently impaired to the tune of $100,000.

Anyhow, all agreed that—no matter how much of a liar he was!—he was sure of a

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verdict unless the jury deliberately violated their oaths, which they certainly would not do. For Pottsville prided itself upon its application of a legal system that did justice to rich and poor, beloved or despised, Jew and Gentile, even Republican and Democrat, alike. The very fact that Mason was suing his native town and that the jury would be composed largely of Sacred Camels would only make 'em tend to lean over backward.

And then Mason made his great gesture! He publicly announced that in spite of the town's negligence in failing to provide a proper protection upon the open, or swamp, side of the causeway, he had no intention of penalizing his fellow citizens who had so remotely contributed to the result. He would confine himself to the two defendants, who by their joint, direct and cooperative acts had smashed him up. In a word, even if there had been a fence to prevent his being precipitated into the swamp, Ma Best would have crashed into the Cytheres just the same and it was possible that the soft mud had saved him from greater injuries—if that were possible. So the squire indulged in his little stage play, discontinued his action against the town, and went to trial against the two joint tort-feasors—Ma Best and Oscar Giddings.

The case drew the biggest gate ever known in Somerset County—except the famous trial of Skinny the Tramp for the murder of the Hermit of Turkey Hollow—for everybody knew that it was really a fight for the Phœnix Hotel. Besides, they all were eager to hear the squire's account of those terrible experiences that had given him the cramps and injured his coccyx. Even if the result was to be a foregone conclusion, the gathering agriculturists—sea lawyers all of them—licked their chops at the prospect of hearing Old Man Tutt cross-examine the wily Hezekiah. It was sure to be a battle royal.

The rising sun disclosed hanging over every road leading to Pottsville or Patterson Corners a sinuous dust cloud beneath which jangled, coughed and rattled every known make of motor vehicle in use since the erection of the Dewey Arch. There wasn't an inch of parking space left on Main Street. Every room at the Phœnix was taken and by five A.M. the cue waiting at the door of the courthouse reached all the way to Toggery Bill Gookin's Notion Store. Ma Best, who had been unable to snatch a wink of sleep all night, seized what she pessimistically believed would be a last opportunity to drive a brisk trade in coffee and doughnuts with these early birds at the rate of ten cents a worm. More distinguished or more favored visitors she indulged in the Phœnix Hotel dining room, on breakfast food, griddle cakes, hot rolls, bacon and eggs for a dollar and a quarter per, and she had taken in two hundred and ninety dollars by nine o'clock, when Sheriff Mose Higgins crossed the street to the courthouse and unlocked the door.

Instantly the assembled throng burst in, filling every seat, and in five minutes there wasn't available space left upon the floor for another pair of high boots. Even the windows were lined with faces of small boys many of the owners of which were more or less suspended in mid-air or at least lying head down on the roof above, where any self-respecting cat would have found difficulty in securing a foothold. In a word, and speaking by the book, there was a jam so big that Sheriff Higgins swore in another deputy—vice present head waiter Sam Bellows resigned—to keep the crowd in front of the steps moving and to see that the principal actors and the witnesses gained admission without physical injury, or even *damnum absque injuria*.

But although Mr. Tutt had dined and slept at the hotel the night before, he had now utterly and unaccountably disappeared, and nobody had the remotest idea what had become of him. Gone fishin', prob'ly! Could he have forgotten all about this momentous occasion? Could anything have happened to him? And if he did not arrive, would old Judge Tompkins grant Ma an adjournment?

By 9:45 everything was set. Squire Mason, bandaged as to one arm, and using a cane, limped up the steps and made his way to the counsel table amid an ominous silence. Sheriff Higgins, chewing the official gum, glared around the crowded room.

"If I hear any more hissing," quoth he, "I'll throw everybody out!" And thereupon everyone hissed!

The clock on the rear wall of the court room moved imperceptibly to ten o'clock, Judge Tompkins ascended the bench, the roll of the jury was called, and still no Mr. Tutt! Ma was in despair.

"Mason versus Town of Pottsville, *et al.*," called out His Honor.

"Ready for the plaintiff," responded Squire Mason, laboring to his feet by means of his cane. "The action has been discontinued against all parties except the defendant Best. I am ready to proceed."

Judge Tompkins looked inquiringly at Ma. "I see that you are represented by Mr. Ephraim Tutt," said he. "Do you expect him to be here?"

"He promised to come," she replied. "I don't know where he can be!"

"When did you see him last?"

"Last evenin' at suppertime," answered Ma helplessly. "I guess he must of gone off fishing!"

"Well," declared His Honor, "I don't see how we can force you to trial without counsel. Do you, Squire Mason?"

"You oughtn't to hold me responsible for his not bein' here," replied Mason wrathfully. "If Mr. Tutt isn't enough interested in this case to stop fishing for a few hours the defendant had better substitute other counsel for him. There's just as good lawyers in this town as there are in New York!"

"That's all right!" retorted His Honor. "But I'm not going to penalize the defendant either. I'll grant an adjournment ——"

"Hold on a minute!" shouted Mason, waving his arms and obviously forgetting in his excitement that he was supposed to be disabled. "To adjourn the case would work a great hardship on me. I have brought expert medical witnesses from a long distance and at much expense!" He pointed to the three graybeards sitting in a row on the front bench. "I have subpœnaed some twenty local witnesses as to the facts. It wouldn't be fair to make me bring 'em all here over again when—as everybody knows—there's no defense. Mrs. Best won't deny that she was driving her car without a license when she run into me. . . . Ask her! The only question is one of damages, and any lawyer could cross-examine my witnesses if he had a couple of hours' preparation. Why not call the case, put a jury in the box, and then adjourn until two o'clock? Mrs. Best can retain a lawyer in the meantime."

"There is a good deal of force in what Squire Mason says," remarked Judge Tompkins. "What do you say, Mrs. Best? It is highly desirable that we should not bring all these witnesses here again. Will you try and get another lawyer by afternoon?"

Squire Mason nodded and beamed.

"We'll try to make a little headway," said His Honor. "Fill the jury box, Mr. Wadhams, and let Squire Mason examine the talesmen, so that those who are disqualified for any reason, need not be detained any longer than is necessary."

"Perhaps I'd better make a general statement about the nature of the case," said Mason, confident that things were going his way, and that the tide in his affairs if taken at the flood would lead on to fortune. If he could only rush the case through before Mr. Tutt got back, it might mean thousands of dollars in his pocket.

"It may save time. I see no objection. Go ahead!" said His Honor. "I would be glad to learn something of the case myself."

The squire turned to the assembled talesmen. "Gentlemen of the jury," he began, "this is an action for dam——"

He stopped short. From outside came a burst of cheers: "'Sister Anne! Sister Anne! Do you see anyone coming?'" "Hurray for Mr. Tutt!"—"Soak it to the old skinflint"—"Lambast the old son of a gun!" came through the windows, creating, strangely enough, no confusion whatever in the minds of the spectators as to whom these latter admonitions referred to. Speech, for once, failed the squire. It was hard luck for him if Tutt had come back, but after all, he consoled himself, it wasn't going to make any difference in the result.

"Hurray! Hurray for Mr. Tutt!" yelled the crowd, stampeding for the door of the court room and bearing the old lawyer helplessly along with them.

"For dam—ages," finished the squire inaudibly, as Old Man Tutt appeared in the doorway arrayed in full fishing regalia, including khaki jacket, rubber waders, creel, net and rod. Removing his ancient gray felt hat, he made his way to the rail.

"Good morning, Your Honor! . . . Good morning, squire! . . . I crave your pardon for being late, but the fact is that I was unexpectedly, and unavoidably detained. If, however, you will forgive my appearance, I am quite ready to proceed with the case."

"Well, I've no objection, if your adversary hasn't," smiled Judge Tompkins. "Go ahead, Squire Mason, and select your jury. No, I forgot! Go on with your remarks!"

But the squire seemed to have lost interest in his contemplated speech.

"We might as well proceed in the usual way," he said rather feebly.

So the box was filled with twelve good and true hard-boiled citizens who without exception solemnly assured Squire Mason that they were lovers of all mankind, including himself, without regard to character, business or profession, religion or politics, and that it would be a cinch for them to do perfect justice between him and Ma Best, and that they could treat a Democrat as well as a Republican, and would not favor the defendant because she was a woman, and that they had heard nothing whatever about the case, or about the Brotherhood of Abyssinian Mysteries or the Sacred Camels of King Menelik—whatever that may have had to do with it—and that they had never stopped over to or taken a meal at the Phœnix House or spoken to the defendant Mrs.—Ma—Best, or been convicted of a crime or done anything they should not have done, or heard anything whatever which would prejudice them against the unfortunate plaintiff whose damages they would be called upon to assess.

"I'll take the first twelve that come along!" said Mr. Tutt, nodding to the triple quartet of supermen in the box. "Go right ahead, squire, and expound your wrongs!"

Accordingly the jury were sworn and Squire Mason once more arose and, while Mr. Tutt feigned to fall fast asleep—as perhaps he really was!—recounted the story of his misfortunes, including the injuries to his sartorius longus and *pons asinorum*, and then requested permission to reverse the order of proof and to call his witnesses a little out of order so that they might get back to their patients as soon as possible. Doctor Dignum, step up here, please!

Doctor Dignum was a sour-visaged desiccated medico with a soiled rattish-yellow beard, who looked as if he had stepped out of the Eden Musée, but as a witness he proved to be an unqualified wow. He had attended practically all the universities and medical schools in the known world, had read everything in every language, including the Scandinavian, and there was nothing connected with therapeutics, biology, microbiology, surgery, immunology or psychoanalysis that he did not know intimately. He was not one of those of whom it could be said that:

A pancreas on the human rim
A yellow pancreas was to him
And it was nothing more.

Far from it! If injured, said pancreas became instantly to Doctor Dignum the basis of a one-hundred-thousand-dollar suit for damages. He swore not only that he had examined the squire's gastro-intestinal tract and analyzed the contents thereof, but had studied his entire anatomy as well, including his coccyx, and that in his expert opinion, as a result of the shock, of the collision, and being knocked into the swamp, and the consequent exposure to which he had been exposed, the Honorable Hezekiah would be permanently disabled and his earning capacity impaired for the rest of his natural life.

In similar fashion Doctors Watts and Tuzzy gave evidence, estimating the squire's damages just referred to as nearly equal to that of the Johnstown Flood, throughout all of which testimony Mr. Tutt gently dozed and, some said, mildly snored, to awake only at the judge's query of:

"Have you anything to ask in cross-examination?"

"Nothing!" murmured Mr. Tutt sleepily.

"Then may my witnesses go back to Utica?" inquired the squire in some surprise.

"They may go to—Utica!" said Mr. Tutt, winking at the jury.

VI

AT LAST the crucial moment arrived when Squire Mason, somewhat nervously it must be confessed, ascended the witness chair, and in a weak and permanently injured voice—as part of his injuries—told the sad story of the catastrophe of Friday, the thirteenth day of May.

"Will you concede that your client was driving without a license?" asked Judge Tompkins, addressing the defense.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Tutt.

His Honor raised his eyebrows.

"Merely for the purpose of shortening the trial, may I inquire if you are willing to concede that she was guilty of negligence and that the plaintiff was exercising due care?"

"I am," agreed Mr. Tutt, while the jury stared at him, and the crowd on the benches breathed hard. He must be asleep to concede away his case like that!

"Then am I to understand that this proceeding is merely in the nature of an inquest to assess damages?"

"Not at all!"

Judge Tompkins sank back. "Very well, then! Cross-examine."

Mr. Tutt stood up and faced the Honorable Hezekiah. The two ancient adversaries looked into each other's eyes.

"Mr. Mason," began Mr. Tutt, "I gather from your opening address and your subsequent testimony that you claim that this unfortunate accident was due to the joint negligence of the town of Pottsville, of one Oscar Giddings, and of my client, Mrs. Best?"

"I do," answered the squire, his confidence once more regained. "However, I've discontinued the action so far as the town and Giddings are concerned."

"I am aware of that. How long have you known Mr. Giddings?"

"A long time—ten years anyhow."

"He is a very poor man, isn't he?"

"Yes. That's the reason I didn't want to be too hard on him."

"You didn't think it would be worth while, did you?"

"Partly that."

"You didn't entertain any such charitable sentiment toward my client, Mrs. Best?"

"No, she's a rich woman!" snapped the squire.

"Owns the Phœnix Hotel?"

"I believe so."

"A valuable property?"

"So-so."

"You've got a mortgage on it for ten thousand dollars which falls due next May?"

"Yep."

"What was the consideration given by you for that mortgage?"

(Continued on Page 69)

8-77 Roadster $1395

125 INCH WHEELBASE. 71 MILES AN HOUR.
YOU DO NOT HAVE TO CLIMB OVER THE FENDER. THERE IS A REAR DOOR.

IN building Auburn cars today we go to unprecedented extremes in order to make Auburn's value BEYOND COMPARISON. Having gained leadership over competition we are determined to STAY there, so that there will be no doubt as to what car gives the MOST for the money. By "most" we mean EVERYTHING you demand of a car. We invite you to inspect and DRIVE the new Auburn, and if it does not give MORE than any other car, you will not be asked to buy.

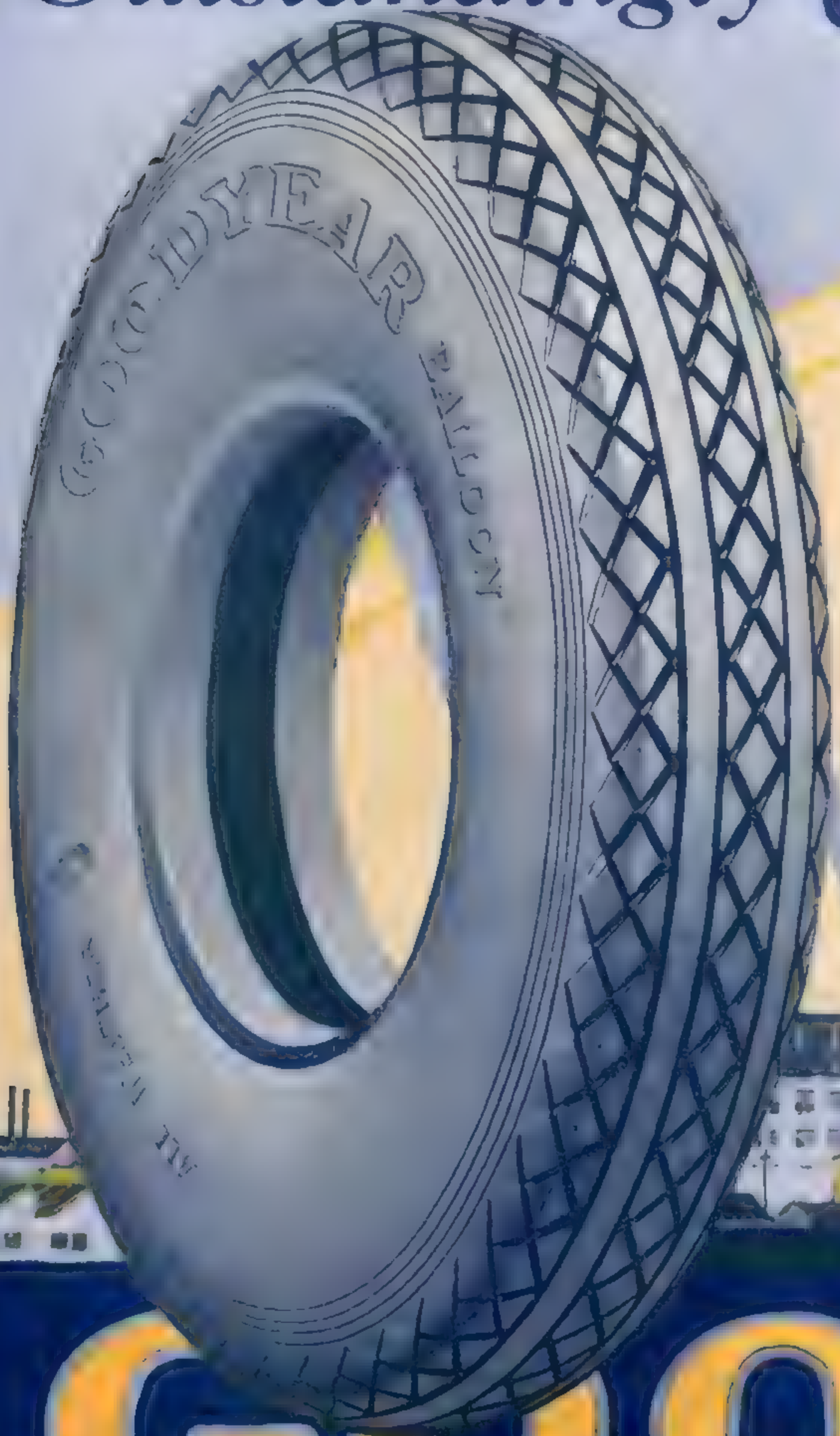
AUBURN

America's Fastest Stock Car

6-66 Roadster $1095; 6-66 Sport Sedan $1195; 6-66 Cabriolet $1295; 6-66 Sedan $1295; 8-77 Roadster $1395; 8-77 Sport Sedan $1495; 8-77 Cabriolet $1595 8-77 Sedan $1695; 8-88 Roadster $1995; 8-88 Sport Sedan $2095; 8-88 Cabriolet $2095; 8-88 Sedan $2195; 8-88 7-Pass. Sedan $2595. Freight, Tax and Equipment Extra

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

Outstandingly the



COMING from a company the size and character of Goodyear, the statement which heads this advertisement is doubly significant.

It is issued only after testing its complete truth and weighing its full meaning in terms of the highest public interest.

This *is* the greatest tire Goodyear has ever made!

By the resources and skill devoted to its manufacture, by the experience, research and authority represented in its advanced design, we believe we may properly say also it is the greatest tire the world has so far seen.

This is the new Goodyear balloon tire with the new-type All-Weather Tread!

The first big advantage of this great

GOOD

Goodyear

greatest tire Goodyear ever made

tire is *traction.* Safe, surefooted, skidless, the sharp-edged diamond-shaped blocks in the tread's center *seize, grip* and *hang on.*

The second big advantage is *long slow even tread wear,* as opposed to the "cupping" and "pot holes" until now characteristic of wear in many balloons.

The third big advantage is *freedom from structural failure* and similar troubles, such as casing rupture and shoulder breaks.

These major benefits proceed from the *new-type* semi-flat tread with its heavily ribbed All-Weather pattern, and from the amazingly durable and elastic SUPERTWIST cords of which the casing is made.

Not only is the tread on this new tire the survivor from *eighty separate and individual designs* tested under harshest service, but the tire as a whole is heir to all the lessons learned in operating the Goodyear tire-testing fleet last year a total of 5,400,000 tire-miles.

In every particular, therefore, this *new-type* All-Weather Tread Goodyear is the true exemplar of the most progressive tire company in the world:

—the company which has never been halted in its onward sweep to leadership and which in recent years has steadily increased its pace

—which has made and placed into service nearly 100,000,000 tires, millions more than any other maker

—which alone uses nearly one-seventh of all the crude rubber produced annually on the earth, almost 50% more than any other manufacturer

—which every year for the last ten years has made and sold more tires than any other company in the world

—which focuses on development, chemical research and service work the largest engineering body of its kind

—which operates its own cotton plantation, textile mills, rubber plantation, coal mines, factories and branches, to the end of delivering the tire-user the greatest possible value for his dollar.

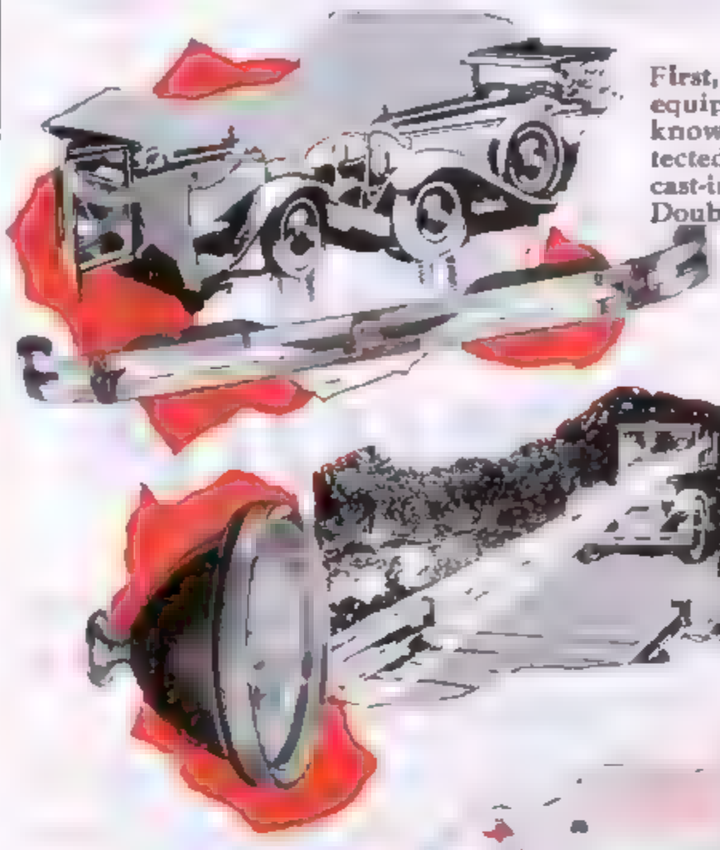
These facts and others like them explain why it is supremely meaningful to say the new All-Weather Tread Goodyear Balloon is the greatest tire Goodyear has ever made.

It is outstandingly the newest, tested reason why *more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind!*

STEWART-WARNER

World's Largest Manufacturers of Motor Car Accessories

When You Take That Tour— *You'll Need These Safety Accessories*



First, and most important of all, be sure your car is equipped with Stewart-Warner Bumpers. You never know what the other driver may do, so be fully protected. Stewart-Warner Bumpers are all-steel—no cast-iron parts to snap under the force of a blow. Double or triple-bar models, and rear Fender Guards, finished in lustrous, lasting nickel. Quickly installed by your car or accessory dealer.

When driving after sunset you will realize the necessity and convenience of having a reliable driving-light, to point out the dangers on strange roads—to use instead of blinding headlights—to read road-sign directions. Should you be making camp, the illumination provided by this Stewart-Warner Light will prove invaluable. Price $8.00. A special fog light also sells at $8.00.

Driving through traffic-crowded streets or on unfamiliar highways, with sharp, blind curves, you will need a quick-acting horn, with plenty of volume and a distinctive tone. The deep-throated, staccato warning note of this big Stewart-Warner Vibrator Horn is heard everywhere. It is rapidly replacing the slow-acting motor horn. Your dealer can install one while you wait. Only $7.25.

When you encounter rough roads or the detours that it seems impossible to miss, then you will doubly appreciate your Stewart-Warner Shock Absorbers. In the Stewart-Warner models there is no frictional wear on the strap. This eliminates breakage and the necessity for constant adjustment. $15 per pair. West of 100° meridian, $15.50 per pair.

Protect yourself against the danger of driving through blinding rain by equipping your car with a Stewart-Warner Automatic Windshield Cleaner. Just turn the control button and the blade sweeps swiftly, steadily across the windshield, exerting an even pressure that leaves the glass crystal-clear—insuring perfect vision and safety. Vacuum Model $4.25. Electric Model $8.50. $8.75 west of 100° meridian.

The towns through which you will drive all have various speed-limits. To avoid delays and fines for unintentional speeding, you should have an accurate speedometer or know that the one on your car is in perfect working order. Ask your dealer or garage-man to have your speedometer inspected at an Authorized Stewart-Warner Service Station, where factory-trained mechanics have special servicing equipment. For Ford Cars, special models are offered at $9.00 and $12.50. Western prices, $9.25 and $13.00.

Have You Heard the Stewart-Warner Matched-Unit Radio?

The combination of Receiver, Reproducer and Tubes, all made by one manufacturer to work together in perfect harmony, gives results that will surprise and delight you. It is radio reception—as it should be. *Both cabinet and console models.*

If, during your tour, you should require immediate service on some Stewart-Warner product, you will find it always close at hand. Authorized Stations are located in all principal cities of the United States and Canada. Be sure you deal with an Authorized Station, either direct, or through your dealer. This unequaled service organization is one big reason why car owners demand Stewart-Warner equipment. When you want quality accessories, backed up by real service, look for the Stewart-Warner name.

Stewart-Warner

The Trade-mark of Safety

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N, 1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 64)

Squire Mason addressed the court, "I object. What's that got to do with it?"

"I will allow it—on the question of possible bias."

The Honorable Hezekiah compressed his lips. "I took it in settlement of my claim against her father, Doc Bellows; he swindled me."

"Out of how much?"

"I reckon he cost me over ten thousand dollars."

"Isn't it the fact that you only lost five thousand and that you blackmailed my client out of the balance by threatening to send her father to prison?"

"I did not. He was goin' anyway!"

The old lawyer shrugged his high shoulders. "H'm! He went anyway! I concede that!"

Mr. Tutt took a sip of water from the tumbler beside him, then fumbled in his trousers pockets and drew forth a wrinkled piece of paper.

"Did you make an independent settlement with Giddings?"

The squire flushed slightly. "I did," he admitted cautiously.

"How much did you get out of him?"

"I let him off for sixty-five dollars."

"Didn't think you could squeeze any more out of him, did you?"

The Honorable Hezekiah once more appealed to the judge. "I object to that question!" he snapped.

"You needn't answer it, then!" bowed Mr. Tutt

"Did you, in return for Giddings' sixty-five dollars, give him a receipt?"

"I did."

"Is this it?" Mr. Tutt smoothed out the paper and stepped toward the witness.

"Let me see it," interjected Judge Tompkins, holding out his hand.

Silence ensued while he perused the document. Squire Mason tried to look unconcerned.

"Is this the receipt you gave to Giddings?" asked the judge finally.

"I guess so. Looks familiar!" replied Mason, in a vain attempt at jocularity.

"I offer it in evidence," announced Mr. Tutt.

"Received."

Judge Tompkins was squinting at Mason over his spectacles. The audience sensed that there was a nigger in the woodpile somewhere.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Mr. Tutt, showing the foreman the paper, "please examine this exhibit with care. I pay Squire Mason the compliment of assuming that it is not in his handwriting. . . . Am I right, squire? . . . I thought so! However, that does not affect its validity." He read it slowly so that all could hear:

i hereby sertify Oscar Giddings has give me sixti five dollres in full settlemint of his libilty for the damage he done me in the axident on may 13 HEZEKIAH MASON.

"You gave that written satisfaction to Oscar Giddings for a valuable consideration?" continued Mr. Tutt gravely, once more returning to the witness.

"Sure," replied the squire uneasily, beginning to realize that something was wrong, but not knowing what it was.

"I move that the complaint in this action be dismissed!" said Mr. Tutt quietly.

The judge swung around toward the bewildered attorney in the witness chair.

"Squire Mason, what have you to say to that?"

The Honorable Hezekiah gaped at him. "I dunno—what I—should say!" he stammered.

"Don't you realize that in accepting sixty-five dollars from Giddings in full satisfaction of his liability you released all parties?"

The squire grabbed tight the arms of his chair. For a moment he thought the court must be joking with him.

"How do you mean—all parties?"

"Are you not aware of the rule of law whereby a release and satisfaction to one of several joint tort-feasors operates to release all?"

"No-o," he stammered. "I never heard of it!"

"Evidently not! Well, whether you heard or not, that's the law!" Judge Tompkins turned to the amazed jury:

"It is an ancient and well-established rule, almost without exception in England and America, that for a single injury there can be but one recompense. When more than one unite in the commission of a wrong, each is responsible for the acts of all and for the whole damage. Also, when separate and independent acts of negligence by different people concur in perpetrating a single injury, each is fully responsible for the trespass. Courts will not undertake to apportion the damage in such cases among the joint wrongdoers. The injured party has at his election his remedy against all or any number. He may elect to look to one only, and, if he accepts from that one a benefit or property in satisfaction and release, he can go no further. He cannot have a second satisfaction. Having had reparation from one, who was responsible for all the damage, and released him, all others who were jointly, or jointly and severally, liable are also released. One satisfaction is a bar to further proceedings in the same cause of action. The plaintiff in this case, having elected to look to the defendant Giddings for his remedy and released him, cannot proceed further. He has—er—unintentionally, perhaps, released the defendant Best as well. The complaint is therefore dismissed. You are discharged with the thanks of the court. Clear the box, sheriff. Is there anything else on the calendar?"

"No, Yerroner," replied the Grand Supreme Patriarch of the Sacred Camels. "I kinder think this is enough for one day."

"Then adjourn court."

There was a wild rush forward upon the part of those present to congratulate Ma Best upon her unexpected victory. Squire Mason seized the opportunity to escape unostentatiously from the court room, and those that noticed him on his way out commented upon the fact that he walked with a vigor which showed no sign of being impaired. Judge Tompkins, in spite of the adjournment, had remained upon the bench to glance over some papers.

Mr. Tutt coughed interrogatively. "If Your Honor please, since the court is no longer in session, may I make an announcement?"

"Go as far as you like," answered the court.

Mr. Tutt faced the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Sons and Daughters of King Menelik, Brother Camels, visiting firemen, and all strangers within the gates of Pottsville, on behalf of my client, Mrs. Best, I take pleasure in stating that as soon as she can change her duds and get into a calico apron, a dole of coffee and doughnuts will be served gratis at the Phœnix Hotel to all comers from now until three o'clock. Come and eat your fill, free from the distressing thought that you are in so doing benefiting our worthy friend Squire Mason. I thank you!"

"But how can I ever thank you, Mr. Tutt!" exclaimed Ma as the crowd poured out whooping into the street. "How can I pay you for what you've done for me? There isn't anything in the world I wouldn't do for you."

"You can do one thing for me!" replied Mr. Tutt.

"All you have to do is to mention it!"

"Then take down all those dog-gone vermilion birds you've got hanging from the trees between here and Patterson—'eat signs,' I believe they're called—and rip that green uniform off Ulysses and paint out the blue stripes on the front of the Phœnix and put a muffler on the radio. Modern comfort isn't half so good as the old-fashioned kind. Don't you agree with me, judge?"

"Er—what was that?" inquired His Honor, looking up from the document before him. Then he sniffed and wrinkled his nose. "For Pete's sake, Eph, what's that infernal—pugh!—smell?"

Mr. Tutt somewhat shamefacedly lifted his creel from beneath the table. "Darn if I didn't forget all about those trout!" he explained.

"What made you so late?"

Mr. Tutt pulled out a couple of stogies and handed one to the judge.

"Do you know that big pool halfway up Chasm Brook?"

"Do I!" retorted His Honor, lighting one of the stogies.

"Well," went on Mr. Tutt, lighting the other stogy, "we were driving over the hill on our way back this morning, and I just couldn't resist trying a cast or two. So I sneaked up to the pool and—gosh, you should 'a' seen the rise I got!"

"Hook him?" demanded Tompkins excitedly.

"Sure, I hooked him! But," he added ruefully, "he got away!"

Judge Tompkins regarded his friend thoughtfully.

"Say, Eph," he remarked, "I knew there was something I wanted to ask you. How do you spell 'certify'?"

A slight pull opens the hinge flap half way
then pour the milk this way
PERFECTION
a gentle pressure returns it to its original position

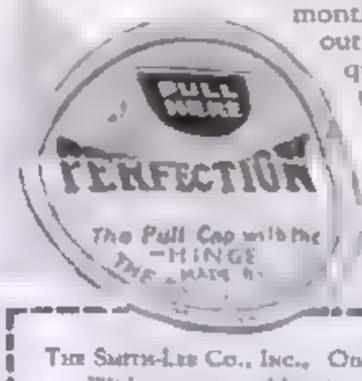
PERFECTION
PULL *and* HINGE CAP

provides safe protection for your milk until the bottle is completely emptied!

Unlike the old style cap, the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP need never be punctured or removed from the bottle. A gentle pull opens the hinged flap for pouring, a slight pressure re-seals the bottle as securely as when it left the dairy. Milk is never left exposed to ever-present dust and contamination—a protective feature that every housewife will appreciate.

A Month's Supply FREE!

Thousands of progressive dairymen and dealers now use the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP because of its added safety and convenience. If yours does not yet use it, let us send you a month's supply without charge. You will quickly urge him to adopt it too, once you see how convenient and safe it is.



Use coupon below.

THE SMITH-LEE CO., INC., Oneida, New York
Without cost or obligation, please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps.

Name

Address

City ..... State

Canadian Manufacturers: THE ARMOUR COMPANY (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

In Yosemite National Park, California

Ordinary Lather

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

Colgate Lather

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

"Small-bubble" lather *makes shaving simple*

COLGATE bubbles are wringing wet; and water softens beard, says science. These tiny bubbles get down deep where whiskers sprout out—soak them soft at base—razor whisks them off. See lather pictures above.

How "small-bubble" lather works. The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

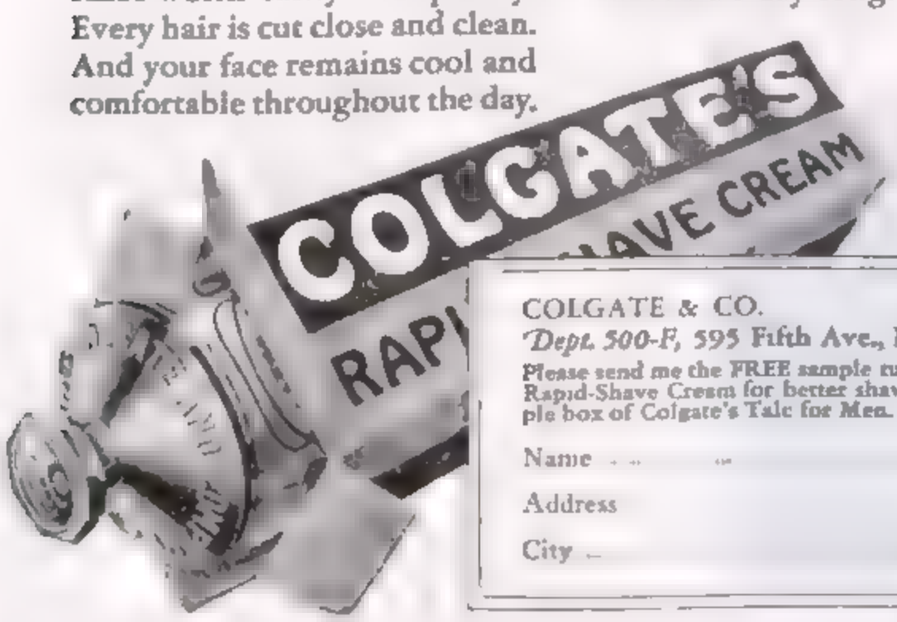
2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

FREE
A WEEK'S SHAVES

Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

EXTRA DIVIDEND! We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.



Colgate & Co. Est 1806

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 500-F, 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.
Name
Address
City State

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

THE NEW SCIENCE OF EXPORTING

(Continued from Page 37)

charges from the floor of the factory to the hold of the ship; others included these costs in the quoted price. Of those who included these costs some also included insurance while others did not.

Such uncertainties not only called for voluminous correspondence but they also gave rise to spirited disputes. For example, if a firm in Buenos Aires had been doing business with British exporters for a long time, the term "f. a. s." had a definite meaning, which the South Americans quite naturally assumed was universal. They were astounded and chagrined to find that it was not. Still more annoying would be the discovery that trade terms which are used all over the world did not have uniform interpretation even in all sections of the United States alone.

Eventually a conference was held to straighten out this difficulty. Among those participating were delegates representing the National Foreign Trade Council, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Manufacturers Export Association, the Philadelphia Commercial Museum, the American Exporters and Importers Association, the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, the New York Produce Exchange and the New York Merchants Association. The conference adopted on December 16, 1919, exact definitions of all the technical trade terms in use by exporters, and these definitions were communicated to commercial attachés, consuls, ministers and ambassadors, and business men all over the world. In print of ordinary size, they cover only seven pages of a little pamphlet that fits conveniently into an official-size envelope; to be specific, the pages are nine inches long and about three inches wide. Judged by its effect upon American export trade, it is doubtful if a more important document exists.

The next great step toward catching up with the Europeans was the devising of a uniform letter of credit. About ten years ago an investigation brought to light the interesting fact that there were thirty-two forms of letters of credit in common usage by American exporters, and all these forms implied different trade practices. Today there is one approved form. If anyone wishes to specify some special condition or variation essential to his particular business, there is a place in the form where he may write his reservations, but the fundamental uniformity is none the less preserved. By this simple step, which did not even call for a national conference, endless disputes were obviated.

Cable Versus Wheelbarrow

At a glance, these two accomplishments seem ridiculously simple, and yet they represent very notable examples of American initiative and ingenuity, for they brought about with the brevity of a pen stroke what Europe had labored centuries to accomplish by the trial-and-error system.

Next, and almost equal in importance, the problem of packing goods for shipment was attacked in the same way—that is to say, by conference and scientific study. Not only business men but the Forestry Service joined in this work. In a very short time there was produced a voluminous literature on the subject of how to prepare goods for export—what size crates to use, how the crates should be fastened together, how tough the wood should be, what weight limits and dimensions are indicated where the goods must complete their journey on the backs of donkeys. Where once the American exporter did not even know that his goods would ever ride on a donkey, today he can know, if he will be intelligent enough to ask, just how many miles the donkey must travel, and over what kind of roads.

About fifteen years ago a strong man could have carried on his back all the really important literature on the subject of foreign trade ever printed in this country. By "important" I mean the sort of books and pamphlets that an export manager would find of immediate practical value. Today there are enormous volumes that merely list the important American publications dealing with this subject, and scarcely any of these lists pretend to be complete. It is doubtful if any other country in the world is so well supplied with up-to-the-minute authentic information designed to aid an export manager in the discharge of his duties.

Fifteen years ago American business men said: "Oh, well, the Germans and the English and the French and all those fellows over there just naturally understand how to go about this thing. They've got more information stowed away in filing cabinets than we'd be able to gather in a lifetime."

Now the Germans and the English and the French are saying to one another: "We ought to go at this thing as the Americans do. When conditions change, they disseminate the information by cable, while we trundle it around in a wheelbarrow."

Learning From the Americans

And the important point right here is not that the Europeans have gone backward—for they haven't—but that conditions have been changing with such dizzy rapidity during all the comparatively few years that American export trade has been counted in the billions that their ways are not so efficient as they used to be. Up to 1914 the European systems of gathering and distributing information were entirely adequate—indeed, they were excellent—while ours were for the most part poor or nonexistent. Now ours are adequate and steadily improving while theirs will have to be revolutionized. As proof of the assertion, note this from a correspondent of the London Economist:

"British exporters cannot study the figures of British and American exports to Latin-American markets without experiencing some discomfiture at the progress of transatlantic competitors in markets that were once largely in their own hands. Is it possible to regain those lost markets? It is, if an aggressive policy is pursued by the British Government and by producers and merchants of Great Britain.

"In view of the fact that the United States has consuls, trade commissioners and special trade investigators far in excess of the number of our own officials, would it not be well to augment the number of the latter and thus assist our manufacturers and merchants in their endeavors to procure a larger share of trade with Latin America? Anyone familiar with the exhaustive reports issued by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Washington, will readily appreciate the valuable assistance rendered to the business community of the United States by its commercial representatives. To contend that British houses have for so long been cognizant of the requirements of Latin America that no additional information could be furnished is to ignore numerous factors that are continually changing, the most important of which is the origin of the people's imports. Further, the development of the countries' resources calls for large quantities of commodities outside and additional to the ordinary merchandise imported.

"It is fashionable in some quarters to underestimate the labors of the Pan-American Union and to treat lightly the beneficial effects of those labors upon the commercial life of the United States on the export side. In the library of this institute there are over 100,000 volumes, and

(Continued on Page 73)

Pat. Mar. 28, '16; Feb. 14, '22; Apr. 10, '23.
Schrader
Balloon Tire
Gauge
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The Schrader Tire Gauge has been standard for years. It is dependable, inexpensive, easy to carry and use. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Calibrated in 1-lb. units—10 to 50 lbs. Made with ball foot—easy to use on ANY type wheel.

ACCURATE...*and built to stand the gaff!*

HERE'S a tire gauge you can trust. A gauge built for its job. A gauge that will stand rough usage and still give reliable, accurate service.

Schrader Gauges operate on the simplest possible principle—"direct action."

The air enters the air chamber. Strikes directly against the plunger indicator. And your tire pressure is registered to the pound.

There are no delicate parts. No complicated mechanism. Thus there is nothing to get out of order. No chance to break down under rough garage use.

Buy one of these gauges today. And use it regularly—at least once a week. We suggest Friday as tire-testing day. Friday, because most tires do their hardest work over the week-end.

Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London

IT WAS almost inevitable that Cadillac engineers, in their long search and experimentation to determine the most efficient engine principle, should have adopted the 90-degree, V-type engine. As distinctive in performance-results as it is in principle, this most successful of all fine engines is undoubtedly the keystone of Cadillac's dominance of the really fine car market. It is equally true that Cadillac alone can produce such an engine without the penalty of excessive cost. To anyone but Cadillac, with its wonderful volume—*fully one-half of all the fine cars sold in America*—the 90-degree engine is prohibitive, because of the equipment it requires, the precision it compels, and the materials it demands.

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Cadillac and LaSalle Motor Cars

(Continued from Page 70)

there is hardly a natural resource or an industry or a phase of Latin-American life that has not been dealt with in those publications. Trade bulletins are constantly published, and the information therein contained is the latest available, resulting from contributions by well-informed writers and by special emissaries of the Union periodically sent on tours of investigation to each of the twenty Latin republics.

"Through the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce and the Pan-American Union the business houses of the United States are afforded an invaluable medium of education. So little is known in Great Britain of the life, customs and commercial requirements of the Spanish and Portuguese peoples across the Atlantic that ample scope exists for educational work, both by the British Government and some organization similar to the Pan-American Union. Everything possible should be done to assist British exporters in markets the value of which is infinitesimal compared with their magnitude in the near future, when the evolution of these comparatively undeveloped countries proceeds in earnest."

And here is additional testimony from the Frankfurter Zeitung: "Whoever enters the eleven-story building on Pennsylvania Avenue"—the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce—"leaves with the conviction that here we have real servants of the people. Thousands of inquiries arrive every day and thousands of answers leave every day." The Zeitung adds that no other country has a similar organization. And here for all these many, many years we have been taking it for granted that our people were just bungling amateurs who made an expensive mess of this science!

Decades ago, when only a few American firms carried on export trade of impressive proportions, they discovered that it was extremely difficult to get their advertising, their booklets and their form letters, particularly those which gave directions for the use of their products, accurately translated. They would send out this typed or printed matter after having gone to great expense to have it prepared, and back would come letters of criticism giving them the raucous horselaugh because it was so inaccurate. Not being linguists, and knowing that European exporters seemed to be doing somewhat better in the markets they wanted to invade, they were inclined to pessimism.

"Oh, rats!" they'd say. "We don't know how to do this thing. Here we have used a Spanish word that seems to be all right in Mexico, but evidently it doesn't mean the same thing in Argentina. The Germans seem to handle those problems with the utmost ease, but for us they are a Chinese puzzle."

The Fried-Fish Road

During the last decade, however, American exporters have made such tremendous progress in establishing agencies and subagencies all over the world that they now get reports on the printed matter and form letters sent out by their European competitors, and to their amazement they discover that the Germans and the English and the French are no more perfect in the matter of translation than they are; consequently their traditional presumption of inferiority is disappearing.

This problem of translation is not a cinch for anybody. A few years ago American business men undertook the task of compiling what might be called a dictionary of mechanical, electrical and scientific terms used in South America. The work is not completed and it probably never will be; in fact, it ought not to be unless inventive genius dies. But the point to be made here is that the European nations, for all their centuries of experience, had never undertaken anything quite comparable to this; and unless they do, the time is coming when the vast majority of Spanish and Portuguese technical terms, particularly those relating to machinery, will be none other than the ones set down in the authoritative volumes prepared by North Americans and South Americans sitting in conference. The importance of such work can scarcely be overestimated.

Some seventeen years ago, when I lived in the city of Mexico, I remember reading a business document relating to the building of a railroad, and it contained several references to fishplates. As I understand it, a fishplate is that little piece of steel which is used to fasten two rails together. This document had been written originally in English and then translated into Spanish, and the innocent translator had tackled "fishplates" with a literal translation.

Now there are two words for "fish" in Spanish; one means a live fish swimming in the water and the other means a fish that has been caught. In common usage, however, the word for a "fish" that has been caught generally meant a cooked fish; at least that was true in Mexico. And so this document, which was intended to be very formal and businesslike solemnly promised that the rails of the proposed railway would be properly secured with steel bolts of a certain size and number inserted in and bolted to slabs of fried fish.

A Dot on the Map

The Mexicans who read it howled with delight. Their word for "fishplate" at that time was "fishplate," and probably it still is. No Spanish equivalent existed. Whether that is true now I do not know. This is an example of what can happen, and, indeed, for decades had been happening in the absence of agreement as to the meaning of technical terms Grammars and ordinary dictionaries are of little service in this field. Here we deal with an ever-new and ever-growing language. It is a tribute to the sound, practical common sense of the American business man that just as soon as he entered the export field on a large scale he called the linguists into conference.

Thus far I have described only those efforts which were designed to master the problems common to all exporting nations. In about ten years the Americans have caught up with the procession and laid the foundation for eventual leadership. In some details they are already ahead. But none of the advantages resulting therefrom would be sufficient in themselves to drive out competition; it is good work, but it isn't sensational, except from a European point of view. To them it is amazing because it has been accomplished in such a short time.

To the average American exporter, however, it seems to have taken a disgustingly long time. He knows very well that it could just as well have been done in a few weeks. Getting coöperation between the business men in this country was the big job; that was what took years. Once coöperation was obtained, such little tricks as defining f. a. s. and devising a uniform letter of credit consumed only a few days. With those jobs out of the way, the exporter had removed the carbon from his cylinders and could really go ahead. From that time on he began to revolutionize the art and the science of foreign commerce, until today Europe is either bewildered or feverishly struggling to understand the new ways of doing business.

The principal difficulty I shall encounter in describing this revolution is not the foreign setting, nor the novelty, but on the contrary, its lack of novelty to Americans. When you go to your local dealer to purchase an automobile the guaranty that goes with it is not the dealer's; it is given by the manufacturing firm. The sales argument he makes is not his; it was given to him by the manufacturing firm. If a defect were to develop in that automobile and you sued the dealer, the manufacturing firm would be very much distressed. The dealer is just a little dot on the map, one of thousands. The manufacturing firm's profit on your automobile is small change, but the national reputation of the product is worth millions.

Goodwill is no longer an intangible or imponderable asset. A going concern that has it can borrow money on it at the bank, and not a week passes without some American firm being sold and listing among its assets, just as though it were part of the plant, goodwill, so many thousands or millions of dollars. This is the theory of business that has been carried into foreign fields, and out of it have come the new practices.

Let me cite a specific example taken from the report of a British commercial agent in Australia. An English dentist there, he writes, wanted to buy an X-ray machine. Being familiar with British products in that line, he went to a British agent, who showed him a catalogue and quoted prices. The machine could be ordered by cable and would arrive on the next steamer. With it would come explicit directions that any competent electrician could understand. So said the catalogue, and the dealer was authorized to promise that the catalogue was correct.

With this information under his hat, the English dentist went to the agent of a group of American firms. The latter had a showroom maintained by the firms he represented. In it, among other things, was an X-ray machine already set up and in operation. It was there to be shown to any prospective customer. If it were sold, another one was to be ordered immediately by the dealer, but there must be no delay in delivery to the purchaser. Also there was a technical man representing the manufacturing firm, and his services were at the disposal of all the agencies in Australia; a telegram or telephone message would bring him at once.

The American firm did not permit anyone except its own experts to install its machinery. No sale was considered complete until the machine had been operated in the presence of the buyer and to his entire satisfaction. If anything went wrong with the machine subsequently the buyer was to summon the expert who installed it Under no circumstances was he to employ anyone, because the firm felt a very keen interest in that machine.

Looking and Leaping

Naturally there was a charge for all this service, but it was included in the purchase price. In this particular instance, the price of the American machine was 12 per cent higher than the price of the English machine, but the Britisher modestly adds that the difference was really greater than that because the English machine was vastly superior. Not being in a position to argue the matter, we shall take his word for it. The American dealer made the sale. With these facts as his text, the Britisher proceeds to read to dear old England a lecture, and the gist of it is this:

The agent of the English firm didn't have a sales talk; he had a catalogue. He didn't have a machine; he had a picture of one. He didn't have a technical expert; he had the promise of some explicit printed directions. He wasn't a judge of competent electricians, while the American agent, by virtue of the coöperation given him by the firms he represented, was not only a judge of competent electricians but had one at his command whose work would be guaranteed by the firm that stood back of its machinery.

Even that wasn't the end of the lecture. If the English agent wished to advise the people of Australia that he had certain electrical and scientific equipment for sale, he was at liberty to do so at his own expense, while the American firms issued their own advertising and paid for it. Theirs were sales campaigns and they didn't want any local dealers writing advertising copy. They did that themselves, or rather they employed experts to do it. That X-ray machine was manufactured and sold under guaranty by So-and-So, who considered themselves the best qualified persons to state what it would do. If the local agent cared to advertise that he carried in stock So-and-So's X-ray machine, he was at

Pipe Smoker Enjoys Can of Tobacco Sixteen Years Old

Railroad agent uncovers can of certain tobacco that had been lying in baggage room since 1910

Of course, all good tobacco is aged before it is packed, but here is a case of "aged in the can."

On the strength of Mr. McDonald's letter we certainly owe our packing department a vote of commendation. For no tobacco could retain its flavor and goodness lying in a dark musty corner for sixteen years unless it had been properly packed in an absolutely airtight can.

So while someone was deprived of this particular can of tobacco for sixteen years, it did provide smoke enjoyment for an appreciative railroad cashier when it finally came to light.

Mr. McDonald's letter is reproduced below:

Waxahachie, Texas
May 18, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen.

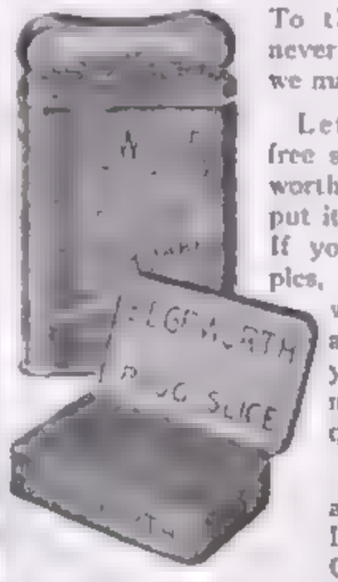
The agent while going through his plunder stored in our baggage room came across a [illegible] can of your tobacco [illegible] and made a pipe he made me a present of [illegible]

You will note the revenue stamp and your memo which was inclosed. The tobacco was put up in 1910, sixteen years ago. But it was in good shape, of remarkable flavor, and was greatly enjoyed by me.

Thought you would be interested in knowing how your tobacco held out in these days of fast living.

Yours very truly,
(signed) Gordon McDonald.

Pipe smokers prefer Edgeworth for various reasons. Some like it because its quality never changes. Some like it because of its flavor. Others smoke it because they can buy it wherever and whenever they like. Now, Mr. McDonald adds another reason—the quality and flavor of Edgeworth is sealed up everlastingly in the can.



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.

for new-found

Pep *and* Energy

This new Swiss food-drink ends afternoon "let-downs" . . gives you new energy and vigor

Please make this 3-day test

Are you letting yourself be handicapped by periods of slowed-down energy? Times during the day when you simply "lack the pep" to see things through as you should?

Seven out of ten people, it is estimated, are held back from their best work—by these all-too-common mental and physical let-downs.

Now modern science offers you a natural way to keep you "at par" right through the day and the evening's social activities. A way that picks you up almost instantly. Both mentally and physically.

It is the delicious new Swiss food-drink called Ovaltine. Contains no drugs. No artificial stimulants. A quick building-up beverage. Successful business men everywhere now drink Ovaltine. At home and at soda fountains. It rejuvenates. A 3-day test will prove it.

How this natural way overcomes "let-downs"

Mental and physical "let-downs" are mainly due to overatrained nerves or digestive unrest—or both.

Delicious Ovaltine helps to overcome this trouble. This is why:

First—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials, in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Energy returns. Your mind clears and your body responds. *That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.*

20,000 doctors recommend

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and its colonies.

More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "Pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

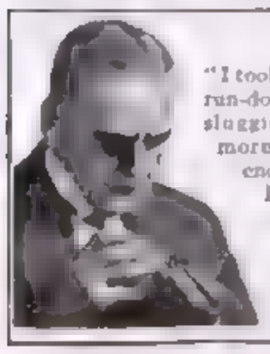
A 3-day test

Drink a cup or glass of Ovaltine whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up. There is a new zest to your work—to all your daily activities.

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

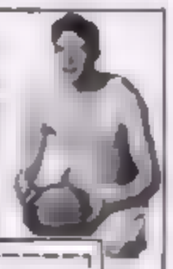
OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves



"I took Ovaltine for a general run-down condition. I felt sluggish and dizzy in the mornings. I have experienced wonderful results. I have pep to start the day out. Ovaltine is wonderful."
W F Price,
Decatur, Ill

"Since I served in the Army over seas I have continually had a tired run-down feeling. A friend of mine [illegible] me to try Ovaltine. I have been taking it for three months and I never felt better in my life. I have more pep now."
Edwin Kruse, Brooklyn, N Y.



The Wander Company, Dept. 164
57 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
Name
Street
City State
(Use coupon or print name)

Send for 3-day test

liberty to do it, but he remained a cog in a vast organization.

Before the American firms he represented ever came into that field they surveyed it and decided that there was business to be had there. Thus when they launched their enterprise success was assumed. Machines, showrooms, technical experts, repair men, spare parts, advertising, credit systems and the whole scheme of doing business were in existence before the first sale was made. That was what the British agent wrote back to London. And he said that because of these things an American dealer had sold an X-ray machine that he, the British commercial secretary, didn't think much of, to an English dentist who preferred an English machine. And not only that, he said, the English dentist paid entirely too much for that American machine. Not having any testimony from the American dealer, we can't argue these issues with the Britisher, but his report makes it very plain that he thinks something ought to be done about the matter.

There are, of course, European—and particularly British—exporting firms which give just as good service as any American firm, but the point to be made here is that service is the rule with Americans and the exception with all others. These go into a new market doubtfully, slowly, treading on tiptoes. If the market proves good, their organization expands to meet its demands, and presently there may be a certain amount of service, or even excellent service. The Americans proceed just the other way around. They first survey the market in order to find out whether it is worth going into according to their general plan of doing business. If it is, they make a drive to dominate it. As to whether they are clever enough to be successful the following paragraph published in La Nación of Buenos Aires is pertinent:

"North Americans maintain their position by meeting Argentinian conditions, a step which has astonished and alarmed their rivals, who believed them incapable of developing international practice. North Americans have rapidly modified their procedure and adapted themselves to buyers' requirements, and they have been splendidly supported by constant and instructive propaganda emanating from men eminent in public life, trade and industry—in sum, a group of farsighted and intelligent efforts, designed greatly to modify the prejudice and suspicion widely held against the policies of the United States. Of the three great nations that struggled for dominance in our market—Great Britain, Germany and the United States—the latter retains the advantage acquired during the World War, which was believed to be only temporary."

The Antique Habit

Here is a significant sentence from the report of a British commercial secretary in Chile: "If a British manufacturer, no matter how widely known he may be elsewhere, has not spent money in advertising his name and his goods, he can be sure that he is unknown to the general public of Chile." And bearing upon this point—indeed, it probably explains why British exporting firms do not use more advertising—is a very interesting sentence in the report of the British commercial secretary at Stockholm, Sweden: "Very noticeable is the British habit of overestimating the effect abroad of the date of the foundation of a firm; that this factor is valuable cannot be denied, but it should none the less be a passive factor, and not, as it is to be feared is frequently the case, allowed to do duty for a thoroughly comprehensive trading scheme containing proposals as to stocks, prices, discounts, packing and advertising."

There is overwhelming testimony from the commercial representatives of virtually every exporting nation that American advertising methods are so successful that agents and local dealers, instead of having to be sought, make application to handle American goods. They do this because they find that demand for the goods has already been created and that at least some commissions are awaiting them if they will just carry the goods in stock. In the United States, of course, this is old stuff, but in scores of foreign markets it is a bombshell.

Generous use of advertising has always been a necessity rather than a clever device for the American exporter, because, as a rule, he came to market with something utterly new. There was, for example, the sewing machine, years and years ago. Nothing like it had ever been seen before. He had to prove that there was such a thing as a sewing machine and that this funny-looking contraption was it. He not only had to prove that it would work but he had to give instruction to everyone who bought it.

Next came agricultural machinery. Reapers and binders and automatic planters were black magic. Before they could be sold, someone had to prove that such incredible machines could possibly exist. That called for advertising and very skillful propaganda. The same was true of the typewriter and office equipment too numerous to mention. Behind these came a vast horde of electrical inventions.

Trade Names in Fact

In recent years an enormous market has been developed for kitchen and household equipment that is still almost exclusively of American manufacture. In the most remote parts of the world farms and ranches are being lighted nowadays with little independent plants; water is being pumped into tanks on the housetops by the use of tiny little engines, usually operated by gasoline. Food products in tin cans, glass jars, bottles and waxed paper packages are being shipped to thousands of remote places where otherwise the diet of the people would be painfully limited during certain seasons of the year.

The nature and value of all of these goods have had to be explained. In many places this job of explaining has been so thoroughly done that the trade name of the article, or its brand, or the name of the manufacturer, has become the generic term for that product. For example, there are places where at least one home out of five has a sewing machine and no real word or phrase for "sewing machine" exists in the language of the people, because they call it by the name of the maker who first introduced it to them.

There are vast areas where American rolled oats is a staple article of diet, and scarcely anyone would know what you meant if you said rolled oats. They know it by its trade name only. This extends even to monograms used as trade-marks. For example, the customer comes in and asks for an XYZ, and the local dealer understands precisely what kind of stationary engine or buzz saw or electric fan he is ordering.

If ever the British dislodge the Americans from markets held thus firmly they will no doubt be pained and grieved to hear a customer say, "I want a John Bull brand of XYZ," for these monograms, trade-marks, brands and firm names have actually been grafted upon foreign languages not only in the Western Hemisphere but in the Orient. Slight wonder that Mr. H. O. Chalkley, commercial secretary to His Majesty's Legation in Buenos Aires, writes in a report: "In many varieties of goods in which British trade is very low there is good reason to think that firms fail to increase their trade in Argentina owing to the unwillingness to advertise. It is worth remembering that importers can scarcely refuse to take up goods that are well advertised."

Whenever and wherever there is danger of what exporters and importers call dumping, the Americans in that field are now the first to howl, although it is not so many years ago that Americans were among the foremost offenders. Caring very little for

(Continued on Page 78)

Around the face of historic "Storm King" Mountain winds the beautifully scenic Storm King Highway, which follows the Hudson River from West Point to Cornwall, New York.

Thousands of Motorists have found this Tire Economy

[*In 1926 more than twice as many motor car, bus and truck owners bought G & J Tires as in 1925. Have you discovered this tire economy?*]

WE know a man whose business takes him from New York to Buffalo and back every week. He prefers his motor car to the trains.

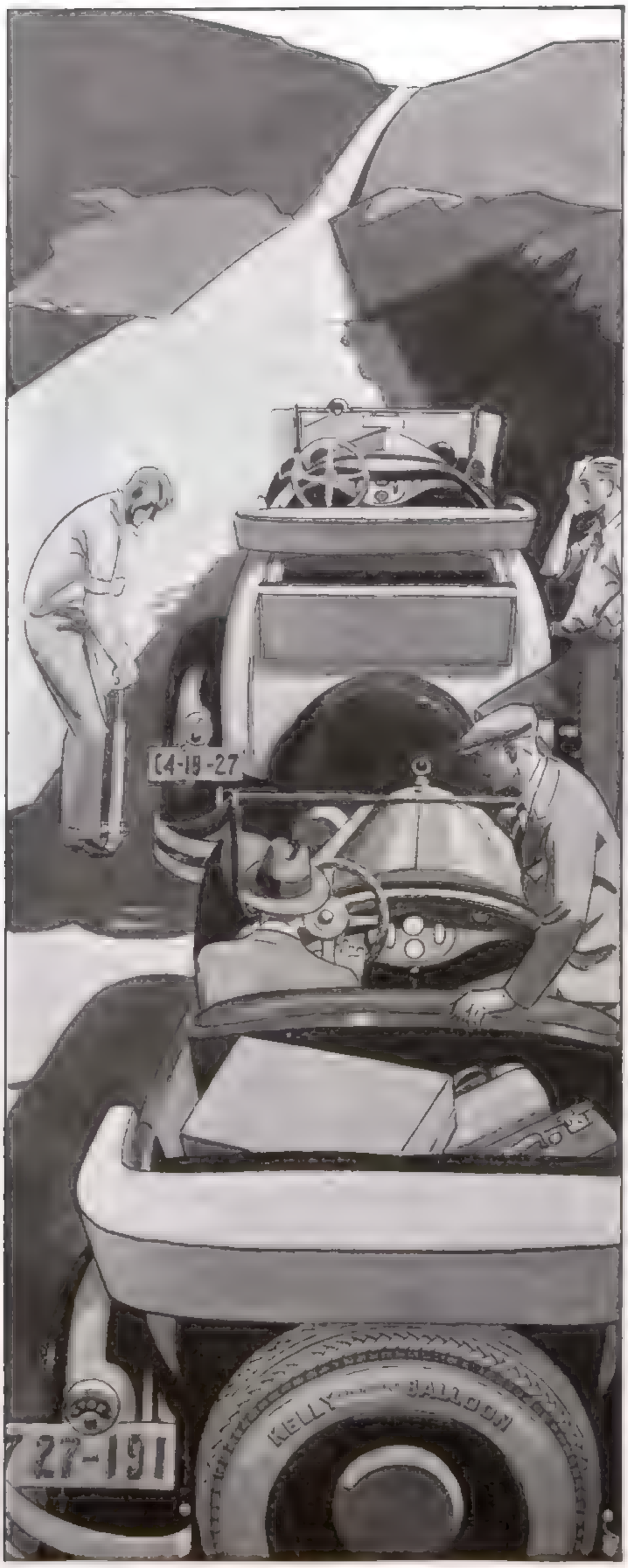
He has found his ideal of tire dependability and economy in good old G & J Tires .... So will you. Talk it over with the G & J Dealer.

G & J Balloon Cord Tires
"G" Tread Balloon Cord Tires
G & J Cord Tires
"G" Tread Cord Tires
G & J Heavy Service Cord Tires

Good Old G & J TIRES TUBES

G & J 30 x 3 and 30 x 3½ Clincher Cord Tires
"G" Tread Cord and Fabric Tires (30 x 3 and 30 x 3½)
G & J Red and Gray Tubes

G & J TIRE COMPANY, 1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY



"That's the second blowout Jerry has had since we started on this trip. I should think he would invest in a motor-driven pump."

"It would be more to the purpose if he'd invest in a set of Kelly-Springfield tires."

(Continued from Page 74)

foreign markets, they would use them occasionally to unload surplus goods at low prices. If the normal current of trade was muddied by this practice, as it almost inevitably would be, they didn't care. But now they do, because they go all the way into their foreign markets and organize with a view to remaining indefinitely. Each year's business is valued not only for the immediate profit it brings but as part of the general sales campaign. They don't want anybody to come along with a shipload of goods and put on a fire sale.

Oddly enough, the American parcel post, which was designed primarily for the benefit of our own rural population, is now playing an extremely important part in the growth of our foreign trade. Literally millions of little shipments go out of our ports to foreign countries every year by parcel post, although this form of exporting is scarcely started. In fact, there are quite a number of potentially important markets where the necessary arrangements between the local and United States Post Office departments have not yet been made. Shipment by parcel post brings two very important advantages. One is that small quantities can be handled; the other is that frequent shipments enable the buyer to keep up with the latest styles.

With the certainty of steady improvement and expansion of facilities for transportation and communication, there is scarcely any limit to the possibilities of foreign trade. In 1913 the total foreign commerce of the seventy-two nations which carried on virtually all this form of trade was $19,466,300,000. In 1925 the total for the same seventy-two nations was $30,215,200,000; but when proper allowance is made for the difference in the purchasing power of money, the two figures are just about equal, so that it took twelve years to regain the position held just before the World War. Using these figures as a basis, Henry M. Robinson, of the National Foreign Trade Council, estimates that the cumulative deficit from what would have been the sum of world exports, had the actual growth from 1900 to 1913 gone steadily on through the year 1925 without the interruption of a World War, reaches the staggering sum of $210,000,000,000 If there is to be another World War, of course such computations as these are a waste of time; but if the world intends to go ahead on a basis of peace these figures at least give some slight indication of what the foreign commerce of the future will be.

Fishhooks and Matches

Already the United States has more of it than any other country. What it may amount to ten years from now no one can guess, for every major expansion opens the way for scores of little ones that in the aggregate become enormous. Only a few years ago, as history counts time, American exports comprised almost exclusively a few articles that sold themselves. There were cotton, grain, meat, copper and very little else.

Today it is estimated that small items, no one of which amounts to 2 per cent of our total exports, comprise in the aggregate about 30 per cent of our export trade. All of which means that the future possibilities for the small manufacturer are very promising.

Let's take just one specific item in order to get away from generalities. This country now exports hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of garters. If they had to be sent out by the shipload or not at all, these sales would be impossible; but the facilities for handling small shipments are constantly being expanded. Very few places are too remote to be reached if they will buy or sell, and the reasonable probability is that within another decade every community on earth will carry on at least a little foreign trade.

In this connection an American manufacturer of motortrucks tells a very interesting story. He was far in the interior of South America when he received a telegram summoning him to Chile. The shortest way to the west coast, he was informed, would be to retrace his steps to the Atlantic Coast and then start all over again, because the direct course was pathless and, moreover, he would have to go through a small but dangerous territory inhabited by certain tribesmen who vastly preferred fighting travelers to feeding them. However, he was determined to go ahead, so he made diligent inquiry about the dangerous tribesmen in the hope of finding something that he might trade with them for food and permission to pass on in peace.

In only a few hours he learned exactly what he wanted to know—they would trade almost anything they had for good steel fishhooks. He laid in a stock and confidently went on his way. The journey proved to be a triumphal procession. Not only did his fishhooks buy everything he needed but whole villages gathered to watch him light a cigarette with a match. Probably no millionaires will be produced by the trade, but those remote tribesmen from the time of his visit had foreign commerce—they buy fishhooks and matches.

The Gregarious American

Going into foreign markets on the grandiose scale that comes so natural to him because of the enormous size of his own country, the American exporter realizes the absolute necessity for goodwill, and he undertakes the task of cultivating it by means that no other of the great exporting nations has ever used. This is not entirely due to his cleverness, but partly because the cities alone are seldom adequate markets for his goods. For example, if he is selling harvesting machinery, he must go into the country, and it happens that a great many of the articles he has to offer were originally designed for rural Americans. He thus becomes an explorer, and if he has his wits about him he is almost certain to discover one or more products of the country in which he operates that might interest American buyers. Before very long he has organized an American chamber of commerce. These institutions now exist on every continent on the globe. They make it their business, wherever they are, to stimulate trade both ways. Thus, if a citizen of Paraguay would like to get advice about a representative in San Francisco or New Orleans to handle his goods, he will readily find help at the nearest American chamber of commerce.

If the members of any American foreign colony are enjoying good health, they are absolutely certain to have an automobile club or a touring club or something of that sort, and it is not an exclusive organization. On the contrary it is eager for more members and busily spreading the gospel of good roads. If any converts come in—and they usually do—the Americans are eager to tell them just how the roads were built in California or Pennsylvania. Americans are natural-born organizers, boosters and joiners. Without consciously thinking about the matter at all, being of great assistance seems to them to be their natural function. They have what might be called the chamber-of-commerce habit of thought. If anything worth while is proposed they feel that they must get behind it and push. Efforts of this sort have brought road-building contracts worth millions of dollars to American firms.

Similarly the American abroad as well as at home is quick to take an interest in public schools. Especially have they been active on behalf of agricultural schools. It strikes them as perfectly reasonable and natural, when such a project is undertaken, that everybody ought to help. As a result, scores of these institutions are equipped with American machinery and appliances, some purchased, some donated, and a great deal sold at heavy discounts.

In Europe, the effect of such penetration in comparatively young but developing markets is viewed with alarm and there is

(Continued on Page 78)

Air-Cooled

The 25th Anniversary Franklin

THE SPORT SEDAN

Town Car Privacy, Sedan Intimacy

Touring Practicality

Winning New Thousands of Experienced Owners

THE remarkable thing about the growing popularity of the Franklin is not so much that its 1927 sales are exceeding 1926 every month. More significant is the fact that they are out-running the industry in rate of increase. Franklin owner repeat sales continue high, and deliveries to owners of other cars are moving at the greatest rate ever reached.

Such a swing in buying sentiment is wholly natural. People are giving due recognition to Franklin for the growing trend toward less weight, greater compactness and higher efficiency—principles and results in which Franklin has long led. And people are drawing conclusions from aviation's world-wide success with Franklin's basic principle of air-cooling.

Today, more than ever, Franklin performance justifies this favor. After experience elsewhere, owners find in Franklin a sharp advance in riding and driving ease, safe control and reliability—greater upkeep savings than in any other fine car—smooth and responsive power of an advanced order—and quality that is a known quantity. Drive the 25th Anniversary Franklin.

All prices are the most favorable in Franklin history. Ask about the 25th Anniversary Easy Ownership Plan.

FRANKLIN

Don't leave it to luck

1,800,000 motorists KNOW the oil they buy is *safe* to use..

THIS is such a logical, plain common-sense idea, that 1,800,000 motorists follow it religiously.

They know that there are many good motor oils on the market. And many bad ones. By asking for "just oil", they can never be sure which kind they will get.

They know that poor lubrication causes more repairs and ruins more good motors than any other single cause. So when buying motor oil—they never leave it to luck. Neither should you. Always ask for—*and get*—Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil, because,

. . . it has the highest flash and heat resistance test—consequently a low consumption under extreme heat.

. . . its free-flowing tendency at normal starting temperatures assures a ready supply of oil at every point.

. . . it shows the lowest "breakdown", or thinning out, when heated. Therefore, it retains the safest body or oiliness at efficient operating temperatures.

RESULTS—a better piston seal is maintained, greater power developed, dilution minimized, less gasoline consumed. Under normal conditions, without an oil rectifier, each filling gives you at least 1000 miles of super-lubrication. Experts call Pure Pennsylvania Oil, "The highest grade oil in the world". No wonder!

Look for it. Identify it by the emblem shown below. This emblem appears on many brands—but they are all 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil. No other kind, or grade of oil can use it.

Try it in your car. Find the dealer nearest you. Drain and fill up. Maintain the oil level, but it is not necessary to drain again for at least 1000 of the sweetest miles you ever drove.

Play safe—demand Pure Pennsylvania—the oil that gives at least 1000 miles of super-lubrication per filling

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

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free a booklet on motor oil and lubrication every motorist should have

S. S. P.—6-4-27

Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n,
114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.

Please send "The Inside Story of Motor Oil". Worth money to every oil user.

Name

Street Address

City State

(Continued from Page 76)

much comment about Yankee shrewdness. As a matter of fact, this particular demonstration of shrewdness may be classed among the yes-and-no things. Sometimes it represents the farsightedness of business executives and sometimes it merely represents the concerted efforts of the local American colony whose members said in effect: "This will be a good thing for the country and we've got to get behind it. Now, Bill, you write a letter to the head of your firm and we'll write another on behalf of the whole colony backing you up, and let's see if we can't help put this thing across." And thus very often it happens that American equipment lands in strategic positions.

Every great country has world-wide prestige because of its accomplishments in those fields of endeavor which have been especially attractive to its people, and prestige of this kind inevitably affects foreign trade. The United States is recognized as a leader in municipal sanitation, railroad administration, agriculture, road construction and public-school administration, to cite just a few specific examples. Without any effort this prestige would bring a certain amount of business to American firms; but to wait indefinitely for the other fellow to make the first move is not the American way of doing business. Our foreign traders have never specialized in watching the other fellow in order to find out what he uses and then make it for him. On the contrary, the bulk of their business has been gained by going out with something new and convincing the other fellow that he ought to have it.

Such prestige as this country enjoys thus becomes a direct business asset that is constantly used. No other country, according to recent European comment, has ever harnessed its prestige so successfully for both profit and goodwill. Methods such as these, when applied on a large scale, constitute something more than clever competition. Indeed, they are not primarily competitive. Essentially they are revolutionary, because out of them grows a new science of exporting.

Plainly enough, something new must have happened when the United States manages to hold on in the foreign field against Europe's depressed currencies and low wages. In some strictly competitive lines where there is no great difference in quality but considerable difference in price we are losing ground. But in others where we have distinct advantages the newly developed science of exporting is selling more goods than European traders ever dreamed the market would take.

OLD BIBLES

(Continued from Page 13)

Bible. It is the first one that is dated, and was issued at Mainz, printed by Fust and Schoffer, August 14, 1462. The copies on vellum seem to be more numerous than those on paper. I bought the last copy, belonging to the Earl of Carysfort, for £4800. It is not only the first dated Bible but the earliest example of a book formally divided into two volumes. But it is not considered a rare edition of the Bible in any sense of the word, as more than sixty copies are known. In fact, we had two copies of it at one time in our New York vault, both of which were illuminated with grotesque birds and beasts, probably by the same artist. It is odd that, although there are few collections of incunabula in South America, there are two copies of this Bible in the National Library of Rio de Janeiro.

Probably the greatest sport of all is the collecting of Bibles in manuscript. It takes a king's ransom today to secure a really fine one. I do not mean the ordinary late-fifteenth-century ones, which are quite common, but those executed from the ninth to the twelfth century, especially when they are illustrated. Of course, the earliest codices, the very foundation stones of the history of the Bible, such as the Codex Vaticanus in Rome, the Alexandrinus, in the British Museum, and the Sinaiticus, at Leningrad, are safely beyond the purse of the richest collector. The Morgan Library contains the finest collection of illuminated Bibles in America. The vault at 33 East Thirty-sixth Street, New York, is an achievement almost unequaled in the history of collecting. It is like a view of Paradise. The latest acquisition by Mr. J. P. Morgan of some of the Holkham manuscripts from the library of the Earl of Leicester is a notable triumph in the history of great libraries.

Bought With Reservations

Some years ago I was talking with Mr. Henry E. Huntington in his old library at 2 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York. I said most humbly, although with proper pride, "How would you like to own the original Conqueror Bible of the architect of the Tower of London?"

"There ain't no sich animile," quoted Mr. Huntington.

I thereupon produced from a cavernous Gladstone bag two large folio volumes, elegantly bound in blue morocco. "This is it," I said. The Bible was written in the eleventh century for Gundulph—1024–1108—Bishop of Rochester, who came over with William the Conqueror and later became the designer of the Tower of London. On the first leaf of each volume the bishop had written an elaborate curse, excommunicating anyone who should destroy, mutilate or carry them off. When I showed Mr. Huntington these fatal words he said to me, with a twinkle in his eye, "You old rogue, this applies to you, too, you know. I will take the Bible, but without the curse!"

Anglo-Saxon Writing

I recall one day several years ago when I visited the library of the late Sir Thomas Phillipps, at Thirlestaine House, Cheltenham. His grandson, Mr. T. Fitz Roy Fenwick, and I were looking over the precious volumes, and we talked of Sir Thomas' ardent love of manuscripts. For more than fifty years he had been the world's greatest gatherer of everything written by the hand of man. His knowledge was equal to his love, and he succeeded in forming an unrivaled library of manuscripts, which included some of the greatest specimens in existence. He did not confine himself to Continental examples alone, but was the first great collector of manuscripts relating to America. Sir Thomas Phillipps was the patron not only of Lord Kingsborough, whose researches on Mexico are well known, but of George Catlin, who depicted so graphically the life of the American Indian. Mr. Fenwick, who inherited from his grandfather his appreciation and love of fine things, and who possesses an almost unequaled knowledge of old manuscripts, asked me if I ever saw a manuscript containing Anglo-Saxon writing. I said that I had not, and he thereupon produced the Four Gospels, an English manuscript written in West Anglia in the time of King Alfred—A.D. 850–900—which contained splendid illustrations of an unusual type. There upon the margins were characters in Anglo-Saxon written long before the Conqueror came to the shores of Britain.

Nothing, however, surprises me at Thirlestaine House. One day Mr. Fenwick showed me the Liesborn Gospels, a superb manuscript made in the ninth century for King Widekind, the only successful opponent of Charlemagne. It was in its old binding of carved wood, and is one of the few very early manuscripts in existence giving the name of the scribe who wrote it.

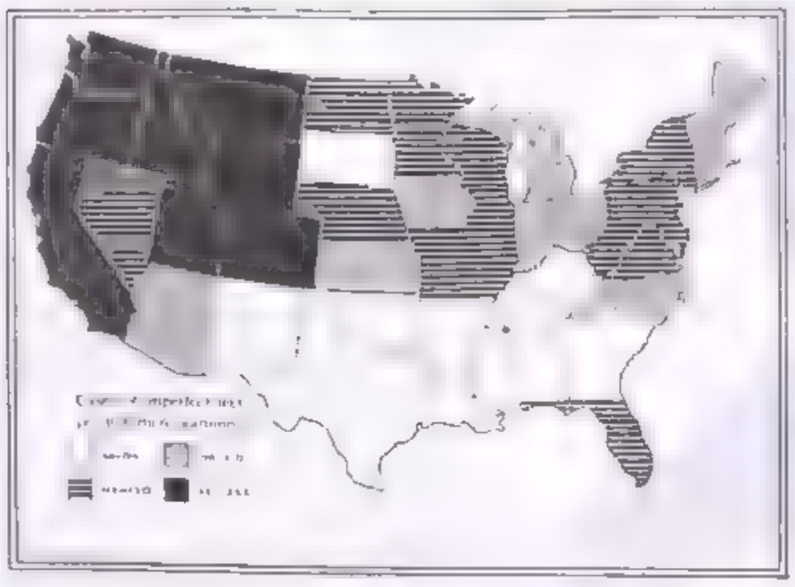
He also showed to me the famous French Historiated Bible of the fourteenth century,

(Continued on Page 80)

Why Southern children usually have better feet than their Northern cousins . .

THE "CONQUEST"

This Keds model with vulcanized crêpe rubber sole gives sure grip and wonderful wear. White or brown lace-to-toe style—white with black trim or brown with gray trim.



When 2,500,000 young men were examined in the Army drafts it was discovered that only 5% to 10% of Southern men (light shaded area) were flat-footed. In the North and Far West (black shaded area) as many as 25% were flat-footed because of faulty shoes worn in childhood.

THE "ROYAL TREAD"

An unusually rugged Keds model with tough, molded sole for indoor or outdoor wear. Great anti-slipping qualities. In white or brown.

"If children run free in the open air either barefoot or with light, loose, well-ventilated shoes . . . they will have little trouble, not only with bunions, corns, flatfoot or lameness, but also with their backs, their gait or their carriage" says a famous specialist. That is why so many physicians recommend Keds.

IN the greatest physical examination this country has ever known—the World War Draft—18 to 19 out of every 20 men examined in several great Southern states were found to have almost perfect feet.

In many Northern and Western states, almost one in every four men—young, virile, apparently sound—were found to have serious foot defects!

Famous specialists declared that foot habits formed in childhood were responsible for this condition:

—that heavy, ill-fitting shoes frequently worn by children in the North and West had bound growing muscles, crippled little feet;

—that in the South the habit of "going barefoot" or wearing light, well-ventilated shoes had encouraged the development of the healthiest feet in America.

Is any greater proof needed of the value of Keds? For Keds give barefoot freedom without barefoot risks of tetanus, infection, hookworm.

Keds come in over thirty different styles to meet every need of sports or everyday wear for men, women and children.

No matter which style of Keds you choose—high or low, costing from $1.25 to $4.50—you will find these features which make Keds unique for comfort, foot-health and long wear:

Feltex inner soles to keep feet cool and well cushioned; uppers of light, strong canvas; soles of especially prepared rubber, flexible as the naked foot yet so durable that Keds often cut dollars from the summer shoe bill. Be sure to get the *genuine* Keds made only by the

United States Rubber Company

THE "MOCCASIN TYPE"

A Keds "Moccasin" type with the popular vulcanized crêpe rubber sole. Attractive, snug-fitting, comfortable—and built for hard wear.

They are not **Keds** *unless the* name *Keds is on the shoe*

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Between YOU

and your TOOTH BRUSH *and your* tooth paste

WHAT can come between you three—who share the important duty of keeping your teeth bright and clean?

Just this. And it is important.

When use has consumed your tooth paste, you know it. The tube yields no more.

But when use has impaired your tooth brush you may not even suspect it! In appearance it may seem as good as ever. Yet brushing with it, then, is as futile as using your finger-tip. Three simple tests enable you to guard against this.

Four minutes daily with a Dr. West's Tooth Brush—two minutes in the morning, two in the evening, brushing away from the gums—not only *cleans*, but *polishes* your teeth. Correct design and making provide this double effect.

But Dr. West's is such a sturdy brush that it may remain *usable*, may still *look* effective, long after use has impaired its special polishing ability.

Dentists, using Dr. West's on their own teeth, usually get a new one monthly!

3 ways to tell:

To *keep* your teeth really polished, bright, you need a *new* Dr. West's: (a) if you've used your brush twice daily for 60 to 90 days; (b) if bristles grow soft, lifeless, immediately they're wet; (c) if spaces between tufts are even slightly filled with bent or broken bristles.

APPLY *these three tests to your brush, this evening. Get a new Dr. West's—and see how quickly teeth become brighter.*

Dr. West's Tooth Brush—*a Biography*

A good tooth brush is more than a handle and some bristles. Dr. West's is scientifically designed to combine *all* the features that make a tooth brush good.

The brushing surface of Dr. West's is double-convex, being curved from end to end and from side to side. Thus it fits the frequently neglected inside contour of the teeth.

Accurate spacing between its nine serrated rows of bristles enables Dr. West's to penetrate the interdental crevices. And its tuftless, sloping end reaches easily into the farthest cheek-corner with bristles firmly erect for proper cleansing. Insist on Dr. West's—the brush with the specially selected and shaped bristles that clean *all* the teeth and *polish as they clean.*

Every Dr. West's Tooth Brush is sterilized and sealed—[illegible] Youth's, 35c, Children's [illegible] cial Gum Massage Brush, 75c

© 1927 W B M Co.

(Continued from Page 78)

in two magnificent volumes, which contained almost a hundred illustrations, quite in the modern manner, more like William Blake than an artist of old Touraine. I now have these three precious Biblical manuscripts, and I doubt whether there is a nobler assemblage in existence.

To my mind the most inspiringly beautiful and important early Hebrew manuscript of the Bible is that in the remarkable collection of Mr. David Sassoon, of London. It should be reproduced in facsimile so that all students here and abroad might study not only its unique text but its glorious illustrations as well.

One of the great discoveries in the history of these early Bibles occurred right here at our place in New York, seven years ago. Mr. Sydney C. Cockerell, the great student of manuscripts, called upon me and I showed him six pictures from the Bibles and said that they were by a Spanish artist of the thirteenth century.

He looked at them for a moment and said, "No, they're English!" I could scarcely believe him, although no one knows more about manuscripts than he. "Let me take them to my hotel and study them. I think they are the work of the earliest known English illuminator, W. de Brailes."

He took them with him. If they were English they would be immensely valuable—far more than I, old Captain Kidd, asked for them. You bet I awaited anxiously his return.

Finally he showed up one day, and said, "The only trouble with you, Doctor Rosenbach, is that you do not use the eyes God gave you." Lo and behold, he pointed to the halo on one of the saints, and there in neat characters were the magic words: "W. de Brail(es) me f(e)cit." It was one of the greatest attributions ever made by a scholar, and they were, now beyond even the shadow of a doubt, the work of the very artist he had named. According to Mr. Eric G. Millar: "There has never been a more triumphant vindication of connoisseurship." These six drawings are now in England in the collection of Mr. A. Chester Beatty, who has one of the choicest libraries of Oriental and European manuscripts. Every year when I go to England I renew, through the kind offices of Mr. Beatty, my acquaintance with the spirit of that doughty old illuminator, W. de Brailes.

In Moses' Handwriting

Very few forgers have had the courage to try their hands at duplicating Biblical manuscripts. I have always been amazed at the enormous amount of confidence a man by the name of Shapira must have had when he offered the British Museum several important-looking manuscript scrolls. They contained the text of the Pentateuch, and were, he claimed, from the very hands of Moses! Of course, every expert and noted scholar who happened to be in London at the time went to see these scrolls, which were placed on exhibition at the museum. They were scrutinized carefully, admired as works of curiosity, but no one believed for a moment that they were genuine. Any Semitic scholar knows perfectly well that writing for literary purposes was unknown at the time of Moses. Yet even though Shapira had used an alphabet belonging to a much later period in history, his handiwork was decidedly interesting. Finally he was informed that his offerings were considered a fraud. He left England bitterly disappointed and went to Belgium. Not long after he arrived there the Continental newspapers announced Shapira had committed suicide. Even then, when certain of his victims read these lines, they wrote to the papers protesting that the man could not be dead, and openly accused him of fabrication even in connection with his own demise. Such is fame!

The most interesting experiments in the history of pictorial art were the attempts to produce picture books for the use of the middle and lower classes of Europe in the fifteenth century, most of whom could not read. The few specimens of the Block Books, as they are called, extant today, indicate they were made up of single leaves printed on one side of the paper only. These blocks were all cut by hand from a slab of hardwood, such as that from the pear or apple tree. When the impressions were finally made, the pages were pasted back to back and bound in rough parchment. It is believed by some authorities that the earliest Block Books date from 1440, although others were undoubtedly printed fifteen to thirty years later.

The Biblia Pauperum, or the Bible for the Poor, is one of the most interesting examples among the Block Books. It is composed almost entirely of crude illustrations with doses of text or short explanations and sayings of the prophets above and below the pictures, much in the manner of the tabloids of our own time. No attempt was made to reproduce the whole Bible or even a complete chapter. It was the familiar portions known to the people which were set down. Thus the story of St. John—Apocalypsis S. Joannis—was one of the favorite subjects, as was Solomon's Song of Songs.

The Old Family Bible

Block Books are, of course, among the most desirable and the most difficult to obtain of all the treasures of the bibliophile. Even a single sheet torn from a Block Book is valuable. I recall vividly, when in England many years ago, my first visit to an old library which contained four perfect Block Books, all in magnificent condition. The margins were uncut and, in fact, they appeared to be exactly the same as when they left the hands of the unknown printer in the fifteenth century. Year after year I returned to this library especially to see them. Imagine my satisfaction and joy when I was finally rewarded by the owner, who had decided to part with them.

There are only three great collections of Block Books in this country. One may be seen at the New York Public Library; another also in New York, in the library founded by the late J. Pierpont Morgan; and the third in Mr. Huntington's library in California.

The very first type-printed book with illustrations was a Latin edition of the Biblia Pauperum, printed by Albrecht Pfister, of Bamberg, in 1461. There are only two copies known: One in the John Rylands Memorial Library at Manchester, England; the other in the French National Library in Paris.

Savonarola, the Billy Sunday of his day, was quick to see the appeal of Block Books. He had his own sermons printed and illustrated with wood-block-printed pictures, which he distributed among his followers. It was he who drew the masses to religion at the time when Florentine art was almost at its peak. He converted Botticelli, caused him to destroy all the sensuous secular pictures he painted previous to his conversion, but happily made up for his loss by inspiring him to paint religious subjects. What would I not give to possess the charred remains of the Bible to which Savonarola clung when he died!

There is perhaps a greater lack of knowledge concerning old Bibles than of any other subject pertaining to books. To make matters worse, most people believe they have accumulated many worthwhile facts when all they pick up is some chance misinformation. At least 30 per cent of the 30,000 letters I receive annually are about Bibles or other religious works, which, according to my correspondents, "have always been in the family." The greatest number of letters come from Germany. But among people of all nationalities the hoary idea still prevails that age adds value to a Bible. Some people who are not interested in any book, old or otherwise, become excited the moment they find a Bible more than fifty years old. Clasping it to "the family bosom" they often rush to my library, either in New York or Philadelphia, buoyed up by an inflated notion of their

(Continued on Page 82)

Here it is!

A NEW Pyrene TRADE MARK FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Specially designed for Automobiles

MODERN car design has taken "compactness" as its watchword. Space is at a premium. No room for bulky accessories in the closed car and small sports models of today. No room for the full-sized *Pyrene* Fire Extinguisher.

So here is the new AUTOMOBILE *Pyrene* Fire Extinguisher—*made for the modern car.* There are many places where you can put it in any automobile—quickly accessible.

For several years the Pyrene engineers have been working to produce a small extinguisher of the same sturdy construction and efficiency as the regular-sized *Pyrene* Fire Extinguisher. They have succeeded.

The new AUTOMOBILE *Pyrene* Fire Extinguisher contains enough liquid to extinguish any incipient automobile fire. It throws a stream twenty-five feet. Requires no care or attention—no refilling until used. It will last the average life of three cars.

Brass Finish, $9.00 Nickel Finish, $10.00
(Complete with Bracket)

PYRENE MANUFACTURING CO., NEWARK, N. J.

Caution: *The Automobile Pyrene Fire Extinguisher is not intended for use on trucks, motor boats and airplanes.*

Use only Pyrene Fire Extinguishing Liquid (patented) with Pyrene Fire Extinguishers.

"The World's EASIEST Easy Chair"

A LIFE-TIME GIFT for THEM!

A WEDDING gift that reflects good taste and true sincerity of wishes for long years of happiness and comfort—a Royal Easy Chair! Give it—and know that yours is a gift toward peace and contentment in the new home . . . In a Royal you may recline as much or as little as you wish—stretch out at full length—without effort and without getting out of the chair. Just pull the concealed ring or push the button and lean back to rest and relaxation such as no other chair can give. The *exclusive, hidden comfort features* of the Royal respond as by magic. And with all its *additional* comfort, the Royal looks like any other *fine* chair—and it takes up no more room . . . The Wing Chair shown here (No. 0367 with disappearing leg-rest) is but one of many beautiful styles. Royal Easy Chairs are sold singly or in suites—with the famous Royal Easy Bed-Davenport which has a full-width box-spring guest bed that does not fold and can not sag. If you don't know the Royal dealer nearest you, write us. We'll send you his name and also our FREE style book, "Royal Comfort."

ROYAL EASY CHAIR COMPANY · *Sturgis, Michigan*

Royal Easy Chairs are Sold Singly or as Bed-Davenport Suites by 5000 Furniture Dealers

CONVERSING

A beautiful, restful, inviting chair for every formal use. Stately and distinctive.

READING

Touch hidden pull-ring or button—and recline. Back locks firmly at any desired point.

DOZING

Back fully reclined and disappearing leg-rest utilized for complete relaxation.

Royal Easy Chairs

"PUSH THE BUTTON—BACK RECLINES"

(Continued from Page 80)

treasure's value, believing they have sighted a rainbow with a pot of real gold at the end.

Almost everyone in the world owns or has owned a Bible. It is the one work which has been translated into every language; it is the world's best seller, and because of this, edition after edition has appeared in every country. No one knows how many millions of pounds the universities of Oxford and Cambridge have received to date in the revenue which has always flowed into their coffers as a perquisite on all printed Bibles. The Bible rests beside one's bed today in hotel rooms throughout the country. The Gideon's Bible is the only volume the stealing of which is considered a virtue instead of a crime! The Bible is a book which has touched the heart of us all at one time or another. When it does not appeal as a religious work its fascination is felt in the inexhaustible fund of stories and anecdotes which have never been matched by the contents of any secular book ever written. Such tales as those of Joseph and his brethren, David and Goliath, Solomon and the two mothers will never be excelled.

A very old Bible is valuable because of its age only if it was printed between the time of the Gutenberg edition, 1455, and the year 1476. Although there were hundreds of editions of the Bible issued in Europe before 1500, only a small portion of them may be considered very valuable today. After 1476 Bibles must show certain characteristics to make them sufficiently desirable to the collector's roving eye. It goes almost without saying that all first editions are worth something. But even these have their specific markings.

The first Bible printed in Italy, in France or in Spain—these are all of great value and rarity as well. The first Bible printed in one of the secular languages—in the old days known as the vulgar tongue—for instance, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Icelandic, Swedish, Slavonic, Bohemian, or Basque—these, too, are valuable. Others are the first printed Bible of Strasburg, issued by Mentelin before 1460; another printed by Eggestyn in 1466; the celebrated R Bible, probably published by Adolf Rusch in 1467 at Strasburg; the Great Bible, a most beautiful specimen of printing, by Sweynheyn and Pannartz, 1471; and the Great French Bible, made, oddly enough, in Paris five years later by three Germans—Gering, Krantz and Friburger. Hebrew being the original language of the Scriptures, it is only natural that the first printed in the Hebrew language—Soncino, 1488—should be one of the cornerstones of any collection of Bibles.

The First Bible in English

One of the most glorious productions of the Bible is the Jenson edition, printed in Venice in 1479. I have a superb copy on vellum, with a special page of dedication to Pope Sixtus IV. All Bibles with dedications to or from noted persons immediately become significant in the estimation of the book lover.

Some time after the printing of the Vulgate version, certain editors, shrewd enough to discern the public mind, offered a Bible complete with three versions. In the center of the page they printed the Vulgate, while on one side a Hebrew text was printed, and on the other, a Greek.

But it is to the first English printer, William Caxton, that the honor should go for the first printed appearance of any part of the Scriptures in English. Caxton came from Kent, and in his youth went to Bruges and Cologne to learn the trade of printer. He was the first to introduce printing into England and the first to print any works in English. He was a scholar of parts, as well as a printer with fine taste, and himself translated into English many of the works which he later published. In 1483 he issued the Golden Legend, which includes lives of Adam, Abraham, Moses and other characters of the Old and New Testaments. Thus it contains nearly all of the Pentateuch and portions of the Gospels. If this were generally known and appreciated I feel certain the Golden Legend would approach a price more nearly like that of the Gutenberg Bible. But as the book game is one of magic and alchemy, this may happen unexpectedly any time.

Among the fourteen or fifteen Caxtons in my New York vault, I am happy to say, I have a beautiful copy which contains, unmutilated, the account of the murder of Thomas A. Becket—as a friend of mine once wrote it—which has been entirely deleted from most copies.

Of course almost everyone knows that the first complete Bible in the English language was the work of Miles Coverdale. He finished his translation in 1535, and it was printed that same year at Zurich. Although as a work of scholarship it may not rank particularly high—it is "translated out of Douche and Latyn," according to the title—you will find many of Coverdale's memorable and sonorous phrases preserved in the authorized version in use today.

A Popular Pastime

Ten years previous to the appearance of Miles Coverdale's work, a contemporary of his, William Tyndale, had made a valiant effort to translate and have printed certain portions of the Bible. Perhaps he was inspired by some spiritual force within himself; at any rate he believed he could best serve his fellow countrymen by translating the New Testament into their language. His ambition grew when one day in heated dispute with an eminent churchman of England he was appalled at that worthy's ignorance of the Scriptures. His vow, made then and there, has triumphantly echoed in the ears of all theological students ever since. "If God spare my life," said Tyndale, "ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth his plow to know more of the Scriptures than thou dost."

But Tyndale's radical project naturally needed strong financial and political backing. He went to London, where he believed he had a powerful ally in his friend, the Bishop Cuthbert Tunstall. In this he soon found he was mistaken; nor could he find any patron with a sympathetic ear and a sympathetic purse as well. This circumstance was not strange, however, because it was just about this time that the powerful Cardinal Wolsey began to lay plans to prevent the "invasion of England by the Word of God." Discouraged, Tyndale decided there was little hope of accomplishing his work in his own land, and made up his mind to try his luck abroad, even though it meant exile.

In Hamburg, Tyndale completed his translation of the New Testament into English from the original Greek. He went on to Cologne, where he hoped to find a printer. It is believed that work on the Book was then really started, but that the Senate of Cologne grew suddenly enraged and shocked at the thought of so profane a business going on within its gates. An order was issued to Peter Quentel, the printer, to prohibit its continuance, but before it could be carried out Tyndale had fled in panic to Worms. He took with him his beloved translation, and perhaps certain pages of the printed work as well. In Worms, Luther was then at the very height of his popularity. This must have been a relief to Tyndale—to find himself in a place where he would have to undergo no further religious persecution. And so the New Testament was printed for the first time in English in a little German city.

Tyndale's followers doubtless smuggled it into the country, because almost immediately this New Testament began to appear in England. It filled the clergy with fury, and Bishop Tunstall, Tyndale's former friend, even went so far as to have it burned publicly at St. Paul's Cross in London. It was destroyed in other places as well, before gatherings of ignorant, superstitious and infuriated people. Indeed, the public

(Continued on Page 84

Two of the talented and beautiful Albertina Rasch ballet dancers, appearing in Ziegfeld's dancing musical comedy "Rio Rita."

How Corns are conquered by the Opera Ballet

Exercise wards off, but does not prevent, foot calluses. When a corn comes, it must be routed quickly.

"Of the girls who come to me for instruction in stage dancing, a large percentage have foot-trouble of one kind or another."

So writes Albertina Rasch, the eminent Ballet Mistress who has trained hundreds of girls for the Opera Ballets of Vienna, Paris and New York.

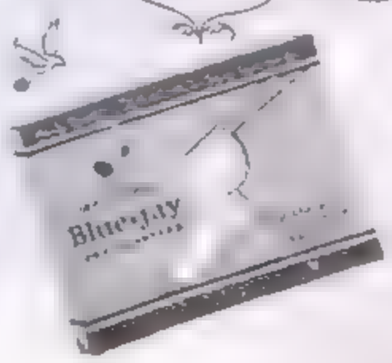
"Corns and calluses are quite common among these candidates for the ballet", she continued. "And a twinging toe will spoil the grace and stamina of almost any dancer.

"I always advise a pupil who is troubled with corns to visit a chiropodist regularly. But sometimes emergency First Aid is necessary, then I advise a Blue-jay plaster."

As Mr. Ned Wayburn has said, with the Blue-jay treatment, no time is lost by the dancer . . . . The Blue-jay plaster stops the pain the moment it is applied and enables the pupil to continue her lessons in comfort.

The soft pad fits over the corn and protects it from shoe-friction during dancing practice. And usually, in forty-eight hours, the corn is gone.

ALBERTINA RASCH, head of the Albertina Rasch School of Dancing [illegible] trained dancers of the [illegible] Ballet in Vienna, Paris and New York



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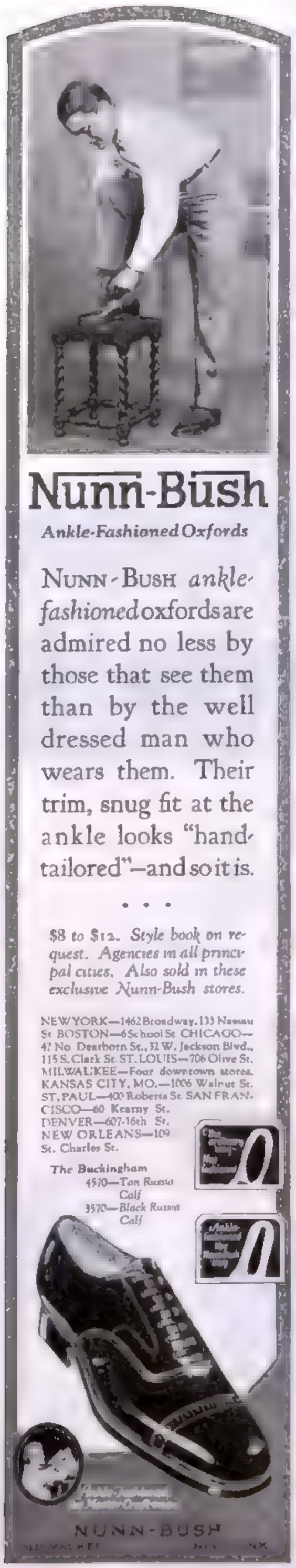
Nunn-Bush
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Nunn-Bush ankle-fashioned oxfords are admired no less by those that see them than by the well dressed man who wears them. Their trim, snug fit at the ankle looks "hand-tailored"—and so it is.
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The Buckingham
4570—Tan Russia Calf
3570—Black Russia Calf
NUNN-BUSH

(Continued from Page 82)

burning by the churchmen of Tyndale's New Testament became a popular if serious pastime. And the destruction of Tyndale's precious books was a prophetic prelude to his own martyrdom at the stake a few years later.

All the earliest English Bibles are extraordinarily rare and worth almost any amount. It is strange to speak of money in connection with the greatest spiritual work of all time, but as Bibles are the cornerstones of any outstanding collection it follows that they must be bought at a price.

Only a fragment exists of the first edition of Tyndale's translation of the New Testament, from the press of Peter Quentel in Cologne, in 1525. The second edition, printed also on the Continent, by Peter Schöffer at Worms, probably late in 1525, is almost equally rare, as only two imperfect copies survive. I would cheerfully give more than $50,000 for a copy of the first appearance in print of this portion of the English Scriptures. Perhaps some book scout will eventually unearth another. Of the Tyndale Pentateuch, printed at Malbarow by Hans Lufft in 1530, only three perfect copies have resisted the sharp usages of time. The finest of these is in the Pierpont Morgan Library.

Some Rare Old Bibles

As to the first complete Bible in the English language, translated by Coverdale and printed in 1535, not a single absolutely perfect copy exists. There are two or three almost perfect examples in England, none so good in America.

There are, however, copies of this book, more or less defective, in libraries in this country, such as in the collections of Pierpont Morgan and Henry E. Huntington, the New York Public Library, the Philadelphia Free Library, Carl H. Pforzheimer and A. Edward Newton. This great volume is not of excessive rarity but of excessive importance. But I would risk my chances in this world and the next to obtain a perfect copy.

Of the so-called Great Bible, seven editions were issued within two years, 1539–1541. They are all valuable, but not nearly so much so as the earlier English Bibles. Splendid examples of printing, they are much in demand by collectors, especially when perfect.

One of the great monuments of our civilization—the first edition of the Authorized Version, printed in London by Robert Barker in 1611—is in every respect one of the finest things a collector can ever hope to acquire. The influence of this Book upon the world has been simply enormous. There were two editions in 1611, known as the He and She Bible, the He—quite naturally!—being the earlier and more in demand. No stones, fair ladies! The distinction comes from a variant reading in the Book of Ruth iii, 15. In the first version it reads "He went into the citie," in the second the later printing—"She went into the citie." This change of a single letter makes all the difference in the world to the collector, and he has to pay for it. The first issue is worth several thousands more than the second.

The price of the first edition of the Authorized, or King James, Bible, has not been large in the past. The Huth copy sold at auction in 1911, for only £164, or about $820, but the future, I feel sure, will tell another story. Indeed, I think the time when the collector will give $8000 or $10,000 for a really fine copy is hovering dangerously near. It is truly a volume so dear and precious to everyone that it must soon take its place among the stars.

I remember one day when I was visiting the late J. P. Morgan many years ago. We sat and talked in his office in the old building at the corner of Wall and Broad streets, which in those ancient days bore the sign Drexel and Company. Of course, we vied with each other in a genial way, relating stories of our quests in discovering rare books; of purchases we had made at what we considered the proper prices then, and in general confiding to each other those tales of adventure so dear to the heart of the bookman. We talked about old Bibles, especially those which had belonged to celebrated people. Of these Mr. Morgan already had a remarkable collection. His nephew, Mr. Junius Spencer Morgan, had from the first been a great help to his uncle, with his genuine flair for really fine books and works of art generally, and his uncle often took his advice. The elder Mr. Morgan was a man of great imagination, who enjoyed book collecting as much as anyone I have ever known. Suddenly, during our conversation, his face clouded, and he turned to me and said in a regretful tone, "Doctor, there is one Bible I have missed. The last time I was in London, Quaritch told me about it. He sold it, he said, on his first trip to this country in 1890. It is the great He issue of 1611, and is enriched with the annotations of the translators of the King James version. The explanations of the Holy Text were probably made for the use of Prince Henry. What would I give to have it!"

Now I knew of this Bible, but hadn't the faintest idea at the moment where it was or who owned it. It had been extended to five volumes and bore on the binding the feathers of the young Prince of Wales. But when I secured the library of Clarence S. Bement one year later, there it was. What luck! Mr. Morgan, it is unnecessary to state, bought it immediately.

Among the hundreds of Bibles offered to me each year there is one type which blooms eternal. It is the bullet-hole Bible; the Bible which saved grandpa's life in the Civil War, or the Revolution—as you will. For a time I was shown such a succession of these that my very dreams were haunted by them. Many a night my rest would be broken when whole armies charged me, each soldier wearing a protecting copy of the Holy Scriptures over his heart.

A Fashion Hint From Eden

Some people have fondly believed that a tale of sentiment, plus a dash of bravery mixed with their own simulated reverence, would bring value to the family Bible. The bullet-hole Bible has become such an old story that every time I hear a shot I think it someone aiming at the old family Scriptures in the back yard.

But this is nothing to the Genevan, or Breeches, Bible, the commonest of all. It is so named because of the seventh verse in the third chapter of Genesis:

> Then the eyes of them bothe were opened & they knewe that they were naked; and they sewed figtre leaves together, and made themselves breeches.

The first edition was printed at Geneva in 1560 and copies in good condition are scarce and valuable. In fact, they are really worth more than the price they sell for today. It was for years the household Bible of the English race, although translated by the English exiles at Geneva during Bloody Mary's reign, it was dedicated "To the Moste Vertuous and Noble Quene Elisabet, Quene of England, France, and Ireland." At least 200 editions of the Bible and New Testament were issued before 1630, consequently for centuries it was in almost every home. The later editions of this Bible have therefore become the *bête noir* of every bookseller. They turn up everywhere, their proud possessors asking fortunes for copies hardly worth the value of old paper. The copies published after 1600 are the worst offenders. It is a pity, for the peace of mind of the booksellers, that they were not all destroyed in the Great Fire of London. They still exist to torment the souls of bookmen, and although the language of the Genevan Bible has always been considered good, homely English, the language of the bibliofiend, when he receives one on approval, with charges collect, is certainly more vigorous and expressive.

Photo. by Leland J. Bush, Jr.

Peach Blossoms in the Olai Valley, California

The Parable of the Vinegar

Not long ago a woman came to my Philadelphia library with a Breeches Bible. True, it was rather ancient, authentically dated 1629. From the moment I met her I realized she suffered from suppressed emotions of some sort. Although I am accustomed to prospective sellers with queer symptoms, I was rather alarmed. Her hands shook violently, she was deadly white one moment and a flaming pink the next. When I inquired what she wanted for her Bible she replied in quick, nervous tones, "Fifty thousand dollars!" Now I am always amazed at these grand ideas of value evinced by the layman. I hope I do not always show my surprise. Indeed, some people accuse me of having a poker face. This Bible was certainly worth no more than twenty dollars. But before I apprised her of the distressing news, which I always hate to impart, I was cautious enough to call in one of my assistants to aid me should she collapse on my hands.

It is to the eternal credit of bookmen that the sense of humor has been the ruling passion with them all. They all see the joyous, the fantastic, the capricious side. They are never *sérieux*, never unduly bowed down with the gravity of their calling. Although they are ardent, nay, passionate lovers, they always remain gay and debonair. The history of Old Bibles bears eloquent witness on this point. Why do Bug Bibles, Vinegar Bibles, Wicked Bibles tickle the fantasy of collectors? For instance, Matthew's Bible of 1551 contains the reading in Psalm xci, 5: "So that thou shalt not nede to be afraid for any bugges by nighte, nor for the arrow that flyeth by day." Or think how the Christian world would have been disrupted if it had followed the Commandments of the 1631 Bible, which leaves out entirely the "not" in the Seventh. This terrible "wicked" book reads: "Thou shalt commit adultery." Only four copies escaped the public executioner, and the poor printer was fined £300 by Archbishop Laud.

Baskett's Oxford Bible of 1717 is a mine of magnificent errors; the most amusing being that of "The parable of the vinegar," instead of "vineyard."

There are three tremendously important American Bibles: The Eliot Indian Bible, the Saur and the Aitken Bibles. John Eliot, Apostle to the Indians, translated the Bible into their language and had it printed in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1661–63. Thus the first Bible issued on this continent was, appropriately, in the tongue of its natives. And the second was in German—the first in a European language printed in America—from the press of Christopher Saur, at Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1743. The third—at last in English—was printed in 1782 by R. Aitken "at Pope's Head, three doors above the Coffee House, in Market Street," Philadelphia. The great demand for early Americana will surely raise these three treasures to heights at present undreamed of in the bookman's philosophy.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Doctor Rosenbach as told to Avery Strakosch.

Quality

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men like the flavor women enjoy the fragrance

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FAR more than merely green in color, the Conklin Verd Endura reveals a unique mottled color tone that makes green distinctive and pleasing. The pens, $6.00 and $8.00 with an unconditional and perpetual guarantee of free service. The pencils, $3.50 and $4.00. Put one of these in the hand that receives a diploma.

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THE PLASTIC KID

(Continued from Page 27)

"Right now," comes back Heeney, "Anderson don't give a Scandinavian hoot how often, when and where he's hit. Give him a nice shiny set of crocks to worry about and he'll fold up on you like a concertina."

"Oh, the bunk!" says I. "You remind me of the bride that started crying on account of seeing a nail in the wall about six feet off the ground. When they asked her what the hell, she told 'em she might become a mother some day, and when the child got to be six foot tall it maybe'd run into the nail and put an eye out. You lead off with an idea that Anderson might possibly buy a hand-me-down, and finish up with the cinch that he's going to lay down to save an eight-dollar set of fodder manglers."

"Eight dollars or eighty cents," returns Jim, "it's something to protect, and once the Blotter goes in for protection, you'll go Democratic as far as he's concerned."

"Boy," says I, "you sure look ahead. How'd you get so smart?"

"Watching 'em come and go," answers the vet.

It's a week before I sees Heeney again. I'm up in my hotel room making a bookworm out of myself with a form sheet when he drifts in. "Seen the Blotter lately?" he inquires.

"No," says I. "He's resting up."

"Yeh," grins Joe. "At Casey's Palais de Dance. He's a regular. Saw him there last night."

"What's he doing there?" I growls. "Hoisting 'em?"

"No booze," says Heeney. "Girl."

"Worse," I snorts. "How'd he grab one with that pan of his?"

"From what Casey tells me," answers Joe, "Anderson drifted up there last Saturday by his lonesome. None of the chicks would give him a tumble except a new hostess, a sort of quiet, corn-fed kid Casey'd just put on. She slips the Blotter the kind of smile you could spread on a waffle, dances with him a couple of times and goals the Swede. He's been back every night since."

"The frill's bad enough," says I. "Don't tell me he's got a mouthful of store teeth."

"No," returns Heeney, "but he's on his way. His hair's combed and he's dressed up like Astor's beagle hound. When I tells you he's wearing cloth-top shoes with pearl buttons, you can draw even on your imagination for the rest of the layout. But I ain't spilled it all yet."

"Talk freely," I urges. "You know me and suspense."

"This gal I was speaking of," goes on Joe, "seems to be tanglefoot for prize fighters. Anderson ain't the only biffer she's cracked over the heart."

"Who else?" I asks. "Mike Bevan?"

"Danny Taylor," comes back Heeney.

"Great!" I exclaims. "That'll give us a chance to whoop it up as a grudge fight."

"I thought you'd be pleased," smiles the heavy. "Everything all set for the mill?"

"Signed the papes yesterday," I tells him. "Our cut of the gate'll be fifteen grand sure, if we win, and a chance at the prominent money with Boots Danaher. What kind of a looker is this cabaret chick? What's her name?"

"Her name's Hazel Evans," returns Joe, "and as for looks, she's boric acid."

"Huh?"

"Good for the eyes," explains Heeney.

"The Blotter sure picks swell competition for himself," I remarks. "What chance has he got with a frill against a handsome kid like Taylor?"

"From what I saw," says Joe, "she seems to spread her salve fifty-fifty between the lads, but I sort of have the idea that deep down she's stronger for the Swede, stepped-on face and all, than she is for Danny. The smiles she slips Taylor look to me like house stuff. The Blotter gets private stock."

When our plan of playing up the scrap as a grudge affair gets to Anderson's scrambled ears, he lets out a loud roar. "You drag Hazel into this," he snarls, "and there will be a grudge fight, but you'll be at the other end of it."

"Listen," I argues, "it'll mean more jack at the gate and you'll be stronger with the chick than ever before. Get the line—a boy fighting for the love of a pure girl and all that. The frills like to have strong men biting their ears off over 'em."

"Keep her out of it," barks the Blotter "She's too nice a girl to get mixed up with a couple of pugs. Besides, I ain't nothing to her."

"No?" says I. "I kind of had a different idea."

"What chance," comes back Anderson, bitter, "would I have against a good-looking feller like Taylor?"

"Maybe," I suggests, crafty, "he won't be so good-looking after you get done with him."

"Maybe," grunts the Blotter; "but that won't help my face any. You lay off her."

"I knew it'd happen," says Heeney, when I repeats the conversation to him. "A cave man is a cave man until you put a ribbon in his hair. If I was you I wouldn't do no side betting on this mill."

"Why not?" I asks. "The kid ain't got his store teeth yet."

"No," returns Joe, "but he's been looking in a mirror and discovered he has a face."

I takes Heeney's advice and I'm sure glad I does. What a fight it turns out to be! Taylor starts off leading a right and Anderson climbs into a clinch. When the referee finally separates 'em the Swede telegraphs a left, Danny ducks and they fall into a hug. There's the whole story of the mill round by round. Not a half dozen clean blows are struck, nor can all the booing of the crowd make either one of the biffers step clear and fight. I yelps for action, but Joe just sits quiet and smiles.

"Danny's saving his beauty," he remarks, "and the Blotter's saving what's left of his."

"Keep Her Out of It," Barks the Blotter

The bout's called a draw by the referee and a frame-up for a return go by the patrons of the game—and an unhappy, though profitable, evening by me.

"Well," says I to Heeney, on the way home, "I guess the party is over."

"Yep," comes back Joe, "the Swede's red ink from now on; but you got no ache coming. You've sweated about twenty grand out of his hide, and, anyhow, you never expected to get more than three or four fights out of him."

"That's right," I admits; "but I kind of figured he'd stick around until somebody biffed his brains loose."

"Somebody did," says Heeney.

Joe and I are squatting in the office the next morning when the Swede drops in. He's dressed up like a cross between a race-track tout and a pair of 'em, and there's not a mark on him—that is, not a fresh one from the night before.

"Say," he opens up, "what do you fellers know about these elastic surgeons?"

"Elastic surgeons!" I repeats.

"He must mean chiropractors," suggests Heeney. "They stretch you out and ——"

"I mean," cuts in the Blotter, "the guys that make your face over, give you a Roman nose ——"

"You got a roamin' nose now," I reminds him.

"Plastic surgeons," says Joe. "That what you're talking about?"

"Yeh," comes back Anderson. "Can they fix you up on the square?"

"On the square or on the bias," returns Heeney. "They're doing wonderful things nowadays. I read only the other day where they took a bozo's big toe off and made him a couple of ears and a pair of blue eyes."

"That right?" inquires the Swede, serious and eager.

"Sure," I plays along; "and I knows another case where a ——"

"Quit kidding the boy," interrupts Joe, who has a kind-hearted streak. "You really think of having something done to your face?" he asks the Blotter.

"I got to," answers Anderson, earnest.

"For Hazel?" goes on Heeney.

"Yeh, for Hazel," blurts out the Blotter. "If I wasn't so bunged up I'd have as good a chance with her as Danny Taylor."

"Maybe," suggests Joe, "your chance now is as good, if not better than his."

"No, it ain't," says the Swede. "She always looks kind of funny at me, and I know why. Any girl in the world would be ashamed to be seen with a bird smeared up like me."

"Ashamed nothing!" I grunts. "If you're plastered with enough piastres you can stack up like something that the cat dragged in from the ash can on a rainy day and still cop off the queen of the May."

"Not Hazel," comes back the Blotter.

"Of course not," I jeers. "No cabaret cutie'd even look at a john with jack. No ——"

"I know what's biting you," busts in Anderson. "You just want me to stick around here playing give and take, me taking the wallops and giving you the cakes. Well, I'm through."

"Who's been talking to you?" I asks.

"I been talking to myself lately," answers the well-dressed man from Sweden, "and I'm developing into a a good listener."

He grabs his hat and ducks out of the office before I can say another word. "Good-by, box fighter," says I.

"Good-by's right," nods Heeney. "When those plastic babies get through with him he'll even be afraid to go out in the rain. His trick nose might wash off."

(Continued on Page 91)

Coming in August

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CHANG

PRODUCED by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack in the untamed jungles of Siam, with only natives and wild beasts of the jungle in the cast. The most thrilling motion picture ever made!

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VICTOR Fleming production with Noah Beery, Charles Farrell, George Bancroft, Mary Astor and Frank Hopper.

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The epic of the American Ace. Directed by William Wellman. Starring Clara Bow.

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A romantic story of old Vienna. Directed by and starring Eric von Stroheim.

WHY Firestone

The Mark of Quality

WHAT GUM-DIPPING MEANS TO TIRE BUYERS

I have driven my car equipped with Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloon Tires through fourteen different states and after 23,500 miles of most satisfactory service, they are still on the car.—C. S. Morris, Dallas, Texas.

My Firestone Balloon Tires have run to date 21,110 miles. They are still in service with the spare still on the rack as it was when I purchased this car.—J. C. Ford, Cadillac, Mich.

I have just rounded out 40,000 miles on a Firestone Balloon Tire. This is the first time I ever had such good mileage out of any tire, so I'll ride on Firestones from now on.—John L. Doel, R. D. 2, Glenshaw, Pa.

I want to congratulate you on the quality of the Firestone Balloon Tires. The ones that I am now driving are good for at least five thousand miles more even though they have already been driven more than 20,000 miles.—G. C. Council, Conway, Ark.

In January 1924 I bought a car equipped with Firestone Balloon Tires. Since that time these tires have delivered over 44,000 miles including two round trips from Denver, Colo., to Long Beach, Calif., over some of the worst roads in the Rocky Mountain district. After three years they are still in service.—Sherwood Krocker, Denver, Colo.

This is an entirely unsolicited expression of our happy experience with Firestone Balloon Tires. In June 1926 we took delivery of our car equipped with Firestone Balloon Tires from the factory in Wisconsin. We drove to Boston and toured New England; thence turned westward to our home in Salem, traveling 6,971 miles, with another 300 miles more since reaching home. The Wisconsin air is still in all of the tires. 7,300 miles without a puncture!—Carl G. Dorey, Salem, Oregon.

I equipped my car, at the time of purchase, with Firestone Balloon Tires. The right front tire has covered 33,824 miles without having it off the rim.—L. Spaedh, Tampa, Florida.

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

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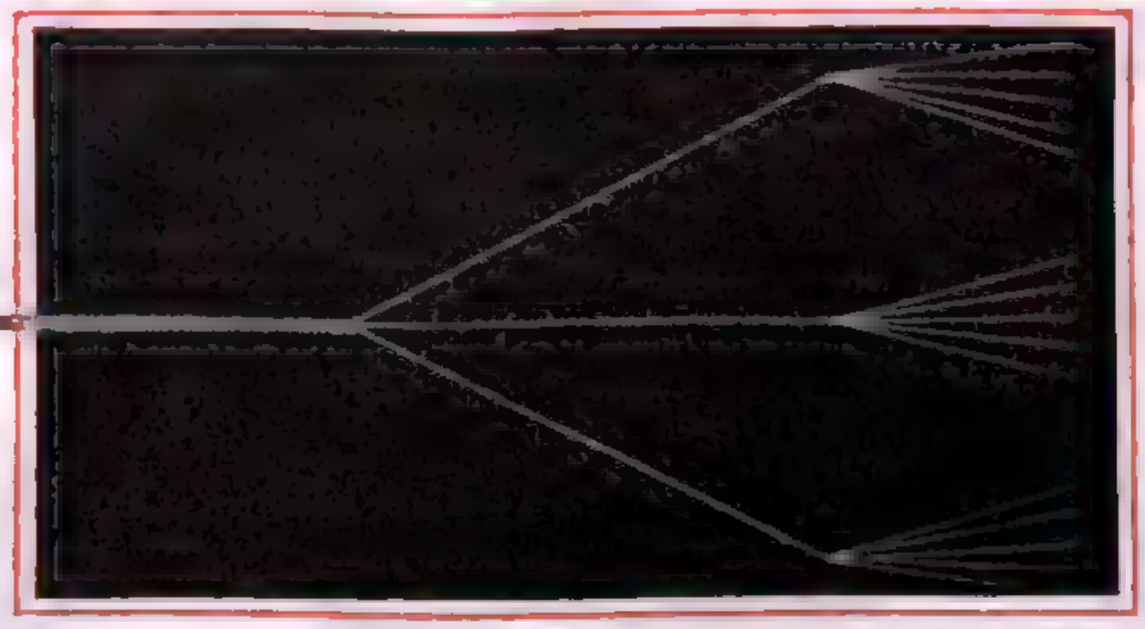

Illustration shows cut-away section of Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloon with single cord untwisted into fifteen smaller cords, composed of many little fibers, all thoroughly saturated and insulated with rubber by Gum-Dipping

Dips the Cords of the Carcass in a Rubber Solution

In the old Fabric Tire, internal friction was excessive, and mileage low. This was due to the square-woven construction which made it impossible to insulate the fabric with rubber.

Then came the Cord Tire. The cords in each ply were laid parallel—with no interwoven cross-threads—permitting much greater insulation of the cords—one from another. This materially reduced friction—and more than doubled tire mileage. But the small cords were not insulated with rubber, and destructive friction within the cord was not overcome.

Firestone chemists knew that if they could find a way to insulate every fiber of every cord with rubber, they could add many thousands of extra miles of wear to the Cord Tire.

Such a method was found in the Firestone Laboratories—and called "Gum-Dipping." By this process the cords of the carcass are dipped in a rubber solution which penetrates to the innermost fibers.

Gum-Dipping made the Balloon Tire practical and established a new standard of tire mileage.

Firestone's control of raw materials in the primary markets of the world, together with economical manufacturing and distribution, gives you the safety, comfort and long mileage of Gum-Dipped Tires at prices no higher than you would pay for tires of ordinary construction.

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MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

THEIR OWN RUBBER · Harvey S. Firestone

Feeding freight to empty holds

Why the power that serves the stevedore should start and light your car

THE industrial truck and tractor, powered by storage batteries, now rule the domain where heavy freight was formerly moved by hand.

Propelled by powerful Exide Batteries, these bustling little machines now ply the nation's piers, plants and railroad stations, moving heavy loads at incredibly low cost.

The company that builds batteries that are selected for this bruising work also makes the Exide Battery to start and light your automobile. Certainly it is reasonable to believe that the engineers who build batteries for such exacting service know how to build an equally good battery for your car.

Consider these three important points

Point 1. Back in 1911 the first car to be lighted and started by storage battery power was equipped with an Exide Battery. Today the Exide starts and lights millions of motor cars. This steady gain in public favor has been the natural result of building batteries that perform faithfully an unusually long time and cost little or nothing for upkeep.

The Exide made for your car is built by the world's largest manufacturers of storage batteries for every purpose. This leadership is evidence conclusive that the promise of high quality in Exide Batteries is consistently fulfilled.

Point 2. Exide Batteries for automobiles are sold and serviced by more than 8000 competent dealers in cities and towns all over the United States. This makes it possible for you to secure quick and expert attention to your battery wherever you happen to be.

Point 3. The cost of an Exide is surprisingly low. In fact, it frequently sells at lower prices than batteries of lesser reputation. This low initial cost, together with long life and low cost of upkeep, makes the Exide a notable economy.

Exide

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

FOR YOUR RADIO ... *There is an Exide Radio Battery of the right size for every set and a type for every tube. Also power units that stay charged from your house current. At radio and Exide Battery dealers.*

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA • • EXIDE BATTERIES OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO

(Continued from Page 86)

"Think they can do anything with that jazzed-up phiz of his?"

"They can't do it any harm," opines Joe.

III

THREE months later I'm alone in the office one night when there's a knock on the door and a young fellow waltzes in. He's a stranger to me and I shows it.

"Know me?" he asks.

"Should I?" I comes back.

"You should," he smiles. "You played me for a sucker long enough."

"The face ain't familiar," says I, "but your manner is. The Blotter!" I gasps, catching the old cold blue glint in his lamps.

"No more," he snaps. "Harry Anderson."

"Sit down, kid," I invites. "Over there—near the light. I want to take a good look at you."

"Sure," he laughs.

I never saw a neater piece of repair work in my life. Instead of the squashed-in smeller, he's got the nose of a movie star, his ears are straightened out and smaller, and the mess of scars he had on his map are gone. Even his hair has been made over—a jumble of tow-headed cowlicks having been changed into a slick blond pompadour. The new teeth have altered his whole expression, filling out his cheeks and making his mouth look entirely different. It's wonderful what a layout of crocks'll do for a guy's pan.

I looks to find the marks where the pieces were put together, but I can barely see 'em. "Swell job of work," says I admiringly.

"Ought to be," comes back the Swede. "Since the last time I saw you I been in the hospital most of the time. When they weren't cutting on me, they were sewing; and when they weren't doing either, they were pulling stitches."

"And all for the love of a lady," I murmurs. "What does Hazel think of her baby doll?"

"She hasn't seen me yet," returns the Blotter. "You ever hear anything of her?"

"I understand," I tells him, "that she's still over at Casey's Palais de Dance and that Danny Taylor's still playing up to her." A mean look creeps into Anderson's lamps. "But you ain't lost out yet," I comforts him. "She's asked Heeney several times where you were and if he'd heard from you. Didn't you tell her where you went?"

"No," says the Swede; "I wanted to get myself fixed up private before I walked in on her. I'm going over to Casey's now."

"Mind if I go along?" I asks. "I just want to see the expression on Hazel's face when she gets her first peek at you. I'll bet you knock her for a row of cover charges."

"Sure," says the Blotter with a grin. "Come on with me, but duck when I give you the office."

"What are your plans?" I inquires as we're walking toward Casey's. "Going back into the fight game?"

"Yep," returns Anderson; and as I looks questioning into his new face, he goes on: "Don't worry. That stuff is there to stay. The doc tells me that everything I got on now is just like it was born on me."

"Better learn some boxing, though," I suggests, "before taking anybody on."

"I intend to," says the Blotter. "My punching-bag days are over. Any guy that slips me anything from now on is going to have a couple slipped right back at him."

"Work for me?" I asks.

By this time I've got the idea that the Swede never was as dumb as we thought he was, and with his wallop and some boxing lessons I sees a chance of cashing in on him some more.

"I guess so," shrugs Anderson; "but I won't be ready yet for a couple of months. These face fixings of mine have got to get good and set first."

It's around nine o'clock when we reaches Casey's, and it being one of those dumps that don't really get to going until after midnight, only a few come-ons are present. I'm no sooner inside, though, than I spots Taylor. He's leaning over a table talking fast to a frill in a pink dress.

"That's Hazel," whispers Anderson, excited.

She's boric acid right enough, a slim, dark skirt with wide innocent eyes—eyes that ought to be looking around a parlor or an opera house instead of a hard joint like the Palais. The only thing soft about Casey's is the lights.

"Let's sit down a couple of tables away," I suggests, "and see if she gives you a rap."

Hazel and Danny hand us a casual glance as we squats, and return to their business. Their business seems to be a hot and heavy quarrel. I can't hear what they're saying, but Taylor is trying to sell her a bill of some kind and the gal's getting sorer every second. Suddenly she gets up all ablaze and starts away from Danny.

As she passes our table the Blotter reaches out and grabs her by the arm. "Hello, honey girl," says he.

She turns at him fierce and burns him up with a look. "Lemme alone, you fresh fathead!" she shrills, and breaks away before Anderson can open his trap. He gazes up at me, pale and puzzled.

"She didn't make you, boy," says I. "The light's bad and she's got too much of a mad on. As a matter of fact, I don't believe she'd give you a tumble any time, any place. Take a peep in that mirror," I goes on, pointing to one on the wall, "and see if you'll find the old Blotter staring at Harry Anderson."

He never gets a chance to look. I hears a shuffling sound, a hoarse growl and Taylor's vicious mug is bending over between us. I catches a whiff of prewar breath.

"Touch my girl again," he snarls, "and I'll break you in two."

"Your girl?" mutters the Swede, half rising.

Danny lets go a short right and the Blotter topples back into his chair. In a second he's up and at it. I tries to break in between 'em, but I've got as much chance stopping these babies as I'd have of stopping an express by putting fly paper on the track. The few people in the joint put on a panic and duck for the doors.

"Douse the lights!" I yelps, the quickest way of breaking up a scrap being to fix it so the battlers won't see what they're shooting at.

Anyway you can never tell when gun play'll start in a deadfall like Casey's, and it better be in the dark.

A waiter stops running long enough to press a button. The electrics go out, but my scheme don't work so good. From the street comes enough light for the biffers to make each other out and the scrap goes on.

And what a scrap! A wallop to the jaw sends Taylor crashing against a table and down on the floor with it. Back on his dogs, he staggers the Blotter with a rain of belts to the head and body. Half bunned as he is, Danny's still got it all over the Swede when it comes to using his fists scientific. For every sock Anderson lands he draws four or five in return.

About all I can see is the outlines of the boys, but I can tell by the crunch and crash of bare knucks that they're punishing each other plenty. For five minutes at least they battle toe to toe, cursing between pants and panting between curses.

Then comes the end. The Swede lands a hard one on Taylor's chest. He topples to the floor, falling against the overturned table. His head thuds against an edge and out he passes.

"Lights!" I hollers.

Somebody somewhere turns 'em on. There on the floor, dead to the world, is Danny, and standing over him Harry Anderson—no, not Harry Anderson—the Blotter—the old Blotter. His front teeth are out, his nose is squashed flat and his face is cut up as if he'd been thrown through a windshield.

He gazes around, dumb and dazed. Then his eyes turn toward the mirror. A crooked grin crosses his puffed lips, and ——

There's a rustle, an odor of perfume. A pair of white arms leap around the Swede's neck, a pair of red lips reach to his battered face.

"My darling!" whispers Hazel. "I knew you'd come when I needed you."

"Needed me?" mumbles the Blotter.

"Yes—needed," sobs the girl. "He"—pointing to the figure on the floor—"was going to ——"

The rest of the sentence is talked into Anderson's chest and I don't get it.

The next thing I hears is a line from the Swede. "But I ain't handsome, honey, like Danny."

"I hate good-looking men," snaps Hazel. "They don't respect a girl. They're all fresh. There was another handsome feller sitting at that table there when ——"

The Blotter's clotted eyes stray from our table to the mirror. "Yes," says he, "there was."

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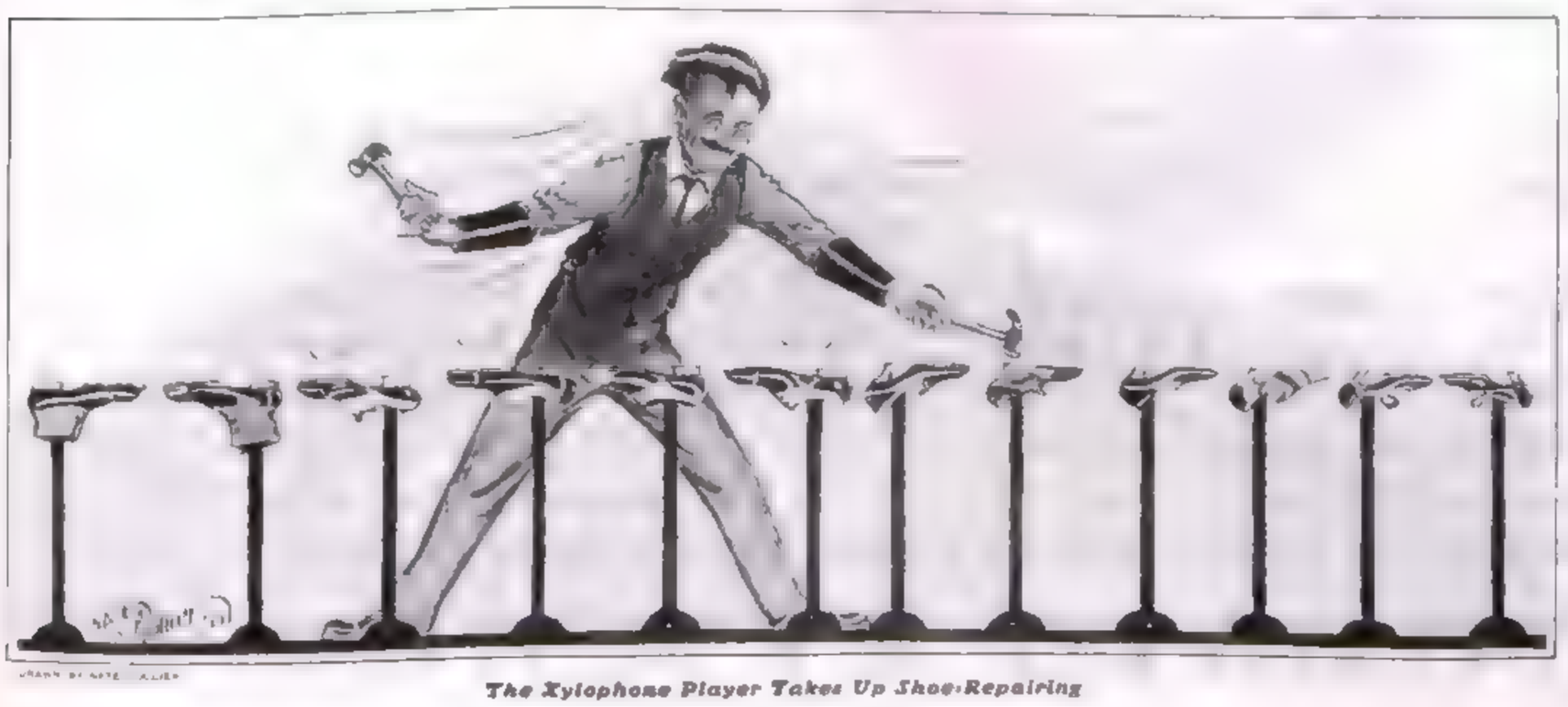

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A NET OF CIRCUMSTANCE

(Continued from Page 42)

"It's a party line," the other man explained. "My name's Veal," he added. "The Maples have me take care of their place in the winter. I went out to the barn just now and I happened to look over there and see it all lit up. So I thought I'd call up and see if they was here. They come up sometimes in the winter, only they usually go to tell me."

"No," said Farr, "there's nobody here but me. I was pretty near froze when I got here, but I've got a fire going now."

"What'd you say your name was?"

"Bill Farr."

"Who's with you?"

"His name was Lambry," said Farr, and caught himself with a sudden start of desperate fear and amended this. "His name is Lambry," he said. "We were on our way over to Day's camp on Deer Island."

"Say, you're a long ways from Deer Island," Veal told him doubtfully.

"We got lost," Farr repeated. And he added, remembering the part he meant to play: "I'm kind of worrying about Lambry. He's a little fellow. He can't stand as much as I can. I don't know where's he got to. I thought I'd go out and hunt for him as soon as I got warmed up. Maybe you can get some men and come over."

"It's stopped snowing," the other reminded him. "He'll be all right now."

"The wind's blowing the snow, down on the lake," Farr protested. "You can't see anything down there."

"I guess if he's lost, he'll have to take his chances," Veal decided, after a moment's thought. "He'll probably get into a fish house, or a summer camp somewhere. How'd you get in there?"

"I broke in a window," Farr explained.

"You did?" Veal echoed; and Farr, conscious of the reprobation in the other's tone, replied: "Yes, I did. I wasn't going to freeze to death outside."

"I'll tell you," Veal said, after a moment's silence, "you stay where you are. I guess maybe I'll come on over. Take me probably an hour to get there. I'll get hold of some men if I can, and we'll see if we can locate your friend."

"I wish you would," Farr agreed. And he added after a moment: "If I get warmed up, I'll start out maybe before you get here."

"You better stay there," Veal insisted, "or you'll get lost again."

"All right," Farr agreed, "I'll wait for you here."

But after he had left the telephone it required all the big man's resolution to hold to this promise. It seemed to him that he was not yet ready to face the eyes and the questions of these men who were coming. There were so many things he must conceal, so many matters he must lead them to believe.

Yet in the end he dared not run away. To do so would be confession, and to confess now would be destruction, since by thrusting Lambry's body through the ice he had committed himself, burned his bridges behind him, taken a route along which there could be no return.

So he waited, moving restlessly to and fro, scrutinizing himself and his surroundings in a desperate determination to discover any detail which might betray him. Lambry's snowshoes caught his eye, and at first he thought of burning them in the fire on the hearth, and then he was afraid that if he did so some fragments would still remain when the other men arrived. It occurred to him that since the owners of this cottage sometimes came here in the winter, they must have snowshoes and winter gear; and after some search he found three or four pairs of webs in the closet under the stairs, and he dried Lambry's snowshoes before the fire and stowed them away there with the others. They must some day be discovered, but by that time he hoped their possible connection with what had passed this night would not be perceived.

Thereafter he waited motionless, huddling before the fire. But by and by, because he knew he must soon or late hear Veal approaching, he began to listen, to pick out from the lessening song of the wind outside the house what seemed like alien sounds. His sensibilities were by this time so acute that it seemed to him he heard many murmurs for which the wind could not be responsible, and sometimes the sounds were like the clack of snowshoe frames against each other. Farr, shuddering, had to remind himself that Lambry's snowshoes were in the closet there. A shutter, he decided, was loose somewhere about the house. And sometimes he seemed to hear a scraping and a thumping, as though someone with heavy feet stumbled along the veranda; and he told himself, refusing to look toward the windows, that this was but the mysterious tumult of the storm.

But after a long time he caught faintly what might have been the tinkle of bells and his attention fixed upon this sound. He sat with mouth open, so acute was his effort to hear. The tinkle was repeated, and repeated again. With an infinite slowness it became more clearly audible, seemed to come nearer, until at last Farr was sure he did in fact hear it, that it was not simply an imagined sound.

This tinkle of an approaching bell brought him abruptly a great peace. It meant that other men were coming, that he need no longer be alone here in this empty house with a wet and dripping Lambry peering in at him through the black windows. And when the sound of the bells came still nearer, he rose and went to the door and turned the lock and stood in the doorway to look out.

Since he was in his stocking feet, he would not venture into the snow, even upon the veranda here. So he waited, and a shaft of light from one of the windows beside him, striking down across the snow-clad slope below the house, revealed to him the approaching sled dragged by an old horse. Upon it he could see the black figures of three men.

The sled stopped by and by at the foot of the veranda steps, and the men, without speech, alighted from it; but their silence was oppressive to Farr, so that after a moment he spoke to them in what he tried to make a normal tone. "That you, Mr. Veal?" he asked, and one of them replied, "Yes. Are you Farr?"

They were coming up the steps, and he stood in the lighted doorway to meet them. "Yes," he said slowly; "yes, my name's Farr." And he drew back to let them enter the room.

When they did so he recognized one of the men with Veal as Shear, the station agent, who had talked with him and Lambry that afternoon, an eternity agone; and Shear spoke to him, smiling faintly, as though Farr's mishap were a matter for jest.

"Got lost, did you?" he asked.

Farr, usually a silent man, was rendered by his fears loquacious. "Yes, sir," he replied. "Yes, sir, we did get lost. Say, that wind was blowing some for a while! We've got to get going," he added—"see if we can locate Lambry."

"He the fellow with you?" Shear inquired, and Farr said, "Yes. Yes, we started to make a circle and see if we could strike land anywhere. When I tried to go back over my back tracks I couldn't see them for the snow."

"Where's your toboggan?" Shear asked.

"We were going to meet at it," Farr explained. "We left it when we started to look around."

Shear grinned. "If it'd been me, I'd have left it before that." And he spoke to the other men. "They were lugging a toboggan with more'n two hundred pounds of stuff on it," he declared. "Take a horse to pull it through that soft snow."

Veal said ruefully, "You made a mess of that window all right."

"I had to get in," Farr explained. "I was pretty near froze."

The third man approached the fire, rubbing his hands. "It's a right cold night," he agreed, "even if the wind is going down." And Veal said: "This is Lin Hugget, Mr. Farr. I picked him and Shear up to come out with me, case we had to go out and see what we can do. But the snow ain't blowing so much on the lake now. I guess it's safe to say the other fellow's holed up somewhere."

Farr looked at him with a quick startled jerk of his head at this phrase. "Holed up?" he repeated, and felt the blood drain from his cheeks.

"Sure!" Veal declared. "In a fish house, or in one of the summer places. There's plenty of cottages if a man can see to get around. All he's got to do is strike for shore somewhere and follow it along until he gets to a wharf. He'll be all right till morning."

Shear, who persisted in finding the situation amusing, looked at Farr and asked, "What's become of your artillery?"

Farr touched the empty holster against his thigh. "I was pretty well all in," he explained. "Kept falling down. I guess it spilled out sometime and I never noticed." He added vehemently, "I guess you don't know how hard it was blowing there a spell out on the lake."

"Lose your knife, too?" Shear asked.

"Guess I did," Farr assented. "I was pretty near out on my feet. Maybe I threw 'em away. I don't know. It was about all I could do to keep moving, without lugging them around."

Veal deposited another log on the fire and took off his heavy coat. "I guess we might as well stay here," he suggested. "There ain't any use going out looking for anybody now. If he hasn't got into shelter somewhere, he's down by this time and there wouldn't be a chance to find him. How far from here you think it was that you and him separated?"

"I don't know," Farr confessed. "I kind of lost track of things. What time is it?"

"Long toward half past eleven," Veal replied, and Farr said incredulously, "Lord! Is that all? I'd have said I was out there most of the night."

"You get frostbit any?" Hugget asked.

"My toes, kind of," Farr told him, "by the way they felt when I thawed 'em out in here."

"It's a wonder you come this far," Veal remarked. "I should think you'd have run into a fish house or something and got into it out of the wind."

"We didn't see one, after dark," Farr declared quickly.

"There's shanties all over this part of the lake," Veal insisted, and Farr said stubbornly, "Well, I can't help it. We never saw one." He added, with an effort at laughter: "Most of the time I was plowing along with my head down, anyway. You couldn't look around much with that snow in your face all the time."

They stood silent for a moment, and then Veal said thoughtfully: "Well, I'll go out and get the old horse under cover. There's nothing for us to do till morning. We'll start out come daylight and see where your buddy is."

"You don't think we ought to start now?" Farr urged doubtfully.

But the others agreed with Veal that this was either unnecessary or hopeless, so in the end he submitted, and Veal went out to attend his beast and came back presently and they settled themselves to pass the night about the fire. After a while Veal said drowsily, "You tramped around a lot outside, didn't you?"

Farr, faintly surprised, nodded. "I was trying to find a way in without breaking in," he explained.

(Continued on Page 95)

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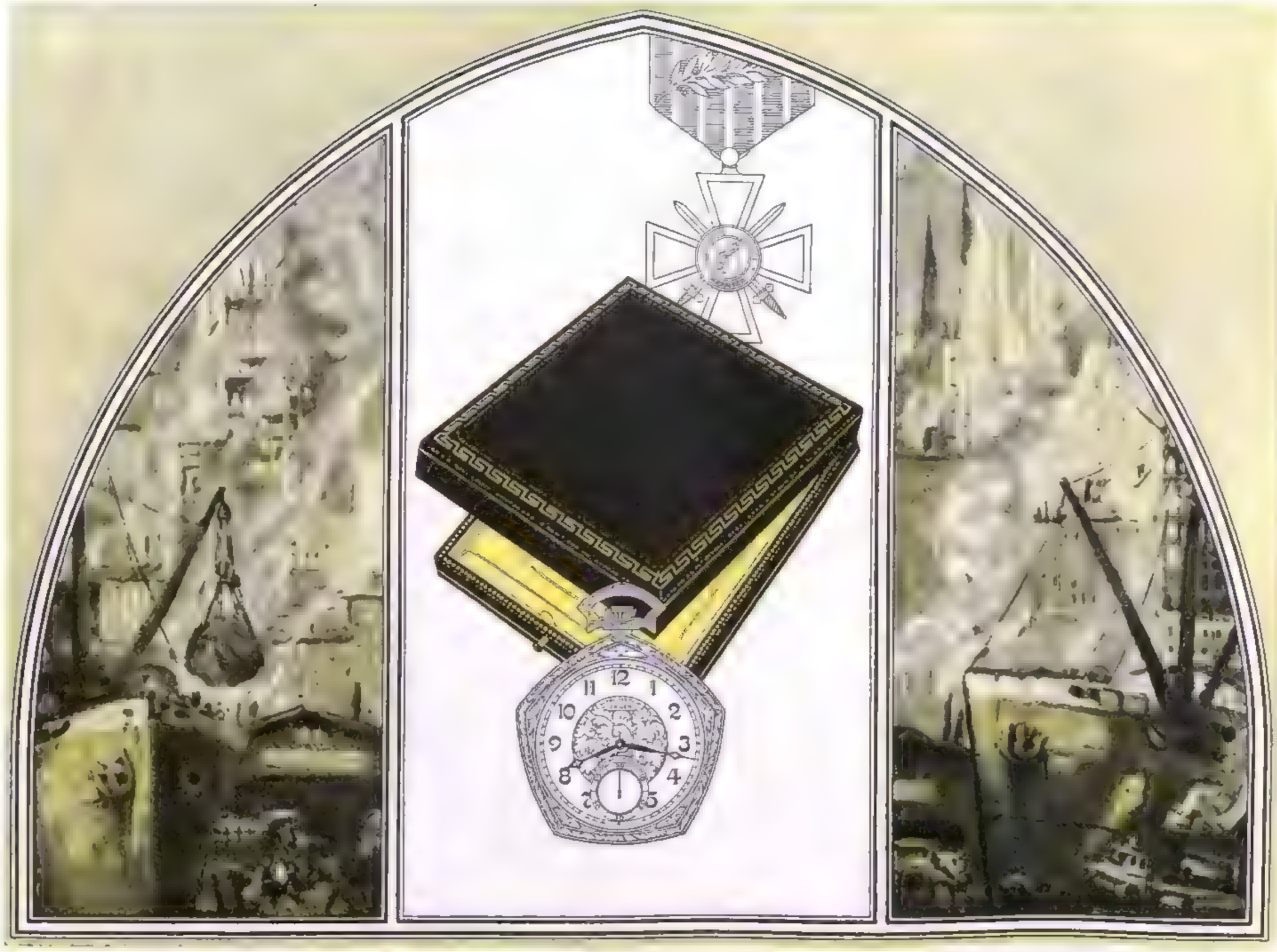

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(Continued from Page 93)

"Guess you was in bad shape," Veal commented. "There's tracks everywhere. Looks like you milled around considerable."

"I was pretty cold," Farr agreed. "But I just went around the house once."

"There's more than one line of tracks," Veal assured him, but he spoke sleepily, and as though the matter were of no importance; and the others paid it no particular heed.

During the long hours that followed they got some snatches of sleep in the chairs they drew close to the fire, but first Farr had to answer many questions, going over and over the same ground. He spoke carefully, stuck accurately to the general outlines of his story. He and Lambry had become lost in the storm and wearied with the effort of drawing the toboggan, they had separated to look for shelter, and he had been unable to find Lambry or the toboggan afterward. Increasingly cold, he had stumbled blindly through the night, falling and fighting to his feet again, till he reached land and shelter here. In some one of these falls his pistol and his knife must have been lost. Beyond that, he repeated, he knew nothing.

"See anybody after you left me?" Shear asked once, and Farr said, "We met a man named Dummer—that's all."

The others smiled and nodded at this. "Dummer's out fishing every day," Shear agreed. "He ain't got sense enough to stay at home. But he don't like bad weather."

"This blow's bad enough for anybody," Veal commented, and Shear said thoughtfully: "I didn't see Dummer come in tonight. I kind of expected him too. He usually runs to cover when it comes on a storm, and he can smell weather better'n most folks. Where'd you meet him, Mr Farr?"

"Out between the islands," Farr explained.

Shear nodded. "I went up to the store right after you left," he confessed. "Probably he come in while I was away. That way I wouldn't see him. I never noticed whether there was a fire in his shanty under the platform or not."

None of them made any comment upon this. To none of them did it seem in the least important, but Hugget said after a moment, "Wind's going down now."

"Be all clear by morning," Shear agreed.

During the night the other men slept some, and Farr sank at times into a lethargy that wore the aspect of sleep; but as a matter of fact, he had no rest. His fears were too persistent, and this long inactivity tormented him, increasing his apprehensions. It was a relief when he saw at last that the blackness outside the windows was giving way to the gray light of approaching dawn.

He did not at once arouse the other men. The dreadful night was done, but at the same time Farr feared the approaching hours. So while the windows turned from black to gray he waited, and his thoughts went racing, considering what he had told these men who slept beside him, what he should tell them in the day that was to come.

They would go out presently to hunt for Lambry, and they would not find him—would never find him. Lambry was gone for good and all, but the very fact of his going would remain a mystery to which there must be found some explanation. It was not enough that he should have been lost in the storm of the night before, even though he had perished from exposure there. His body in that case would reveal itself to a sufficient search by the light of day.

Farr had meant to suggest to them the possibility that Lambry, wandering in the night, might have fallen through the broken ice of which Shear had spoken the day before; the broken ice on the ledges, or perhaps the thin ice under a bridge somewhere—Farr did not know just where, yet Shear had spoken of this bridge—where a current flowed. He realized now that he had failed to suggest this to them, and when presently he did rouse them, pointing out that day had come and that they must be moving, he reverted to the matter.

"I'm afraid Lambry's fallen through the ice somewhere," he confessed. "I'm more worried about him all the time."

But they laughed at him for that. "Can't fall through twenty inches of ice," Veal assured him.

Farr said protestingly, "You told me yesterday, Mr. Shear, that we might strike open water over on the ledges."

Shear nodded. "Yes, but there's ice under it," he explained. "When the lake rises, it breaks up some on the ledges there, and the water flows out over the ice. I meant you could get your feet wet, but you can't break through."

Farr digested this in silence while the others made their preparations to set out, and Shear's intelligence awakened in the big man new misgivings. If Lambry could not have broken through the ice, then what were they to think had become of him? His thoughts were busy with this problem as they prepared to get under way.

Veal went out and fetched his horse from a shed in the rear of the house and harnessed it once more to the heavy sled. By the time they were ready to start, it was sufficiently light so that they could see vaguely the gulf below them where the lake extended. They got aboard the sled, Farr sitting on the seat with Veal while the two others crouched in the bed of the vehicle behind.

And as they turned down the hill Farr braced himself to meet the hours which were to come.

VII

THE light came quickly. For a space, while they followed a winding road through the belt of trees along the border of the island, it seemed dark; but when they emerged upon the open lake beyond it was almost day.

Veal said thoughtfully: "If we can pick up your tracks, it will help some. Where'd you hit the island?"

And Farr said: "I don't know. I don't know whether it was this way or that. I was just going along before the wind any way I could."

"Wind was almost north last night," Shear commented, and Veal nodded and turned the horse, slanting at an angle to the westward. But when that showed them in the course of a quarter of a mile no trace of Farr's passage, he turned east again, casting across the lake.

By and by they came to the tracks they sought to find. To Farr's eyes these traces were no more than a line of humps upon the snow, and he expressed his doubts.

"Your snowshoes packed it down some, so it didn't blow away," Shear explained. "That's where you come, all right."

Veal turned the horse to follow this line of tracks, and a moment later Lin Hugget exclaimed, "Say, there's more tracks right over there!"

And when they looked thirty yards or so to the south, they saw that this was in fact the case. A lesser line of hummocks showed there, for the most part scarce perceptible, yet still beyond mistaking.

"Think you come past here twice, do you?" Veal asked, stopping the horse to consider this matter, and Farr shook his head. His throat on some account was dry.

"I kept the wind behind me," he declared, "right along."

"Somebody else come along here then," Veal insisted. "Probably it was your buddy. Probably he's down this way."

"They might be old tracks," Hugget pointed out. "Maybe somebody fishing out here had a smelt hole in the ice down by the island."

They decided in the end that those tracks were negligible, and got in motion once more, retracing the course which Farr had taken the night before. But though they dismissed those other traces from consideration, Farr could not do so. He remembered his feeling that someone had followed him, and he was sure now that this had been the case. But on all the expanse of the lake the night before there could have been no one but Lambry. He asked after a while, "Those tracks over there made by snowshoes?"

And Veal said casually, "Sure! Yes, them's snowshoe tracks."

Farr nodded. Lambry's snowshoes had been on his own shoulder. But if Lambry could come up from sixty feet of water, he could conjure snowshoes out of the infinite as well. The big man sat shivering and trembling as the old horse plodded up the lake toward that which lay ahead of them.

It was by this time sufficiently light so that they could see the fish houses scattered here and there; and when they passed near some of these, Veal turned aside to discover whether Lambry had taken shelter. But they found no trace of him and returned to Farr's track again.

It was Shear who at last perceived, some distance ahead of them, a low hummock on the snow, and pointed it out. "What's that?" he asked.

Farr's tracks here swung off to one side; that other line had before this disappeared. They abandoned Farr's course now to head directly toward this hummock, and as they came near it Farr saw that it was the toboggan, half covered by a drift of snow on one side, scoured bare on the other. They stopped to examine it. The milk cans full of bait were frozen and bulged and the men chuckled at this.

"Guess you won't get much use out of that bait now," Shear suggested, but Hugget said, "They say fish froze that way will come to life if you thaw 'em out."

"I've heard that too," Veal agreed.

"I don't care anything about them now," Farr protested, thinking it his part to show solicitude. "We've got to find Lambry."

The snow about the toboggan was by some whim of the wind scoured away more closely than elsewhere, so that his tracks did not show just here, and Farr was grateful for this. Thus, at least, he had escaped betrayal.

Shear, examining the toboggan, asked, "Didn't you have an ax? Don't see it here anywhere"

"Must have slipped out," Farr said quickly. "I never noticed it after we left the station."

They kicked the towrope out of the snow and attached it to the rear of the sled. "We might as well haul this along with us," Veal pointed out. "You'll want your stuff when we do find Lambry, anyway." He added, sweeping his eyes around the lake: "He ought to see us, if he's awake. It's broad daylight now. We ought to see him pretty soon."

Hugget, who at this suggestion had also looked around, spat now and said derisively, "I'll bet that's Dummer's fish house over there. See the smoke in the chimney?"

Farr looked that way. The fish house to which Hugget pointed was perhaps a quarter of a mile from where they stood, yet even at this distance it seemed to his disordered faculties there was something familiar in its outlines; and it was certainly true that from the stovepipe which projected above its roof a little wisp of smoke ascended.

"Dummer's?" he repeated. "What makes you think it's his?"

"He's the only one'd be out so early," Hugget replied. And he added: "Besides, anybody else'd have more sense than to figure on catching shad over there."

Before Farr could ask the reason for this remark, Veal suddenly swung his horse. "Say, maybe Lambry's there," he pointed out, "and got a fire going. We'll go see."

"That's right," Shear agreed. "Maybe it's him."

Farr felt his heart pounding more strenuously as they thus changed the direction of their course. He knew, without knowing how he knew, that this shanty on the ice ahead of him was in fact the scene of what had passed the night before; and as they drew nearer it he was the victim of a thousand fears, tormented by possibilities of disaster. (Continued on Page 98)

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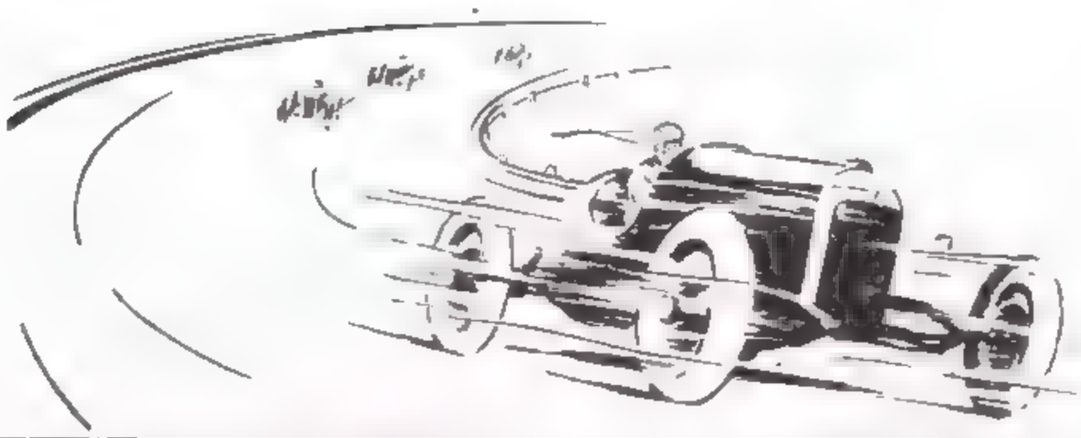

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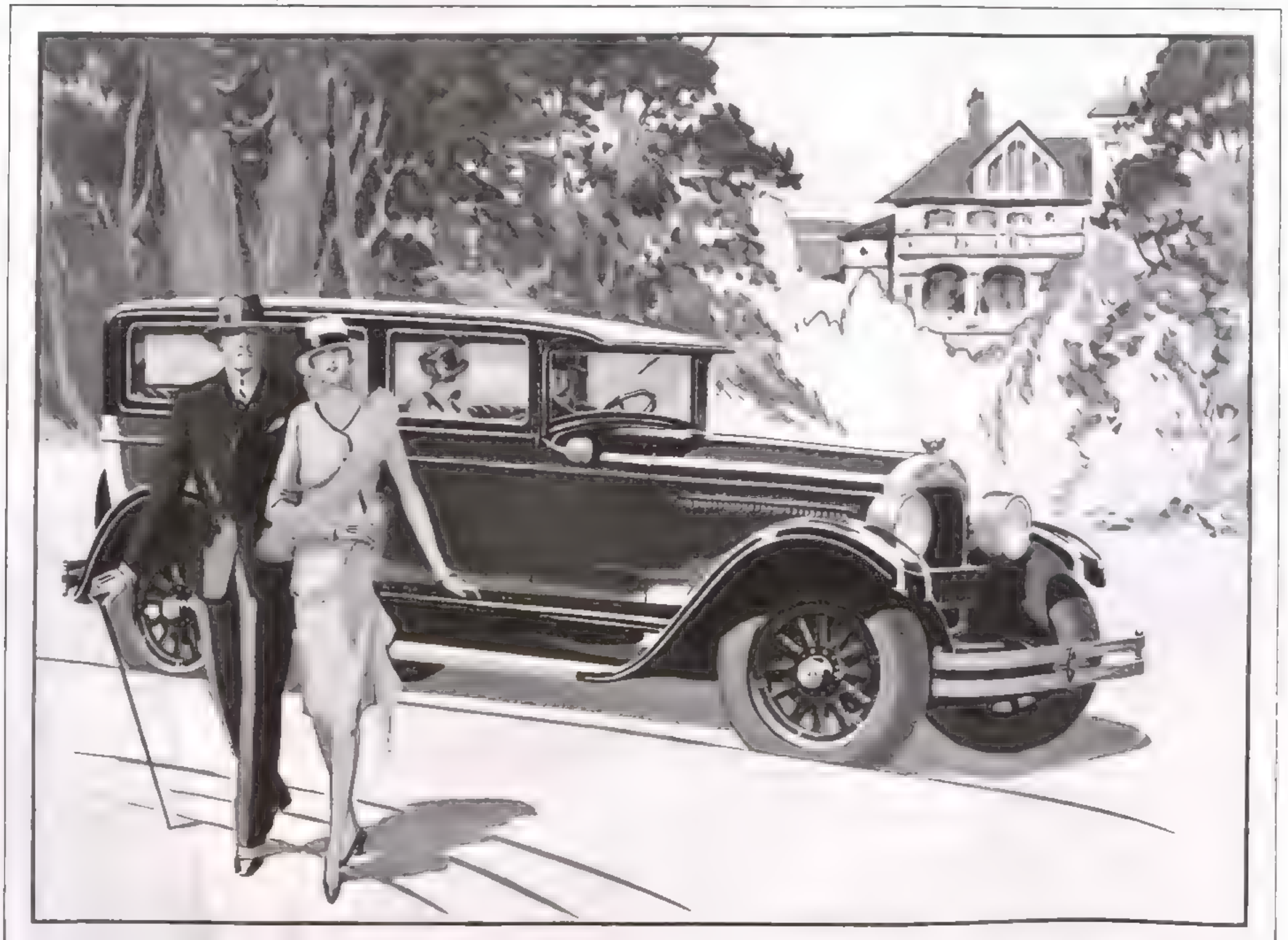

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HUPMOBILE EIGHT

(Continued from Page 95)

The smoke rising from the chimney was in itself appalling, as the snowshoe tracks upon the snow had been. He had a terrible fancy that Lambry might, indeed, be there, crouched above the little stove, nursing a whining fire.

Yet if Lambry saw them coming, he would not wait for them, Farr thought; he would duck out of sight through that hole in the ice again, grin derisively from the depths of sixty feet of water at their astonishment when they discovered the untended fire.

And Farr had to control an impulse to shout the other's name, had to fight down his fears; and he huddled more closely in the collar of his coat to hide his stricken countenance from these other men.

But their attention was all turned forward toward the little shanty, and now as they drew near it Veal pointed to one side and said: "Look there! There's the track of your toboggan. Say, you come right by that shanty in the night."

"We didn't see it!" Farr insisted, too loudly. "We didn't see any shanties! We didn't see a thing!"

"You come right by," Veal repeated, looking at him curiously.

"That must have been a spell when we had our heads down, pulling," Farr urged. "Or maybe Lambry got back to the toboggan after I left him and hauled it a ways when I didn't come back at all."

"I guess we'll find him in there," Shear predicted. "He probably saw it when he passed, and when he had to give up, he'd come back and get inside."

By the time they stopped before the shanty they were all half convinced that this was in fact the case, and that Lambry was secure here—all, that is, save Farr. But when they stopped and hailed the fish house and the door remained closed, a quiet settled on them, and they alighted from the sled without further word. As they took the half dozen steps necessary to bring them to the door, Farr saw the lock dangling, the staple removed from its place and hanging in the loop of the padlock.

The circumstances seemed to him curiously important, confirming as it did his guess of the night before, and his attention fixed upon this small matter to the exclusion of all other things.

It was Veal who jerked open the door of the fish house; and Hugget and Shear stood at his shoulders, while Farr remained a little behind them. But he heard Veal say, in a tone of dismay and disappointment, "Oh, hello, Dummer!"

Farr pressed closer then, vaguely relieved; and he saw Dummer look up at the men in the door, an admonition in his eyes.

"Don't make so much stir!" Dummer said warningly. "I got a big one nibbling down here a minute ago. I'm going to catch him soon as I get some proper gear."

"See anybody around this morning?" Veal asked, and Dummer said, "Sh-h! Don't make such a noise!"

Hugget chuckled. "You ain't likely to catch any shad in that hole, Dummer," he suggested.

The other man wagged his head. "You never can tell the way of a shad," he retorted. "I've caught a many of 'em in my day."

They watched him for a moment in silence. He was not fishing, but seemed to be preparing a new line, a heavy line—a cod line, Farr thought, to which the simple man now attached a tremendous hook and bent it stoutly on.

"Say," said Hugget, "what you aiming to catch? A whale?"

"I got hold of something," Dummer repeated. "But it pulled off the hook. I aim to drop a hook down there it won't get off from."

"Never saw a shad that could get that hook in his mouth," Hugget insisted.

"Lots of men never saw a lot of things," said Dummer stubbornly.

Farr, looking over the shoulders of the others, protested in surprise: "That line you've got ain't more than ten feet long, Mr. Dummer. What good's that going to do?"

Hugget glanced back at Farr. "We're out on the ledges here," he explained. "I don't figure there's more'n six or eight feet of water here anywhere. Nobody but Dummer would look to catch a shad out here."

"Six or eight feet?" Farr repeated slowly, and felt a dull grip tighten on his heart.

"Sure!" said Hugget. "That's all there is."

Farr knew then that which was to come. But he stayed, watching stolidly, for there was nowhere he could flee.

Dummer had not baited his hook. He lowered it through the hole, turning to them again with a hissing signal for silence; and though they smiled, yet they obeyed him; and though they were amused by his folly, yet something held the men there, watching to see what would come of this curious fishing of his.

The man lowered the line until it went slack as the sinker struck bottom. Perhaps six feet of it had passed through his fingers. He lifted it then an inch or two, until it hung taut again; and he moved it to and fro, intent upon its angle, lifting it a little now and then, lowering it once more.

And abruptly the three watching him saw him give a little twitch and saw that the line was taut, and he put both hands to it and began to pull.

Something heavy and sluggish strained at the other end, and Farr was frozen where he stood, and could not move. But the others crowded forward. They leaned over to look down through the hole in the ice, and Farr leaned with them. In the dark water something became visible, something obscure and formless; and Dummer, lifting with a gingerly yet steady pull, drew it upward toward the hole in the ice.

Farr saw, even in the darkness, all too clearly. When this object on the end of Dummer's line was within a few inches of the surface he perceived that the hook was fast in the lapel of a coat—Lambry's coat. And a moment later the hook came half out of the water, would come no higher because the rest of Lambry caught against the sides of the hole.

Dummer dragged the line to one side, grumbling; and when he did so Lambry's face, in the friendliest manner in the world, freed itself from the ice and lifted above the surface to confront them there.

VIII

DUMMER'S little shanty was crowded. The place was small; there was in it no proper room for more than one or two men. But Dummer was in it, sitting in his accustomed place above the hole in the ice; and Shear and Veal and Hugget were crowded in the doorway, Farr leaning upon their stooping backs and peering over their shoulders. The place was packed with them, with their bodies bulky in the heavy garments that they wore. It was a gloomy little corner, dark and ill lighted; outside, the lake under its blanket of ice and snow lay gleaming in the risen sun. The shanty was full of men; and when Lambry's head appeared, there were too many of them in the place. Veal and Hugget recoiled, carrying Farr with them, out into the open light of day, into the clean and sun-scoured air. They stood there, these three, just without the door, alert as though at a movement they might break into panic flight. But their eyes were furtively attentive to the scene within.

While their bodies had obscured the doorway, the shanty was dark; but when they recoiled and left the opening free, more light struck in. And Shear, a bolder man and more resolute than these others, leaned that he might see the better; and he cried out, without turning his head: "It's him! It's Lambry here!" And he reached down with a quick movement and caught the cod line, which was slipping a little through Dummer's startled hands.

Dummer burst into a sudden violence of protest. "Let go my line!" he demanded. "You get out of here! I'm doing this! This is my shanty! You haven't any call to come bothering me!"

Shear had knelt to get a grip on the lapel of Lambry's coat. He said gravely over his shoulder to Veal, "Get the old fellow out of here! Make room!"

So Veal, with some reluctance, caught Dummer by the arm and dragged him to his feet and drew him out of the fish house. Dummer submitted, babbling resentfully.

Farr was standing there, and Shear looked out at him with a sudden glance like a glance of recognition, and he said abruptly, "Come in here, Farr. It's Lambry."

The big man was so paralyzed by dismay at this which had come to pass that he could neither move nor speak. His world was in collapse, the structure of his hopes all shattered, the worst of his fears become actuality. Yet there was in him no resistance, only a helpless submission to this catastrophe, and he let Veal thrust him almost rudely through the shanty door. Hugget was bold enough to follow him. Behind their backs Dummer plucked at them, shouted at them abusively, clamoring to get in; but the other men paid him no heed.

Shear, with an awkward care and gentleness, lifted Lambry's body up through the hole in the ice. When it was half free, they all saw Dummer's ice pick bound there to Lambry's arm. Their eyes remained for a moment fixed upon this, and then Shear looked up at Farr.

"You do that?" he asked in a level tone.

Farr's lips were bloodless. He spoke automatically. "We got separated," he repeated mechanically. "We got lost. I couldn't find him any more."

Shear, with a nod, looked down again, and he and Hugget between them extended Lambry's body on the ice. It was cramped there, for the shanty was so small; but Veal said in a low tone, "I'll bring the sled over."

And he turned away and they watched while he maneuvered the old horse, shouting at the creature in tones unnaturally loud. He led it in a half circle till the sled was just outside the shanty door and a little way off.

Dummer had drawn aside; he was sitting on his hand sled, watching them morosely, mumbling at them angrily. Hugget and Shear lifted Lambry and laid him on the straw in the bed of Veal's sled; they disposed him there in what dignity was possible.

In this necessary handling, the two men discovered a thing or two; and they spoke together in low tones upon these matters, and they looked once or twice toward Farr. Farr was leaning against the corner of the shanty, watching the snow at his feet. He was dulled and insensible to terror now.

By and by they covered Lambry over with a horse blanket. It was the only thing available. Their attention was now fixed upon the sled rather than on the shanty, and Dummer rose and said in surly fashion at Shear's elbow, "Guess you're through with my prop'ty now."

"It's too bad, Dummer," Shear said in a kindly tone. "Yes, we're through."

Dummer went into his shanty; and behind him he slammed the door, shutting them out, shutting himself in that dim obscurity. They heard him rattle at the fire and a fresh plume of smoke arose. The fish house presented its inscrutable front to them, and after a moment they forgot it.

Shear, used to responsibilities, was willing to assume them now. When Dummer entered the shanty, Farr had moved away from the corner of the little house and stopped doubtfully near the tail of the sled. The sun, having dispelled at last the mists of morning, lay along the ice like a gleaming sword. Their eyes were narrowed against the glare. And while Veal and Hugget stood by, awkwardly yet resolute, Shear looked at big Farr.

"What happened, Mr. Farr?" he asked gravely. "We might as well hear the way of it."

"We got lost," Farr repeated. "That's all there was. We got lost and I never saw him after that."

Shear shook his head. "He's got a bullet in him," he said, "and he's weighted down. That ice pick tied to his arm and your gun in his pocket, and your knife, and an ax stuck down his pants leg. Enough to sink him. What'd you shoot him for?"

Farr stood for a moment, and then he began to sway like a great tree. Not like a tree that bows to the pressure of the wind, but like a tree that feels the ax at its foot and begins to shiver to its fall.

Veal saw this, and he cried quickly, "Look out! He's going down!"

And he and Hugget caught Farr's arms and the big man's knees gave way beneath him, so that he slumped on the ice, half sitting, half crouching there. His head was bowed and his mittened hands twisted together with a gesture curiously as though he were washing them. "He shot himself," he said, mumbling the words, with bowed head. "He shot himself."

Neither Hugget nor Veal made any comment on this, but Shear shook his head. "He didn't look to me like a man to shoot himself," he said accusingly. "He acted right cheerful yesterday afternoon, when I see you. What'd he shoot himself for?"

Dummer, inside the shanty, jerked at his door to close it tighter, as though to shut out their voices. But none of them heeded him. They were watching Farr, waiting for him to speak. And after a little his very despair brought Farr a certain peace, a certain resignation, so that he was able to accept this catastrophe, and no longer fought against it. He even managed grimly to smile, as he raised his head and looked at them.

"You're not likely to believe anything I'd say," he reminded them soberly; and Shear, after a moment's scrutiny of the other's countenance, nodded.

"That's so," he confessed. "You've said a lot of things that wan't true. But it won't do you any harm to tell us some more lies; and if they was the truth and we did believe, it would do you some good. What happened, Mr. Farr?"

Farr, after a moment as though to assort his memories, said slowly: "We got lost, the way I told you. And cold—like to froze—and wore out from hauling that toboggan. It's heavy," he added in an apologetic tone. "And the snow was kind of deep in places, and the wind was blowing awful hard. We was pretty well tired out."

"I 'lowed you would be," Shear agreed. "I told you that before you started."

"It wasn't so bad till it got dark," Farr explained. "But after that, not knowing where we were nor how far we had to go, it got tougher all the time."

"It's no joke, for a fact," Hugget suggested, a certain sympathy in his tones. "I've been out a night like that myself."

"We come to this fish house here," Farr went on. "And Lambry, he said we'd break into it and stay the night. We didn't know where we were, and he said we could have a fire and keep warm in there. He wanted me to take the ax and knock the lock off, but I kind of didn't like to break into any man's house."

Veal said resentfully, "You wan't so particular down at Maple Lodge."

"I'd quit being particular by then," Farr confessed, and Veal nodded.

"Yes, I guess so," he agreed dryly.

Farr felt the hostility in his tones, but he accepted it submissively. He must now accept, he realized, the enmity of all the world. There was no chance that anyone would believe. Nevertheless he went on, telling them at last the truth of it.

"I was too slow for him, getting the ax," he explained. "And he said he'd shoot the lock off. He wanted my gun. I'd have given it to him, but he couldn't wait for me. My hands was cold and I couldn't move fast, and he grabbed it out of the holster."

He hesitated for a moment, and then went on. "He gave me the flash light to

(Continued on Page 103)

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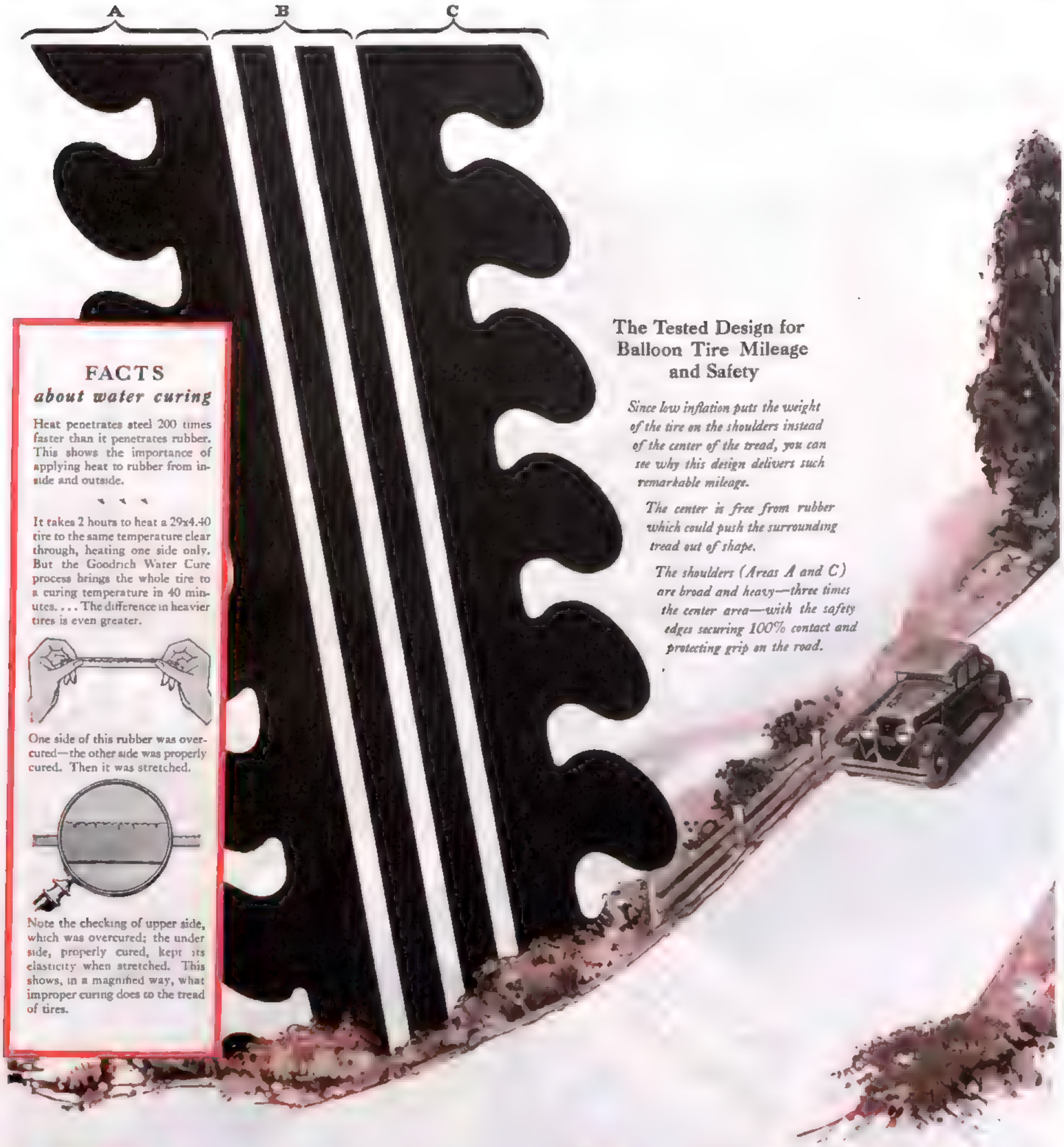

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(Continued from Page 98)

hold," he continued. "And he tried to shoot at the lock, but there wasn't any cartridge in the barrel. I told him to work the action. It was kind of stiff, and he didn't know how to handle it. He got mad at it, and he took the barrel in his left hand and pushed the slide away from him with his other hand, and it was pointed right at him. I yelled at him not to do that, but just as I yelled, the gun, it went off, and Lambry, he dropped."

He paused, and for a little there was silence, and he saw these three men, listening like a jury to his tale, look gravely from one to the other.

Shear said at last, "Lambry didn't look like a fool to me." His tone was incredulous.

Farr nodded. "Lambry never was a fool," he agreed. "I liked Lambry. He was my partner."

Veal smiled in a bitterly derisive fashion. "And after that," he suggested, "I cal'late this pardner you liked so much, he loaded himself down with hardware and climbed down through Dummer's fish hole."

Farr looked at him wearily. The glare of the sun hurt his eyes and he closed them, but he went on patiently with this incredible tale. "You see," he explained, "Lambry and me, we've got a garage, and he's around the house a lot, and my wife likes him. That don't worry me. I knew Lambry was all right, and I knew Nan was all right. But a lot of trouble makers kept trying to egg me on and make trouble between us. And when Lambry shot himself that's the first thing I thought—that folks would think I'd done it on account of Nan."

He hesitated, his eyes clouding with weary memory. "And then," he said, "I happened to take hold of the lock that he'd been going to shoot off, and the staple come right off in my hand, and I saw the hole in the ice in there and I saw there was a chance to get rid of him."

He looked at Shear appealingly. "You told us there was open water down around here somewhere," he reminded the other. "I thought if I could hide Lambry so he'd never be found, folks would think he'd got lost and walked into a hole in the ice somewhere. And I knew you fished for shad in deep water."

He was trembling in a curious way. "So I sank him," he concluded. "I was scared. It was the only thing I could see to do. I didn't think he'd ever come up again." And when for a moment no one of them spoke, he added apologetically: "I knew no one would believe the way it did happen. It was the only chance for me that I could see."

Veal was still nursing his revived resentment because Farr had broken into the cottage that was in his charge. He said to this explosively, "You're right, at that! Nobody with any sense is going to believe it."

And upon this there was again a little silence. But Hugget said at last, and doubtfully, "I don't know." He was addressing Veal, arguing with him. "It don't look to me a man would go to all that trouble. It looks to me if I wanted to get rid of somebody, I'd do it different. Anybody'd know he'd be found out up here."

They fell into a little argument together, Veal more and more insistent, Hugget deprecating the other's condemnation. But Shear remained impartial, and when Veal appealed to him he shook his head, and to Hugget's attempts to enlist him in the argument he returned no reply. Till in a pause at last he said regretfully: "I don't know any way we can check up on you, Mr. Farr."

Farr nodded. "I know," he agreed. "I saw that from the beginning of it. It's all up with me."

"You two was alone here," Shear remarked. "You're the only one that knows."

Farr moved one hand in a despairing gesture. "That's so. Sure, that's so," he agreed.

Dummer jerked again at the door of the shanty, from within. There was something profane and abusive in this mute gesture of protest at their presence here. Hugget glanced toward the fish house, but the others did not turn their heads.

"You see," Shear said again, as though he felt the necessity of explaining his position, "it's just your story. And it don't look as if a man would be so ready to think that people were going to say he'd killed his partner."

"A man on the train said he guessed I was bringing Lambry up here to put the boots to him," Farr urged helplessly. "It stuck in my mind that folks would think that. It didn't look as if they'd believe me."

Hugget said urgently: "I don't know, Shear. It might have happened just the way he says. A pistol like that's mighty tricky."

They were a moment silent at this, and Shear and Veal turned to Hugget thoughtfully; and then they concentrated upon him their arguments. Farr, watching with hopeless eyes, saw them seek to sway from his position this his sole ally. No one of the men was conscious of the fact that their opinion was not necessarily decisive. They stood in the midst of the great expanse of open lake, and there was nowhere in sight any living soul. It was as though they were the only individuals in the world—as though they were the world. Farr felt this even more keenly than the others. The three others were absorbed in seeking to determine what they should believe; he waited upon them as though they had been in fact the jury which must some day sit upon his fate. He felt vaguely that what they should decide would be, for good or ill, the final word.

"That's foolishness," said Veal, with a vindictive violence. "His letting on this could be the way he says. Now you listen, Hugget ——"

And when he was done, Shear added, in more moderate tones, "You see, Hugget, you got to look at it this way ——"

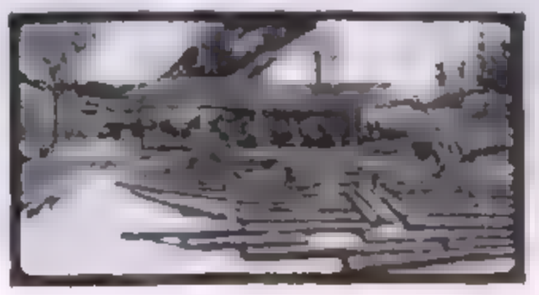
Farr found himself inattentive. Something else, curiously, had caught and held his eye. When Shear removed from Lambry's pockets the articles Farr had put in them to weigh the body down, he laid them on the floor of Veal's sled, near the tail. Farr, who had been squatting there, had a little while before this come to his feet, and he stood now with drooping head. In this position his eyes fell upon the automatic pistol. His thoughts began to fix upon the weapon too.

He tried to remember whether Shear had opened the weapon. Thought not. If not, then it must be now in working order. The water had had time to drain out of it; there had not been sufficient time for rust to clot its mechanism. And the cartridges were water-tight; they would still be serviceable. Easement for him there.

The pistol was on the other side of the sled from where he stood. To reach it, he must take a step or two that way. He might have used the weapon to make his present escape, but Farr had no thought of escaping in this hour. He saw in the pistol rather release from the dreary fragment of life that lay ahead of him. If these three men refused to believe him, so must the world refuse. And he was very tired.

Something wary in his posture now, he listened to that which they were saying; and he heard the tag end of the argument between Veal and Shear on the one hand and Hugget on the other; heard Hugget say at last, "Well," reluctantly, "I hadn't took a look at it that way. I can see that now. I guess that's right, the way you say."

Condemned, then. Farr did not shape the word in his thoughts, but its weight



came down upon him crushingly. And as the three in a sudden silence turned to face him, he moved a step aside, past the tail of the sled, slowly, lest he startle them. He must have the minute necessary to whip the weapon up against his brow.

"I guess we'll go along to town," said Shear. "I got to be at the station by nine o'clock. You ready, Farr, to go along?"

Farr nodded. "All right, I guess," he agreed.

"There ain't only your word," Shear explained, half apologetic. "And it sounds queer to us, Farr, with only your word to go on."

Done, then, thought Farr; and he swung and reached downward and had the pistol in his hand. But Shear was on him, and Veal too, and they twisted in a breathless struggle. Even Hugget took a hand, wrenched the weapon out of Farr's grip.

They wrestled for a moment, and Veal shouted, "Stop it, Farr!"

But Farr still strained and struck at them. It was this struggle of theirs which Dummer now interrupted. He flung open the shanty door and strode out at them. He threw up his arms. "Get out of here!" he shouted. "The lot of you! Scaring every fish in the lake! Get away from my place, the parcel of you!"

Farr, at Dummer's cry, ceased to struggle and submitted; and Shear, panting as he was, said gravely, "We're going, old man."

Dummer glared at them, and he saw their grip on Farr's arms. "What you holding him for?" he challenged.

"On account of that," Shear explained, and nodded toward the sled.

"He told you he never done that," Dummer protested.

"Well, it's just his word," Shear reminded the simple man; "and it's hard to take it on that, by itself."

Dummer shook his head in curt irritation. "You're a pack of fools," he told them. "Think I'm going to let folks monkey around my shanty without I keep an eye on them?" They were speechless. He jerked his thumb toward the sled where Lambry lay. "Him there, he bragged to me that he'd break in. So I come along after them last night." He nodded toward Farr. "It happened just the way he said. I see the whole business."

Shear cried, "You did? Why in Tophet ain't you said so then?"

But Farr uttered no outcry. In the simplest manner in the world he crumpled on his face in the snow.

IX

DUMMER had his failings, as they all agreed; but his word was to be trusted. "Never knew him to say a thing was so if it weren't," Shear assured Farr. This was while they were on their slow way back to the railroad, the patient horse plodding microscopically over the vast field of ice and snow.

Even Veal agreed that Dummer must be credited. "He said he kep' his eye on you after you left his shanty," Veal pointed out. "And there was his tracks, along of yours, down the lake and around the Maples' place. It's so, all right. He was there."

"I kind of thought it was that way, all the time," Hugget repeated. "'Member I said so, men."

They were now uniformly kind, but Farr was insensible to their kindness. Shear was assuring him there would be no unpleasantness. His brother, he explained, was a doctor; was in such matters the responsible official. "And the sheriff is all right too." What formalities were necessary would be surely done.

Farr listened inattentively. These others so obviously felt that all had turned out well, but to Farr the matter did not in this wise appear. He was, abruptly, very old, and curiously lonely. It might be, as they declared, that his skirts were clear; but poor Lambry, lying in the sled behind him, had been his partner and his friend.

(THE END)

2 Days after their Honeymoon!

NOT an incident had occurred to mar their happiness—but a shock was in store for them. They had spent only two days in their new home when an ugly crack broke through the surface of their charming living room wall.

SHE, in tears, blamed the elements. He, in rage, blamed the builder. In reality the fault was their own. Had they been wise enough to insist upon Herringbone Doublemesh Metal Lath, no unsightly cracks would ever have brought their happy contentment to such an abrupt end. Herringbone Doublemesh Metal Lath protects walls and ceilings against cracks—and, at the same time, safeguards against fire.

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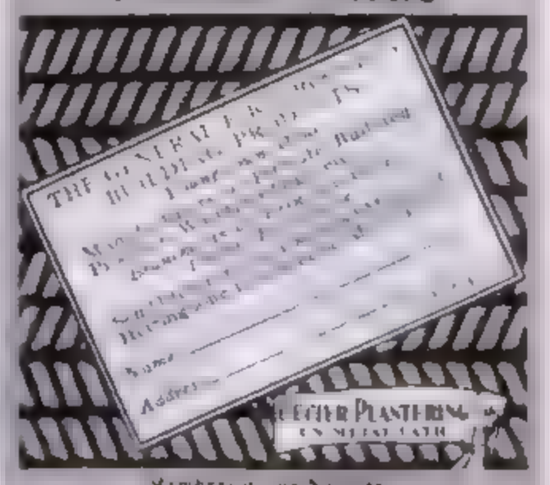

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For golf, outdoor dress or recreation, the smartly attired man wears appropriate sport shoes. ~Florsheim sport shoes are styled correctly for the occasion, attractively designed in rich combinations of white, cream, tan and black leathers,~ *comfortable~ cool* and *wear longer* because Skeleton Lined. ~Florsheim sport styles are nationally recognized for their quality and refinement ~ a pleasure to wear ~ a satisfaction to own.

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · CHICAGO

THE WALTON
As illustrated above
Style S-203

THE CLINTON
Style S-205

THE FRAT
Style S-204

TREES AREN'T SAFE FOR BIRDIES

(Continued from Page 15)

like the idea of a Cyclone IV. "Difficult things, women!" he muttered as he went down the stairs.

IV

THE generalization that women are difficult was a broad one, especially coming from Andy. Ann was the only woman he had ever known more than casually in the thirty years of his life. They had not been difficult for him because they had not existed. His mother had died when he was eight years old; and he spent the next eight years, before he decamped into the great world, in the home of his uncle, whose wife was a model of last-century spinsterdom. After a few years of trouping about the country, from county fair to county fair, as the Daredevil Boy Pilot—first with Art Blinker, one of the old before-the-war aviators, and then on his own after Art was killed at Denver—he had gone to Cornell and studied engineering. Then came 1914 and the war; the following March, Andy went over the border into Canada, searching for that promised land in which there was an inexhaustible supply of aeroplanes. He found it, and he spent the next seven years in uniform. After that he became chief Umpty pilot. Then Ann came along and, to his utter amazement, fell every bit as much in love with him as he was with her.

At first he had been stunned by the knowledge that Ann was so hopelessly, preposterously rich; and the only battle they had ever fought out between them was about money. The result of that was a sort of treaty. Ann was allowed to have any sort of house she pleased and as many of them as she pleased, not to speak of servants and cars, and Andy was to accept such unaccustomed luxury without a qualm. On the other hand, she was not to interfere in any way with Andy's work, nor expect him to become a gadabout, as though he had no work to do.

It had worked fairly well. There had been little moments of irritation, but nothing serious. Each considered the other more or less of a spoiled child, which was considerably more than less true. Since she had been old enough to talk Ann had run the works of her own orphaned life; she knew how to make governesses jump and knuckle under. So far as Andy went, there had never been anyone to say yea or nay to him except superior officers, and they did their yeaing and naying according to a fat book of army regulations. Within certain limits he had always done exactly as he wanted to do, and all those who didn't like it had the privilege of chasing themselves around the block.

It was perplexing, now, to discover himself in a close human relationship with someone who could legitimately disapprove of things he did, who could rightfully call him up on the mat and to whom he couldn't say coolly, "Go chase yourself!"

His thoughts were far more upon Ann than upon the Cyclone when he arrived at the field. He found George Morrison, with a group of men, pilots and designers of planes, talking shop. The group dissolved slightly as he approached and re-formed with him as the center. It was the inevitable post mortem—from the drop of the starter's flag to the last plane across the line. Andy and George managed to disengage themselves after a few minutes and sauntered down the field where no one could interrupt them.

"How did Ann like the race?" asked George as they perched upon the fence and filled their pipes.

"Not much!" answered Andy. "She was afraid I was going to get bumped off."

"Is she going to kick about your flying?"

"Looks that way."

"Asked you to cut it out?"

"Not yet. She's going to though."

"Women raise the devil," observed George. He blew out a cloud of smoke and watched it drift away. "They'll be passing an amendment pretty soon that all men have to live in baby incubators. Going to stop flying, Andy?"

"No!"

George uttered a "Hum-m!" and added after a moment, "I'll betcha do!"

"Why should I?"

"Well—hell, Andy, why shouldn't you?" George Morrison was an old, old man in the flying game, one of the venerables, the graybeards; he had lived through the days when planes were built like kites, and had reached the age of forty-eight. "Why not pass it up? I don't mean for you to stay glued to the ground for the rest of your life, but let the youngsters do the stunts. You've got about everything you want. A home, a wife and you're pretty much in love with each other or I'm cockeyed. Fortunately there isn't a question of money ——"

"That's just where you're wrong! Do you think I'm going to let people say, 'Huh, there goes Torrey. He married a girl with money and he hasn't had more than one foot off the ground since'? Not a chance! I'm going to keep 'em saying, 'There goes Torrey, the pilot.' Do you suppose that Ann'd have any respect for me if I lay down on the job?"

"Not if you lay down, but ——"

"That's the answer," interrupted Andy. "Flying is the one thing in the world I can do better than most people. It's my game and I'm going to stick to it."

"But you've got the turbine coming along," resumed Morrison.

"Maybe I have. But have you ever heard of an invention that promised big things and then turned into a washout? I'm not counting any eggs yet. By the way, you haven't a telegram for me from Riggs, have you?" Riggs was the superintendent of the plant where the aero-turbine was being tested.

Morrison reached into his pocket and pulled out a batch of telegrams, some of them addressed to himself, some to Andy, some opened and some still sealed. "Take your choice," he said and passed the messages over. "I haven't come across anything but congratulations."

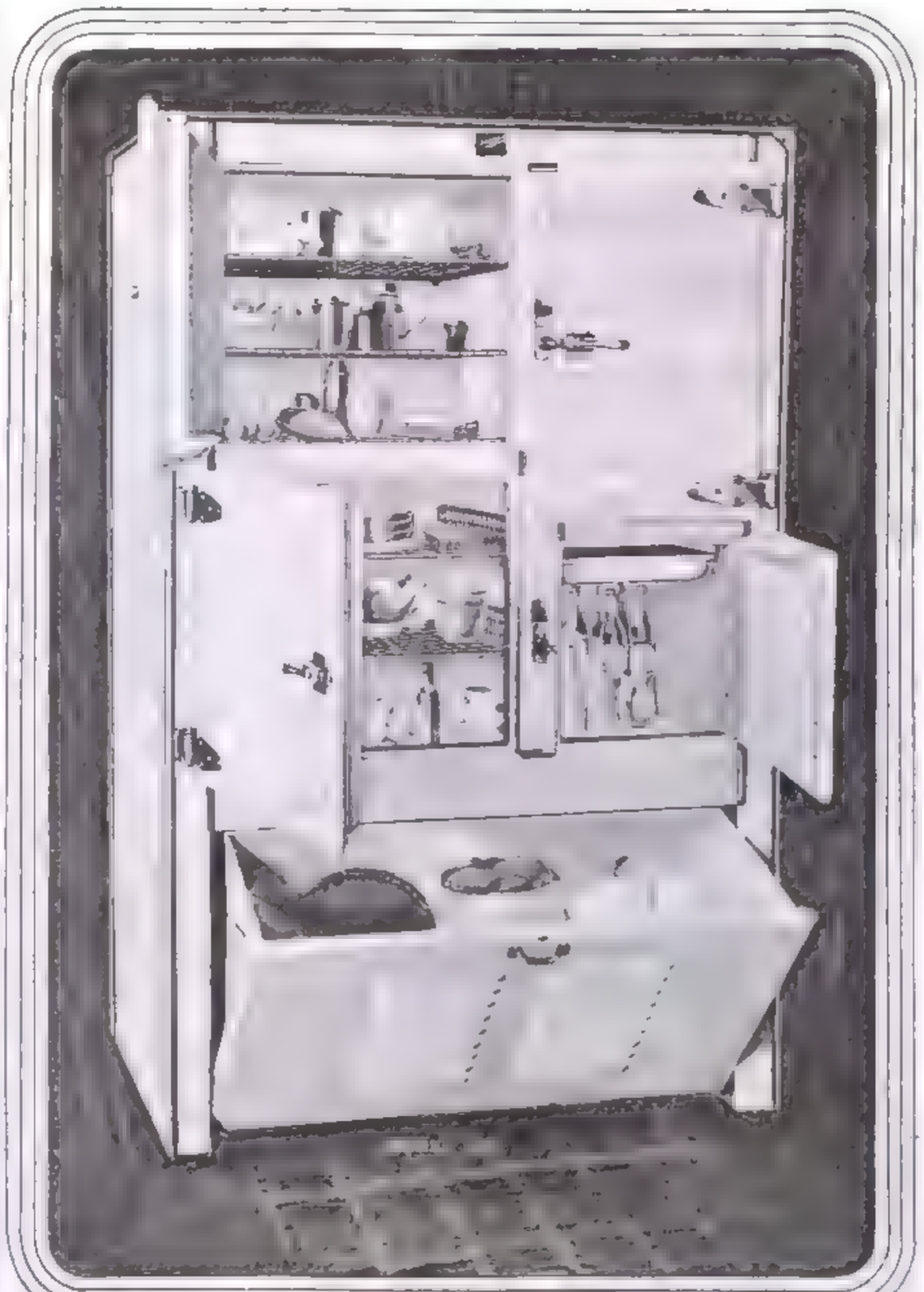
"If the turbine's a success," Andy went on, glancing negligently at one telegram after another, "I'll probably stop flying and give it most of my time. The turbine's my game too. Every penny that's gone into it has been mine. I don't mean, George—and you know it—that Ann is ever tight about money. Anything else but! She thinks I'm crazy not to let her finance the thing. Wanted to let me have a hundred thousand! But I don't want any help from anyone until I've proved that the thing is worth putting money into. When I've proved that to the point where I can ask any bunch of engineers for money, I'll be ready to take some of Ann's—but not before."

"Don't be too hard-headed about it," cautioned George. "You've got just one life to live and money is nothing but so much necessary junk. Why run the risk of busting your neck? No sense in making a religion out of money."

"I'm not," he assured George with simple earnestness, and added another crumpled envelope to the yellow pile at his feet. "But I'm going to hold out until hell freezes over for what I think is right."

"Rights for men, eh?"

"Just about that. If I give Ann the right to say, 'Thou shalt not fly,' and use her money, I'll be putting myself on the market. She's the one who is hard-headed about money. She thinks she can buy anything, except me. The trousers on the Torrey homestead are mine and I'm not going to sell 'em!" He stiffened suddenly



CABINETS BY Seeger SAINT PAUL

Electrical Refrigeration installed in a New All Porcelain Cabinet by Seeger meets the most exacting demands of the present and of the future.

Among the many unique features of the New All Porcelain Cabinets by Seeger are

Porcelain Vegetable Storage Compartment
Porcelain Defrosting Pan — No Drain
Removable Porcelain Baffle Wall

The Representatives of Electrical Refrigeration will be pleased to show and demonstrate the New All Porcelain Cabinets by Seeger in sizes to meet your requirements.

Cabinets by Seeger for use with ice and also for commercial purposes will continue to be shown by usual representatives.

SEEGER REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
SAINT PAUL — NEW YORK — BOSTON — CHICAGO — LOS ANGELES — ATLANTA

Standard of the American Home

$30,000 in Cash Prizes

Find Six Keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

Through a national survey the public has given us six outstanding reasons why everybody likes Coca-Cola. They are being illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising between the first week in May and the middle of August—in many newspapers and in each of the following weeklies (one "key" to each advertisement): The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Liberty, Collier's Weekly, and Life—in posters and outdoor signs throughout the country, and in the show window displays and the soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

You'll find one of the "keys" in the Coca-Cola advertisement on the opposite page. The first "key," *taste*, has already appeared. All will be easy to find—if you keep your eyes open to Coca-Cola advertising.

Just three things to do:

1. *Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.*
2. *Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.*
3. *Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question:*

Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the two questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize	$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,500
4th prize	1,000
5th prize	500
10 sixth prizes (each)	100
20 seventh prizes (each)	50
200 eighth prizes (each)	25
400 ninth prizes (each)	10
A total of 635 prizes	$30,000

Follow these simple rules

Do not mail any entry before the first week in August. You must see all "six keys" before you can write correct answers. Contest closes August 25, 1927. All entries must be in the hands of the judges by midnight, August 31, 1927. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of originality, cleverness and completeness of answers.

All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used for advertising purposes. None will be returned.

Address all answers to

CONTEST JUDGES
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the closing date as all entries can be properly judged.

The judges will be three men: Pres. of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final

and reread the telegram he was holding. "That's pretty! Read it!" The message was:

CONGRATULATIONS ON RACE STOP SORRY REPORT EXPANSION CHAMBER EXPLODED THIS MORNING STOP ONE MAN INJURED AND TWO IN HOSPITAL WITH MERCURY POISONING STOP SUGGEST IMMEDIATE RETURN STOP WIRE ARRIVAL STOP

RIGGS.

Andy was off the fence. "Me for the first train," he announced. "I'll telephone Ann."

At the Crosslands Ann hung up the receiver and returned slowly to the library, where Emily was waiting.

"Well!" she exclaimed, and her small hands went up in a gesture of helplessness. "Just what we've been talking about. The turbine went blooey and injured a couple of men. Andy has to get back at once."

"Today? What a shame! But can't you stay?"

Ann's head shook. "If he's going to sit on top of some turbine while it explodes I want at least to be there and wave to him when he starts skyward. . . . Emily, all men are crazy! There are times when I get so exasperated with Andy I could shake him! Do you ever feel that way about Dan?"

"And how!" answered Emily feelingly. "They are such infants!"

"Perfect babies!" They started upstairs. "Men have to have some sort of playthings to keep themselves amused," said Ann; "and I want Andy to be happy. But he simply must stop flying—that sort of flying. If he'd only let me put some money into the turbine—quite a lot of money—I think he'd be so busy that he wouldn't have time to fly. But if the darned turbine is going to blow up all over the place ——" She sighed. "Why in the world can't men just settle down and be happy?"

V

ANDY had spent the night at the plant where the aero-turbine was being tested, making an intense examination of the wrecked engine, and it was seven o'clock before he got to bed. By noon he was up again and eating a second breakfast while Ann had her luncheon.

"We'll have it running again in about four days," he assured her.

"What caused it?"

"As far as we can dope it out, the mercury injector went to the bad and gorged the chamber with mercury. The safety vent wasn't big enough to take care of it and something had to give, so the side blew out. Nothing much."

Ann wondered if the three men who had been injured would agree with him; and she decided that since they were men—and hence capable of falling in love with a complicated hunk of metal that swung an oak stick with two air paddles at the rate of two thousand revolutions a minute—they probably viewed the matter quite dispassionately. She could imagine them, at that very moment, propped up in bed, discussing the accident and referring to the engine that had unaccountably spit metal, fire and vaporized mercury at them as "she."

"We'll stick in a bigger safety vent," Andy went on absently, "and then house the whole works in a bombproof. We talked of doing that before."

His thoughts were exasperatingly far away, with Riggs and the turbine.

"Then why didn't you do it?" asked Ann accusingly. "It's better to take a few precautions than to send men to the hospital."

"Well, there are lots of ways of spending money," Andy replied, mind still far away at the plant. If he had glanced up he would have seen that Ann's anger was fulminating. She glowered at him from beneath half-shut eyelids, and paused in the act of buttering a hot biscuit. He continued, as thoughtlessly as before: "Thousands of ways of spending money and only one way of making it."

Whereupon a small, well-buttered biscuit missed his head by two inches and went plop! against the wall behind him.

"What the ——" He looked up and found that Ann had risen; she was standing before him, eyes flashing, furiously angry. His mind scurried back over their conversation and he realized, in view of the fact that she had pleaded with him to use whatever money of hers he needed, that he had been tactless. He wondered what she would throw next; Ann did like to throw things when she was angry.

"You are," announced Ann, "the most dumb-headedly, stupidly selfish person I have ever known in my life. You're the ——"

But wrath got the better of her. Instead of finishing, Ann fairly leaped from the room. He heard the front door slam, then came the grinding of the starter of her roadster. The car jumped down the driveway and took the gate with so small a margin that he winced.

He crumpled his napkin, tossed it in the chair, left the dining room. Girls who threw buttered biscuits and bounced out of the house could settle their own woes. He had woes of his own; they wanted him at the Umpty field, they wanted him at the plant, they wanted him in Dayton when the Cyclone III arrived. The designs for the new expansion chamber should be finished by the next morning, so that work could go ahead immediately, and it would be only humanly decent of him to drop in for a few minutes at the hospital and see the men who had suffered in the accident. Also, there were seven planes in the Umpty hangars that must be tested before delivery. Needles and pins, needles and pins.

"You can salt yourself down!" he muttered in the general direction of Ann's disappearance. "Got enough to worry about without going off the deep end."

In his car—a rather battered rowdy-looking affair which concealed as its heart of gold an engine that the mechanics called "slick"—he choked off an impulse to show the world what a really narrow margin between the hub cap and the gate looked like.

"Spoiled child!" he muttered. Ann had once told him that as a child she had never been spanked, and he felt that it was a pity. Everyone had to be spanked sooner or later. Better get it over with while young, like measles and mumps.

At the Umpty office he found a stack of letters and telegrams waiting for him. With the secretary at his elbow, he got some of the more important of them out of the way, one eye upon the field where the mechanics were breaking out new planes for him to test. His way of dictating letters was to say to the secretary, Miss Greb, "Tell this guy he's crazy," or "Explain to the poor bozo that planes are delivered standing on this field, and not at Kansas City."

Then there was Riggs on the wire with bad news. "It's going to come between fourteen and fifteen hundred dollars, Andy."

"Ouch! Well, shoot the works. I'll get my hands on it somehow."

On the way to the locker for his flying gear he paused at the drawing board, threw back the linen cover and stood gazing at the half-finished design of the new Umpty he wanted to build for the aero-turbine. He examined it a little regretfully, because he knew it would be weeks before he would have time to complete the design and still more weeks before the plane would be built.

"Maybe I'm a chump not to use some of Ann's money," he said to himself, scowling. "Things'd go ahead much faster."

But, like the simple absolutist that he was, he pushed the thought aside. From his locker he dragged out flying clothes and his parachute pack. Down the field there sounded the preliminary growl of a motor warming up. The odor of burned gas and oil came drifting into the office. The sky was blue and the wind sock fluttered softly.

He left the office, his 'chute pack dangling grotesquely behind him, singing, "This is the life, this is the life for mine, tra-la-la."

No matter how long you have flown, there is always a moment of exhilaration, a kick, when the needle of the motor thermometer comes up to the proper point, when you wave the chocks away and give that last fleeting glance about you before you give her the gun. Wind beats back, the sod blurs and the tail hoists into flying level. A bounce or two and you are flying.

Andy always got the kick out of it. For some strange reason all the perplexing problems of the earth seemed easy to solve while he was in the air. The tangle of emotions between himself and Ann struck him as surprisingly simple. Perhaps George had been right, perhaps he was being a bit hard-headed about not letting Ann have a share in the turbine.

He spent the entire afternoon loitering in the sky, testing all the new planes and landing at intervals to diagnose troubles for the chief rigger to remedy. As he brought the last plane in he saw Ann's blue roadster parked near the hangars.

She was waiting for him, wearing a half-embarrassed smile that asked him to forgive her burst of temper.

"'Pologize for acting that way," she said.

"Don't bother, old dear. I'm a difficult beast to get along with sometimes."

"Both of us are difficult, Andy. Let's try not to be." Her blue eyes met his beseechingly and a little smile hovered about her mouth. Andy felt his heart swing way over.

"Ann," he said impulsively, before he might have time enough to backslide from the good resolutions he had made in the air, "if you're still willing I'd like to have you put some money into the turbine."

"Willing!" she repeated. "You know I'd love to!" She clutched his arm. "You're a dear!"

"No, I'm not much of a dear. For one thing, I'll need some help on it. And for another—well, when two people start out to share one another's lives it does seem pretty dumb to hold out on a piece of machinery. I've been off on the wrong foot."

"I'm awfully glad you're going to let me help you. It isn't much fun feeling that you're—um-m, sort of useless to the person you love. We'll buy a factory and ——"

"Don't be silly! We'll do nothing of the kind. At least, we won't until the thing has proved itself. It's just a gamble, Ann."

"Who are you that you should balk at gambling? You risk your neck driving a plane like the Cyclone. More sensible to gamble with a few dollars than it is with your life."

Andy scowled. "You don't understand."

"Don't understand what?"

"Look here, Ann; I'm a professional pilot. That's my job. It was my job when you married me and it's going to continue being my job. You might just as well make up your mind to it."

He began to wonder if his impulses hadn't carried him farther than he wanted to go. Give 'em an inch and they want a mile. Women!

Miss Greb, the secretary, came out to meet them. "Mr. Purdy is anxious for you to telephone him," she said. "It's about that plane he wants tested."

"Oh, yes. Will you get him on the phone, please."

Ann confronted him accusingly. "Are you going to test that junk heap of Purdy's?"

Until this moment Andy had not been sure whether or not he would test Purdy's new monoplane. George Morrison thought it was an aerodynamical mistake; but it was, at any rate, an interesting attempt at something new in aeroplane design. Purdy had spoken to him several times about it and had offered him a thousand dollars for a series of test flights. Might as well have a show-down with Ann now, instead of letting it drag along.

"Yes," said Andy coolly, "I'm going to fly the ship." He turned abruptly and entered the office.

VI

"HOW'S the course of true love running?" demanded George Morrison from behind his big desk.

(Continued on Page 111)

$30,000 in Cash Prizes!

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

THIRST!

The only real drink is a *thirst* quenching drink. Coca-Cola, a pure drink of natural flavors, quenches *thirst* as nothing else can.

See the column on the opposite page for details about this $30,000 contest

FRESH silk 24 DAYS from YOKOHAMA

A modern miracle which gave America the *silk hosiery habit*

A VISITING Princess not long ago remarked that the most striking thing about America was that everyone seemed to be wearing silk hosiery! And that is almost literally true. Yet, it is a somewhat new development—and one in which the Real Silk Hosiery Mills have played a big part.

For, until Realsilk found a way to give America silk hosiery that would *wear*, at a price all could afford—until Realsilk upset all tradition and converted silk hosiery from a distinct luxury into a recognized utility, the vogue for silk hosiery was no more perceptible here than abroad.

* * *

In the first place, silk had to come from the Orient . . . and the Orient was so far away! Boats were slow. Trains ran leisurely. Knitting machines were so methodical. And finally, the interminable drag of distribution, after the hosiery was finished! Sometimes it was months and months after the silk left Japan before the finished stockings were worn.

Then Realsilk entered the picture and a new order of things was introduced.

Capitalizing the increased speed of modern travel—hooking-up the 9-day fast trans-Pacific liner with the transcontinental non-stop silk train, brought silk from Japan to the Real Silk Mills at Indianapolis in the unbelievably short space of 13 days.

Next, Realsilk launched that memorable battle against time which resulted in faster mill production on silk hosiery—from raw skein to finished product in not more than 6 days.

But the *master stroke*—the determining factor—was Realsilk's new *direct-from-the-mills-to-you* system of distributing silk hosiery. Instead of using conventional methods with their time-consuming in-between steps, Realsilk cut a *direct channel* from the Real Silk Hosiery Mills to the home—an achievement which in practical time-saving and economy ranks with the short-cut made by the Panama Canal!

So, today, thanks to Realsilk, you can get FRESH silk hosiery—made of silk that little more than 24 days ago was still on cocoons in far-off Japan.

By co-ordinating every speed factor between Yokohama and *You*—by bridling the fastest ships, the fastest railway facilities, the fastest day-and-night factory production, and then linking them with a *direct* method of selling and delivery, Realsilk now gives you FRESH silk; lustrous, young silk; strong,

YOKOHAMA SEATTLE

to YOU

long-wearing silk—in what millions proclaim the most satisfactory silk hosiery in the world.

And best of all, *everyone* can turn this epochal accomplishment to his own *personal* advantage.

More than 10,000 Representatives—the well-known Realsilk Gold Button Men—are daily bringing this great hosiery service *direct* to homes and offices in every community. You place your orders for hosiery with them; these orders are sent to our Mills; within 48 hours after an order arrives the hosiery is on its way to you by mail—FRESH, new-made, and unhandled—and is delivered direct to you by your own Postman!

If you have never before realized the vital importance of this achievement, next time our Representative calls, *have him come in.* He will show you how to make big savings annually in the purchase of hosiery for the entire family . . . Or, better still, why not 'phone your local Realsilk Branch Service Office to have a Representative call at once.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U.S.A.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie
250 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Consult 'Phone Directory for Your Local Office

REALSILK

Gold Button Brand

HOSIERY

and SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS

This gold button identifies the Realsilk Representative when he calls at your home or office

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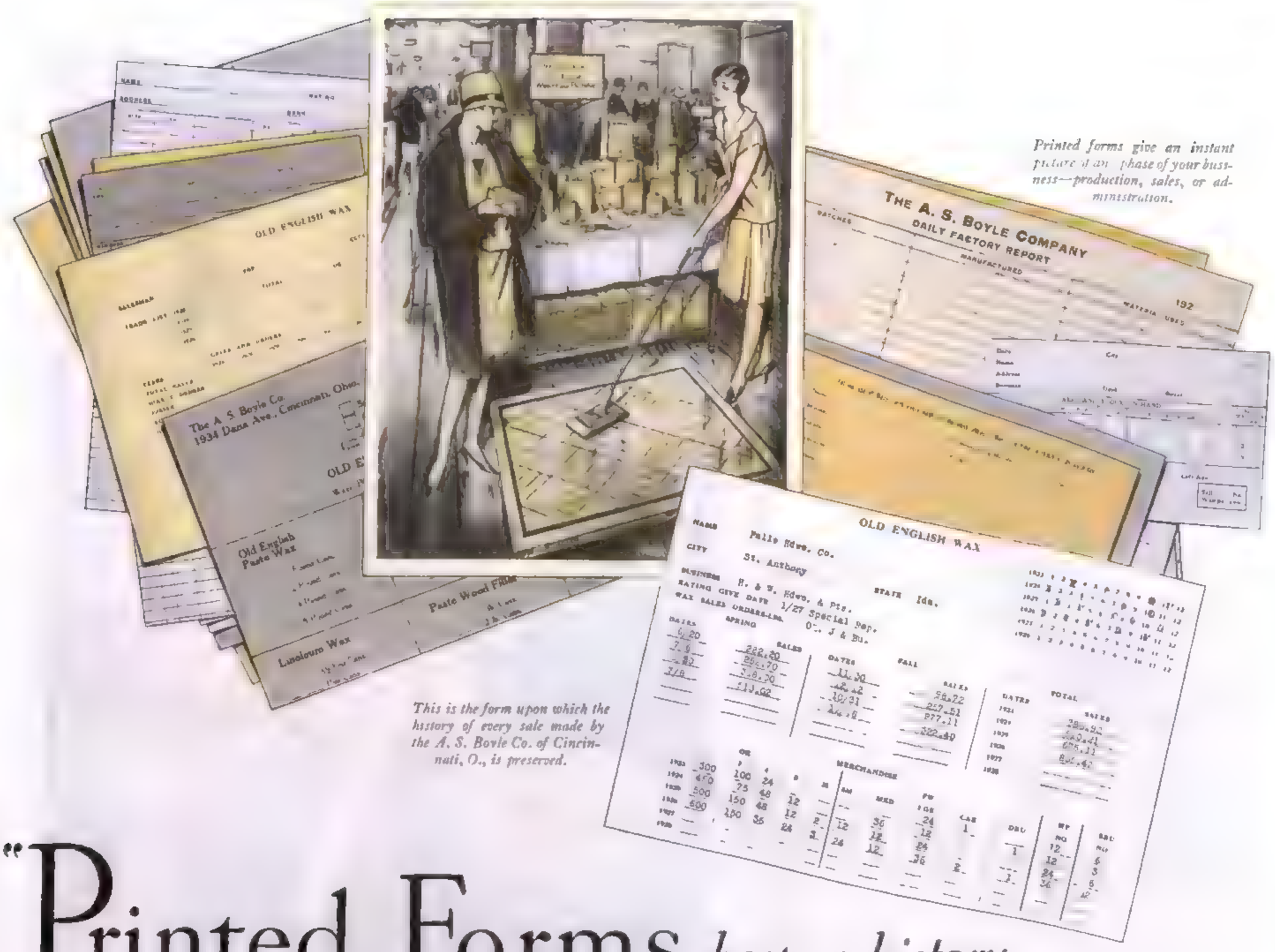
REALSILK, Indianapolis

YOUR HOME



Printed forms give an instant picture of any phase of your business—production, sales, or administration.

This is the form upon which the history of every sale made by the A. S. Boyle Co. of Cincinnati, O., is preserved.

"Printed Forms *keep a history of every sale*"... say the makers of Old English Floor Wax

IN two minutes' time, the sales manager of the A. S. Boyle Co., makers of Old English Floor Wax, can bring his national sales situation down to a focal point of any one dealer.

A history of the when, what and how much each dealer has ever bought is a matter of concise record. This record is kept on the simple printed form reproduced above.

With thousands of dealers spread thickly and thinly throughout the country, with a large corps of salesmen moving about their territories, it is imperative that such concerns as the A. S. Boyle Company keep an accurate record of salesmen's calls, dealer purchases, local trade conditions. For this work, printed forms are recognized as a vital factor.

Dealer records, salesmen's history, salesmen's orders, factory reports, sales and stock reports, salesmen's itineraries, are a few of the printed forms used by the makers of Old English Floor Wax. And for all such printed forms Hammermill Bond is being used more and more.

Five reasons for the increasing use of Hammermill Bond

First, this standard bond paper has just the right surface for pen, pencil, typewriter, carbon, or printing. Also, it is available in twelve colors and white so that forms for different jobs or departments can be identified by color. Next, Hammermill Bond is uniform in quality. In addition, it has the strength to stand rough usage. Finally, its reasonable price makes it a genuine economy.

Go to your printer. Let him help you get better printed forms. He knows Hammermill Bond, uses it, likes it—because it gives satisfactory results and makes satisfied customers.

Write for Free Working Kit

Dictate a note now. Ask for our Working Kit of printed forms containing samples of Hammermill Bond in all colors. It will be mailed to you without charge or obligation. Please write for it on your business letterhead. Address Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

(Continued from Page 106)

"So-so," replied Andy. "At present we're in a state of armed truce. We're having a show-down on the subject of flying. By the way, I took your advice and let Ann put some money into the turbine."

"That's only sensible." Morrison glanced up suddenly and demanded, "Then why in the devil are you testing that plane of Purdy's? You don't need his thousand."

"Discipline, grandfather. And why not? I can use a thousand dollars."

"A good burial costs that much."

"Oh, it isn't such a bad-looking crate. But don't say anything about it while Ann's around. The subject's taboo in the Torrey household."

"She'll beat your time yet," said Morrison, "unless you get really clever and break your neck first."

"Don't worry. You're turning into an old woman!"

"When are you flying it?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"By the by," said Morrison, "I saw Fred Chase in Dayton. He's resigning from the Army and he wants a job."

"Fred's a good man. Peach of a pilot!"

"Next to you I'd rather have him here on the field than any pilot I know. I'd like to keep a line on him, just in case the turbine's going to be taking most of your time."

"Yes," agreed Andy thoughtfully. "We'll see how things go. Of course, if the turbine amounts to something I'll have my hands full."

The next morning, an hour after Andy had left the house, Ann realized that she had forgotten to remind him of an engagement they had for the evening, and telephoned to the office. The operator said that he had just taken off in a plane and that he planned to be at the Purdy field until noon. She knew what that meant. Feeling doubly ill-treated because he hadn't told her, Ann decided that she might at least be among those present, and headed her roadster toward the Purdy field.

The new plane was near the hangars, surrounded by a group of men. She drew up at the side of the road, partially hidden by a clump of bushes, feeling very much as she had felt that day in Chicago when the Cyclone III was on the starting line.

Andy, in his shirt sleeves and with goggles dangling about his neck, was talking with Bill Purdy, giving directions. Presently a small truck drove up and a sand bag—ballast to act as the weight of a passenger in the rear cockpit—was passed out; then mechanics boarded the truck and started for the distant end of the field. They were to turn the plane when Andy landed it after his first straightaway flight.

The plane itself was not unlike one of those what-is-wrong-with-this-picture puzzles in the newspapers, for there was obviously something missing. It was a monoplane, built on the thick-wing principle, and resembled in general outline those little prewar Bleriots. Bill Purdy's plane was much larger—a litter of Bleriots could have been sheltered under its wings—and it swung two propellers. The missing elements in the picture were the engines, which were concealed within the two-foot depth of the wings. It was about those engines that the planes had been designed; they consisted of blocks of horizontally opposed cylinders, each engine shaped like a flat metal box.

At last the mechanics began to swing upon the propellers and the crowd moved out of the blast of wind. Andy stood at one side listening to the engines until the mechanic who was in the pilot's seat throttled down and signaled that they were warm; then Andy took his place and the engines opened up again in a final blast, the aeroplane straining against its chocks.

From a distance it was like any other straight flight, except that more people appeared interested. They watched it through glasses every inch of the way. The plane lumbered ahead, gathered speed and rose to a height of ten or twelve feet; then the motors became silent and the plane drifted easily to earth. The mechanics turned it about, accompanied by short staccato bursts from the motors. The plane rose again and came back. Andy switched off the motors and jumped out. He was immediately surrounded by men who nodded their heads while he talked. One of them slapped Bill Purdy on the back. Congratulations apparently. Mechanics in rubber shoes mounted the wings, lifted the coverings of the engines and peered inside. They crawled about like pygmies grooming a sleeping dragon.

Ann felt relieved and mildly disappointed. She had expected at least a little thrill of excitement by way of recompense for worrying. If that was all that testing a plane amounted to ——

Then the mechanics began to swing upon propellers again, and Andy was getting into his flying jumper and helmet. One of the men was holding his parachute harness for him. Apparently that wasn't all. In the short straightaway flights the greatest danger had been of the plane turning turtle and catching fire, so he had flown unencumbered by anything that might hinder him in making an escape. Now he was going in for real flying; to take the plane up and maneuver it.

He got back into the pilot's seat. The engines were roaring, propellers beating up a cloud of brown dust. His hand waved a signal to clear the wheels, and the plane took to the air. This time it mounted steadily, keeping in a straight line until it was well over five hundred feet, then it turned slowly and came back over the field, still climbing. The noise of the two motors came down to the ground in a faintly dismal whine, while Andy drove the plane through a series of figure eights. The men on the field were staring up through their glasses.

Ann slumped down in the car, put her head comfortably back and watched him. Perhaps, she said to herself, it had been silly of her to make such a fuss about Andy's taking the plane for its first flight. It didn't seem to be much different from ordinary flying.

And then came another one of those moments of heart-squeezing fear such as she had known when Mike Cobey's plane wrecked in Chicago. The plane started down suddenly, motors silenced; it gave a wrench in the air, a convulsive sort of twist, and the right wing folded up grotesquely. A second later she saw Andy—arms and legs silhouetted darkly against the pale blue sky—leap into the air and tumble earthward. A white flower blossomed magically over him, and Ann realized in a weak, sickly sort of fashion that he was riding to earth on his parachute. He appeared to be wiggling in the air. The 'chute tilted, spilling air from one side, and he came down at an angle, edging toward the field.

The plane, rolling over and over, casting bits of wreckage into the air, gathered speed and disappeared behind some trees. A dull cr-r-umph sounded from more than a mile away. Andy's 'chute was still sauntering toward earth.

Ann was galvanized into action. She swung the roadster about and headed toward him. At last he disappeared from sight. She cut from road to road, bearing down as best she could upon the spot where she had last seen him. She found men and small boys running in the same direction. At the head of the van was a youngster pointing into a grove of trees; he climbed the fence and raced ahead as if he knew where he was going, so Ann stopped the car and followed.

"I seen him, lady; I seen him!" he panted.

"Where?"

The boy pointed vaguely into the woods and stopped, bewildered. A man caught up with them, and a scattering of people came across the field. He took the boy's lead, started into the woods at the left, with the others following. They shouted at intervals and usually drowned out with their noise any answering call that Andy might have made.

Ann found the youngster tugging at her arm.

"Hey, lady, he's down there!" he insisted and pointed to the right. "I know, because he was just on a line with that big tree an' my house."

"I think so too," agreed Ann. "Let's try it."

They started off together, the boy excitedly leading the way, happy because he had found an ally, even though it was a mere woman. The shouts of the others dwindled. Finally they paused and the boy, hands to his mouth, yelled, "Hey!" A faint answering, "Hey!" came back to them.

"Andy!" she called.

"Over he-r-re!"

They pressed on until they finally found him—neatly hung in the branches of a tree, tangled in the shrouds and fabric of his parachute and swinging precariously.

"Are you all right, Andy?"

"I'm all right," he answered disgustedly, "but I'm tired of playing birdie in this tree!"

In relief from the strain she had been under Ann commenced to laugh; he did look so funny, hanging in a tree like one of his own great ancestors.

"If you'll stop laughing and get me a knife I might get out of this," announced Andy in an exasperated voice. "Don't be silly! Think I enjoy hanging in this tree?"

"But you do look funny, Andy!"

The boy, wide eyed, was going through his pockets for his knife. "Gosh, I guess I lost it," he announced dolefully. His face brightened. "Here it is!"

After half a dozen unsuccessful tries they managed to toss the knife to him and he began cutting shrouds, clearing his arms so that he could get to the snap which held the 'chute to his harness. The limb swayed and strained under his writhings.

"Be careful, Andy!" warned Ann. "You'll fall."

He responded with an infuriated grunt and slashed again. Then the limb broke with a crack. He made a wild grab for another, missed it and came down as though he were riding an avalanche, bouncing from limb to limb, snatching futilely for a handhold.

It was a good fifteen-foot drop—the most serious part of a fifteen-hundred-foot fall—and he thumped against the ground, rolled over and grabbed his right arm. Ann ran to him.

"Busted!" he said faintly, disgustedly. He was pale and beads of sweat covered his forehead. "Whew! Busted! Same place as before! Rotten luck!"

"Oh, Andy dear! I'm so sorry!"

She sent the boy scurrying off to find the others, and they helped him to her car.

Regardless of Andy Torrey's vehement protests that he had broken his arm by falling from a tree and not by falling from a plane, the undeniable fact remained that it was a thoroughly broken arm. He returned, a little glum faced, from his first trip to the city after the accident. Another X-ray picture had been taken and experts consulted.

"Going to be two months before this cursed fin of mine is worth anything," he announced. "We've got Fred Chase to take over the piloting job until I'm fit again." His expression lightened suddenly. "I telephoned Riggs. The turbine is running like a clock! He's all enthusiasm—ready to throw over everything else. Wants us to get a small factory."

"Are you going to do it?" asked Ann.

"Perhaps; if we can find one that's suitable."

She knew that Riggs had been looking for a factory; she knew because she had told him, while Andy was laid up in bed, to go out and look for one.

"Purdy's check was waiting for me at the office," Andy continued. "So I thought I'd get you a little present. Hope you'll like it." He brought a small box from his pocket, gave it to her. He was almost apologetic about it; the job of finding a present for a girl with money enough to buy everything she wants, or thinks she wants, had proved unexpectedly difficult. He had finally decided upon a small wrist watch of platinum.

"Andy, it's lovely!" Her eyes, when they came up to meet his, blinked away a trace of tears and she smiled radiantly, hugged him. "Andy," she said at last, very slowly, as though she were making up her mind to tell him, "I've got a present for you too. It's for us, that is. It won't be ready until about April. I hope you won't mind—being a father."

Andy, after she had gone upstairs to get ready for dinner, walked dazedly about the library and finally confronted himself in a mirror. He examined his reflection thoughtfully. "Papa!" he exclaimed, and grinned at himself. "Papa! Well, I'll be darned!"

He sat down before the telephone and called George Morrison. "You can tell Fred Chase," he said, "that his job is permanent. He's the chief pilot."

"I thought it'd come to that," said George. "Andy, my boy, you can't beat the women."

"You're crazy in the head! You don't know anything about it!" George's exuberant cackle sounded in his ear. "And you might tell Freddy," he continued, "to stay in the air when he feels like playing birdie. Trees aren't safe for birdies."

DX

(Continued from Page 9)

almost plucked up courage enough to step inside the store and ask; and though he hadn't yet, he was determined that tonight he would. Hurrying feverishly, by the time he reached the radio shop Mr. Clagg was almost running.

As usual a little throng was clustered at the window. Halting, Mr. Clagg tried to edge his way in toward the glass. He couldn't, however. The throng was too dense, besides which, two or three men directly in front of the window had engaged at the moment in a brisk, not to say acrimonious, argument over the relative merit of supers as against straight R. F. hookups—a discussion which the throng had closed in to hear. As Mr. Clagg, of course, knew, R. F. meant "radio frequency"; and astonished that anyone should question the superior sensitivity of a super, he had given up trying to edge in closer and was listening, when he heard a fourth man join in the debate.

The speaker stood close to Mr. Clagg. A square-set, well-dressed man with a smooth face and grizzled hair, he smiled quietly as he spoke.

"Tell me," he said pleasantly to one of the trio, "with that set could you tune in Philadelphia?"

Philadelphia? The three stared, then they gave a guffaw. Ten tubes, and the bird was asking could it tune in Philly? "Haw, haw!" they laughed.

The inquirer still smiled. "I merely asked," he said pleasantly, but not deigning to bother with one so ignorant, the three fans rudely turned their backs on him and went on with their argument.

(Continued on Page 113)

In 1878, a roof of Barrett Pitch and Felt was laid on the Baeder & Adamson Company building, Philadelphia, by the Warren-Ehret Company of that city. After 49 years the roof is still giving satisfactory service.

IN THE SEDATE 70'S THEY BROUGHT IN A VERDICT THAT STILL HOLDS GOOD

". . . . . and it was during this period that building contractors and engineers saw the solution of their roofing troubles. . . . Built-up roofs of coal-tar pitch and felt, with wearing surface of slag or gravel were established as the soundest kind of building practice. They were good roofs. Many are to be seen today — still delivering weather-tight protection to the veteran buildings they cover."

* * * * *

The past half-century has definitely proved the superiority of pitch and felt built-up roofs. Today you will find the majority of our finest buildings protected with The Barrett Specification Roof—a pitch and felt roof conceded to be the highest development in permanent roof construction.

When a Barrett Specification Roof is laid, a surety bond is issued guaranteeing the building owner against repairs or maintenance expense for 20 years. And back of every one of these surety bonds stand these factors:

When the roof is laid all work must be done by an experienced roofer who is approved by The Barrett Company—a Barrett Inspector supervising each step of the job to see that The Barrett Specification is followed every inch of the way.

Directly after the roof is down the Barrett Inspector makes the famous "cut test". And not until this test is made does his O.K. release the Surety Bond.

Two years after the roof is finished The Barrett Inspector again checks up—makes a thorough re-examination of the roof.

. . . . . Little wonder that Barrett Specification Roofs give dependable service many years after the 20-year guarantee has run out. For concise information about these trouble-free roofs, dictate a brief note to

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector Street New York

In Canada
The Barrett Company, Limited
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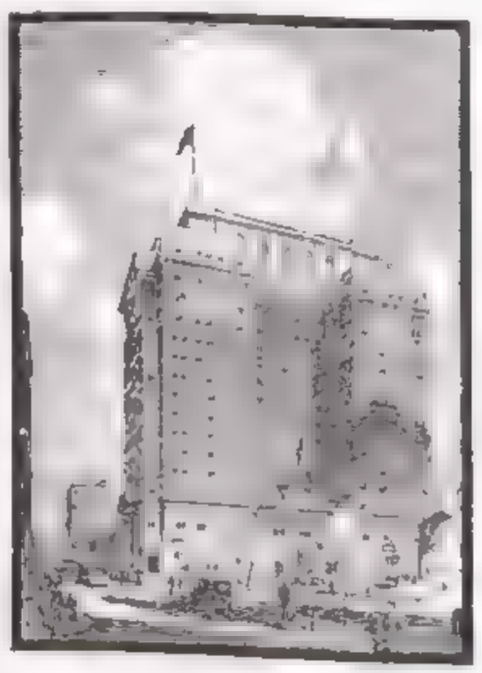
The Barrett Approved Roofer

Throughout the United States and Canada a limited number of roofing contractors have been approved by Barrett to lay The Barrett Specification Bonded Roof. These men have earned a reputation for doing efficient work—a name for absolute dependability.

Good workmanship is a big part of *any* good roof. Be sure of good workmanship. Take your roof problems to the Barrett Approved Roofer.



1927

A Barrett Specification Bonded Roof covers the Insurance Company of North America building, Philadelphia. Architect Stewardson & Page. General Contractor, Stone & Webster. Roofer: Ehret Roofing Co. All of Philadelphia.

Barrett Specification Roofs

(Continued from Page 111)

"Supers, nothing! Gimme straight R. F. every time, I says!"

"Aw, what're you jawin' about!" rejoined a second. "Those R. F. sets spill over, no matter how you hook 'em up!"

"You guys make me sick!" rejoined the third; and he added, "If DX is what you want, you gotta build a good old regenerative, attaboy!"

Balked, the man with the grizzled hair was turning away, when a hand reached out and touched him timidly on the arm. It was Mr. Clagg's hand.

"Yes, sir," faltered Mr. Clagg; "if you want to get Philly, I'm sure that set would do it."

"You're sure?"

"Yes, sir," stammered Mr. Clagg.

A smile crept into the stranger's eyes. As he looked down into the face of the small, slight figure looking up at him, the smile broadened. "Why do you think so?" he asked.

A spasm of shy embarrassment for an instant shot through Mr. Clagg. His questioner, he saw, was earnest, and he managed to control himself.

"You see, sir," he said, "it's this way." Then, his voice lowered, its tone guarded so that the trio near the window would not overhear and perhaps roughly dispute what he said, he hurriedly gave a little description of supers, their theory and general operation; and he had added, "Why, with a ten-tuber you ought to tune in the Coast!" when his listener gave a laugh.

"Yes, that's what they all say of any set."

"They?"

"The salesmen that sell them," said the stranger. Then, with another laugh he added, "I have four sets already—one cost me $350—and the nearest I can get to Philadelphia is Newark, New Jersey."

Mr. Clagg was nonplused. He was too polite to contradict. He wondered, too, that the man was so insistent on merely getting Philadelphia. What seemed incredible, though, was that with any set costing $350 he should be unable to do so.

"Perhaps it's due to where you live," he suggested; and when the stranger said his residence—the apartment where he lived—was in Park Avenue, Mr. Clagg started consciously. Why, if anyone lived in Park Avenue, that meant he must be a millionaire!

He himself naturally was no millionaire. In the same way he rarely if ever had wandered into the confines of that rich, aristocratic neighborhood; and now to find himself chatting in an offhand fashion with one of its rich, presumably swell residents filled him with a new shyness. Personally, however, Mr. Clagg himself would not have cared to live in the Park Avenue district. As he knew, there were blind spots in many of its blocks—places where leakage from electric elevators, the railroad tunnel, the Lexington Avenue surface line and the Third Avenue L made good radio reception almost an impossibility.

In fact, he was just about to say so, when the man spoke again: "It's not myself I'm thinking about," he smiled; "it's my wife. She's an invalid, you know; and as she comes from Philadelphia she'd like to tune in there, if she could. And that isn't all," added the speaker, his smile broadening. "Since she's had a radio, my wife has become sort of a bug at it. If she could break through the New York locals—get any distance—Chicago, say, or even Buffalo—she'd have a thrill that I think would do her good."

"Chicago? Cleveland?" Mr. Clagg gave an exclamation. In its eagerness it almost was a snort. "Why, if I built that machine I'd guarantee it. I'd guarantee the Coast almost!"

The man plumped an abrupt question at Mr. Clagg. "Do you mean you would?"

"Guarantee it?"

"No, I'll take that chance. I said build it."

"I?" Mr. Clagg gaped, then he seemed to pale. "But that machine—the parts to build it, the tubes and the batteries—they cost nearly $160!" he gasped.

"Never mind. Would you build it?" asked the man.

Would he build it? The blood was drumming in Mr. Clagg's ears. He was almost choking too. "But—but you don't even know me!" he stammered; and the stranger smiled again.

"No, but I know men. I'll take a chance," he said. Then he added, his smile quizzical now: "If you ever read the papers maybe you've heard of me. I'm Jason Orcutt." He smiled.

Mr. Clagg gave a start. For a moment he could only gape. He had read the papers, of course; and he knew the name, indeed. Jason Orcutt was the Wall Street operator, the room trader all the world knew about; and a frank gasp, a wheeze, all at once escaped Mr. Clagg. Half a minute later, his mind in a whirl, he found himself inside the radio shop.

Dinner was at half-past six. It was already that—the clock had, in fact, struck seven; but though it had, the dinner still was not on the table. As a matter of fact, late as the hour was, the dinner was not even on the stove or in the house; and her face a study and her brows contracted ominously, for the eighth or ninth time in the last half hour, Mrs. Clagg went to the front door and peered down the long street toward the railroad station. As she did so, from the room at the head of the stairs a voice arose.

The voice was Mrs. Oswald's. "Say," she said alertly, "are you dead sure that fellow paid his last life insurance premium?"

"Huh?" inquired Mrs. Clagg.

"If he's got hisself killed or anything," replied Mrs. Oswald. Then she added, "It'd be like him, I say, if he held out the premium and blew the money on hisself."

Mort's voice joined in. It was from Mr. Clagg's bedroom, and Mort at the moment was going through Mr. Clagg's Sunday suit in the hope of scavenging an overlooked quarter or a dime. "The big loafer! I'll bet he's off somewheres gettin' soused!"

From the parlor Lem Oswald spoke. Having had a trying day, pitching horseshoes near the fire-engine house, Mr. Oswald had been resting for an hour or so on the sofa; and an invalid, naturally he now was faint for want of food. "When that bird comes in let me know," Mr. Oswald said firmly. "I'll fix him!"

But there seemed no need for Mr. Oswald's aid. "Here he comes now," said Mrs. Clagg, her tone significant.

Perspiring, somewhat breathless as well, Mr. Clagg was coming up the walk in front. Bundles and packages burdened him. As he reached the front steps and all at once saw Mrs. Clagg waiting to welcome him at the door, Mr. Clagg gave a start. "Er—good evening, darling," said Mr. Clagg.

Mrs. Clagg did not respond to the salutation. She stood in that posture known as "arms akimbo."

"Warm for this season, isn't it?" ventured Mr. Clagg.

"Well, and where have you been?" inquired Mrs. Clagg.

Mr. Clagg had been shopping, it seemed.

"Shopping?" Mrs. Clagg's voice rose ominously. As ominously she leveled a finger at the largest of Mr. Clagg's bulky packages—the one in his right hand. "And what is that?" she inquired.

"An A battery, dearie," replied Mr. Clagg.

"And that?" commanded "dearie," her finger leveled at another bundle.

"B batteries, darling," answered Mr. Clagg.

"And the box under your arm?" continued Mrs. Clagg.

The box was a radio kit. The kit belonged to a friend for whom Mr. Clagg was going to put it together. While he was saying it, Mrs. Clagg spoke again.

"A batteries, B batteries!" she said. "Batteries and radio! You gimme that dinner," commanded Mrs. Clagg, adding: "I'll fix you later, Horace Clagg!"

"The Mechanical Hand that Cranks Your Car"

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Elmira, N. Y.

Eclipse Machine Company, Hoboken, N. J. Eclipse Machine Company, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

"Dinner?" gaped Mr. Clagg.

She made another gesture. Apoplexy for an instant seemed to hover over Mrs. Clagg. "The liver, the string beans and beets. Hand 'em over now!"

His tongue cleaving to his mouth, Mr. Clagg shook slightly. Presently, however, he spoke. "I—I forgot 'em," said Mr. Clagg.

He had, as a fact. But one had best drop a curtain here.

III

JASON ORCUTT was indeed the eminent Wall Street operator. The district would not only testify to his eminence; it had reason to regard him with respect, not to say concern. His activities were, to say the least, surprising.

One example was the late fireworks in Sizzler Motors. From a low of around 20, in the interval of a few hectic weeks he had run up the price of the stock to 240 or more. There was also Tinware Consolidated. Starting at 33 or thereabouts, he had in a limited period run up its price to 300. But then, this does not mean that Jason Orcutt's commitments were invariably confined to the long side. At other times, in the same masterly manner, he frequently hit the list a wallop on the short side. However, though Mr. Orcutt was at the moment quiescent and though a large element of other Wall Street traders were waiting watchfully, not to call it fearfully, for the next smashing blow, all this has little to do with Horace Clagg. On the morning after his thrilling adventure in Cortlandt Street, Mr. Clagg hurried briskly into the office of the Pine Street insurance office a good fifty minutes before the opening hour.

It is the early bird, of course, that catches the worm; and though in the present case it, indeed, might be suggested that Mr. Clagg, being Mr. Clagg, it was he the bird would catch rather than otherwise, one may let that pass. For eleven years, now nearly twelve, Mr. Clagg had made a point of never being tardy; and not once in that time, either, had he been absent a day from his desk. This morning, however, in Mr. Clagg's brisk promptness was something more than merely usual. A feverish fire seemed to animate him, and giving the time clock a devastating thump he pattered down the aisle to his desk.

His job was that of filing clerk—a task he shared with some sixty or seventy others in the department. In short, when anyone took out insurance in the company Mr. Clagg filed the papers in the file. Conversely, when the insurance ran out, Mr. Clagg removed the papers from the file, the intellectual capacity required for the task needing about the same mental effort as that involved in licking stamps, sweeping a crossing or sticking tin labels on plugs of chewing tobacco. However, having arrived ahead of time and still possessing a few moments of his own in which he might indulge himself in one or two human traits, Mr. Clagg hastily pulled out his chair, then absorbed himself in perusing a morning newspaper.

The paper was opened at the financial page. His eyes intent, Mr. Clagg buried himself in its double-banked columns of letters and numerals. "Am. Can 44½." "Balto. & Ohio, 115¼." "Freeport Texas, 56½." "U. S. Steel, 167"—so forth and so on. Momentarily disengaging his eyes from the sheet, from an inside pocket Mr. Clagg surreptitiously drew a small imitation-leather notebook and as surreptitiously consulted its pages. On each page was scribbled a date, the name of some security, then a price; and as he compared this array of prices with the prices on the newspaper page, Mr. Clagg's eyes leaped like fire. Exultance shone in them, excitement too, and seizing a pencil from the rack before him, he hastily scribbled down a row of figures in the notebook, drew a line beneath them, and then as hastily totted up the total. It was $3,542,101.16, and Mr. Clagg audibly and shrilly sucked in his breath. In less than two years—a brief twenty months, three weeks and four days, to be exact—the $3,542,101.16 was the profit Mr. Clagg had made in dealing in the Wall Street market!

Three million, five hundred and forty-two thousand dollars! It was enough to make anyone gasp. Briefly, however, and perhaps sadly, it still remains to be said that like Mr. Clagg's fleets of motorboats, his garages filled with automobiles, his kennels of bird dogs, and so on, the $3,000,000 were but a dream. Day by day, true, Mr. Clagg had played the market, but it was only on paper. Day by day, too, he had run up his enormous profit, but in substance the profits were imaginary. As it has been said, Mr. Clagg had never owned a share of stock or a bond. He had, as a fact, never even stuck his nose inside a brokerage office. Be that as it may, though, even if his daily trades in 1000-share lots were only imaginary and his bloated profits an illusion, the fact remains that the profits still were profits. Had he played with money—real money and not dream cash—Mr. Clagg would have been rich, enormously so; and figuring in the notebook, he still was adding up his millions, when of a sudden he started guiltily, at the same time as guiltily thrusting the notebook into his pocket. A short, thick-set man with a stiff jaw and beady, suspicious eyes had just entered the room and was scowling about him fiercely.

The newcomer was Mr. Gager, head of the department. Hurriedly Mr. Clagg buttoned his coat over the notebook in his pocket. He knew instinctively what would happen to him if Gager learned the contents of that notebook. He, Mr. Clagg, would be sacked. The rule was inviolable. Any employe playing the stock market would be summarily discharged if caught. True, Mr. Clagg hadn't played the market—that is, not actually—but though he hadn't—all his deals being merely imaginary—he knew it would make no difference. Gager was Gager. With him the intent was equal to the deed, besides which it always made an agreeable interlude in Mr. Gager's otherwise monotonous routine occasionally to fire a clerk. And when Gager said, "Out you go!" out went the clerk, to be sure! However, having securely buttoned his coat over the incriminating notebook, Mr. Clagg leaned back on his chair, his eyes fixed vacuously on the ceiling.

What his thoughts were was not apparent. He may have been thinking of his adventure the evening before; or, again, it might have been that he was engrossed at the moment in motorboating or bird dogs or radio. Perhaps it was radio. Until four A.M. that morning, anyway, Mr. Clagg had not gone to bed. Instead, he had sat in his room, an electric soldering iron in his hand, while he feverishly soldered together the parts of the ten-tube super. Hard as he had worked, however, he had not finished it; and his mind on this, no doubt, he still was lolling back on his chair, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, when the clock in the insurance office struck.

Nine o'clock. The day was on, the mill had begun to grind. Rising leisurely as Gager struck his desk a blow with a ruler to command silence, Mr. Clagg strolled down the aisle toward his taskmaster. "If you please, sir," said Mr. Clagg, "I'd like a day off today."

There was a pause. During it, those in earshot stared. Gaping slightly, Mr Gager looked up at the figure in front of him. "You want what?" he inquired.

"A day off," repeated Mr. Clagg. He had some business, he said, and the business was important, he added; but as he said so Mr. Gager grinned, his lip curling slightly.

"Important, eh?" He grinned amusedly. "Get back to your desk, Clagg," he directed.

Mr. Clagg didn't move. "I'm sorry, Mr. Gager," he said.

Gager's eye leaped. Mutiny, eh? Insubordination? "What, what!" he ejaculated; and rising from his chair he said ominously, "I'll give you ten seconds—you hear me?—to get back to your desk!"

Mr. Clagg turned white. He never had been fired, but just the same he did not return to his desk. Instead, he gazed for a moment at his superior officer, and then he spoke.

"Aw, go to hell, Gager!" said Mr. Clagg.

A few minutes later the astonishing news ran like wildfire through the huge offices of the Pine Street insurance company. One of the filing clerks, Horace Clagg by name, had suddenly gone mad and thrown up his job!

IV

MAD, no doubt of it. That Mr. Clagg had lost his wits might have been thought still more certain had his future actions that day been known. At all events, the clock in the New Street brokerage offices of Rooker, Burke & Co. had struck ten, and Buck Rooker, the firm's head partner, was out in front, giving one of his usual morning discourses—a little talk on the market, its technical position, and so forth—when all at once he was interrupted.

"I say," said the interrupter, a small, slight man in a seedy sack suit, "what's the dope on Tinware?"

Rooker stared. He was not accustomed to having his little talks broken in on. "What say?" he said.

"I said Tinware," said Mr. Clagg, for it was he.

Buck stared again. As Buck knew, though, you can't tell men with money by their clothes—not Wall Street men, anyway—and he would always remember, for example, the Goldfield mining multimillionaire in the blue celluloid collar and the three days' stubble on his chin he had once bounced out of the customers' room. Consequently, he now forced a smile. "Excellent!" replied Buck. "Excellent!" In fact, as if to verify his statement, the quotation clerk hovering over the stock ticker in the corner raised his voice at that instant, piping, "A thousand Tinware at an eighth! Five hundred at a quarter! Tinware, a half!" and Rooker spoke again.

"As a purchase; a buy for a long pull ——" Buck was saying when he again was interrupted.

"A what?" said Mr. Clagg.

"A purchase," repeated Rooker, and his brows ruffled; he was resuming, when a loud laugh, a cackle, resounded in the room.

"Rats!" exclaimed Mr. Clagg, and jamming his hat down over his eyes he darted out of the brokerage office, slamming the door behind him as he went.

He was fairly running as he turned up New Street toward Wall. Not more than five minutes later a clerk in one of the Cortlandt Street radio shops was startled to see a small, slender man in seedy clothes plunge in at the door and dash toward him. "Hey, gimme a choke coil, two strips of resin core and a triple-ought-two-five fixed condenser!" the customer clamored breathlessly.

"Yeah?" inquired the clerk. "What size choke?"

"A hundred mikes," replied Mr. Clagg, "and a hurry too!"

Then, having flung a bill on the counter and not waiting for the change coming to him—eleven cents—Mr. Clagg snatched the apparatus out of the clerk's hand and made a jump for the door. However, strange as this may seem, it was as little compared to what ensued half an hour or so later when the 10:46 local, en route for the Oranges, arrived at its destination. Lem Oswald, the invalid, having groaned his way out of bed and dressed, was just coming down the steps of the house up the street; and sauntering leisurely in order that he might not strain himself, he had reached the gate and was heading toward the vacant lot next to the fire house where the usual daily contest at pitching horseshoes was in progress, when he was astonished to see a swiftly racing jitney pull up at the curb and stop. Out of the jitney a slight figure leaped like a rabbit out of a drain pipe, and bolted toward the house.

"Hey! Where are you going? Ouch!" said Lem, as the figure bumped into him, then ruthlessly gave him a shove. Mr. Clagg, however, did not wait; and leaving his irate brother-in-law swearing and threatening behind him, he rattled up the steps, then let himself in at the door.

There, coming down the stairs, was Mrs. Clagg, and Mr. Clagg halted, perhaps instinctively. Mrs. Clagg gave a startled exclamation. It was the first time in their years of married life that Mr. Clagg ever had come home at this hour, not yet noon. "Say," she cried, "what are you doing here?"

For a moment Mr. Clagg seemed to cringe. It was due to habit, perhaps; the way he always did. Now, however, it was only momentary. "Well, why shouldn't I be here?" he countered.

A wild, almost incredible surmise leaped into Mrs. Clagg's eyes. Alarm as well as wrath struggled in her face. "Horace Clagg," she accused shrilly, "have you been fired?"

Mr. Clagg didn't reply. He was hurrying down the hall. Just ahead was the door opening on the cellar stairs; and it was evidently his intent to bolt down the stairs without replying. Mrs. Clagg, however, was too alert to let him escape; and she caught Mr. Clagg just as he reached the door. "Answer me!" she ordered. "Have you been sacked, been fired?"

The answer was unbelievable. Mrs. Clagg recoiled, her face now convulsed. "Why, no," replied Mr. Clagg, his tone light, almost jocular, "I haven't been sacked, been fired. I just chucked up the job myself."

A cry resounded through the house. The cry came from Mrs. Clagg. As it rose, with quick celerity Mr. Clagg opened the cellar door, stepped within, and then slamming the door behind him, he turned the key in the lock. Instantly there was another cry outside. "Horace Clagg! Open that door, I say, Horace Clagg!" shrilled Mrs. Clagg. Her husband, however, did not heed her cries. Neither did he heed Mrs. Clagg when her fists beat a resounding tattoo on the door. Scuttling down the stairs, Mr. Clagg had reached the cellar, when he, too, gave a cry—a loud and, if it may be said so, a frenzied exclamation. On a table stood the ten-tube super-heterodyne—the machine Mr. Clagg had worked over all the night to assemble—and now, a soldering iron in one hand and a pair of cutting pliers in the other, hovering over it was Mort, Mrs. Clagg's first-born. Convinced that when it came to radio his stepfather was a cheese and that he, Mort, would show him so, Mort was amusing himself by tearing down the machine and trying to put it together as it should be. Be that as it may, though, if Mr. Clagg's fellow hirelings in the Pine Street insurance office had thought him mad that morning, one may surmise what they would have thought him now.

"Ow!" Mort said abruptly.

The soldering iron went one way, the pliers went another. Lifted abruptly off his chair as if a derrick had him by the neck, Mort felt himself propelled toward the door that led from the cellar to the yard outside. The door happened to be open; and as Mort reached it, vigorously propelled onward by one hand that clutched him by the collar and another that gripped him by the seat of his trousers, Mort sought to hang back. It was no go, however. The hands let go all at once; and giving a shrill cry, "Ma!" Mort felt himself receive a sudden impelling impulse from behind that landed on him with a thud. Again Mort desperately shrilled "Ma!"—a cry, however, that ended with a thump as he hit the yard outside.

Other sounds succeeded. One was a scamper of feet, accompanied by a rustle of skirts. A woman's voice raised itself. "My lamb," it cried, "are you killed?"

A window was raised and another voice—a woman's also—was now heard. "Call the cops, Bella," advised the voice. It was Mrs. Oswald's. "The brute will murder us in our beds!"

(Continued on Page 119)

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No. 8

Why *chang* a

Never before su

YOU asked the impossible. N you have it. Your car of to rushes almost any hill on high. But one thing is obvious: More w for your engine means more work your lubricating oil.

You crawl along in crowded tra almost without gear-shifting. The again, comes another new demand wh your lubricating oil must meet.

You expect to leap from a stands to full driving speed in a few brief s onds. You do. But your engine is of forced to the very limit by your dema for quick acceleration.

Here again you need greatest obtainable margin safety in lubrication.

* *

So insistent has been y demand for power automobile designers h provided it in a growing m ure with every passing year

Do you use this po only in emergencies?

Probably not.

Today most car owners drive fa They keep it up longer. Why not?

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MA

De

Other branches and distributing

ed motoring conditions demand new margin of safety

uch power!

proved highways invite speed. Four-wheel brakes provide quicker stopping in case of danger.

But don't forget this:

Continued fast driving subjects your oil to such high temperatures that its lubricating efficiency may be seriously lowered.

The need for a new lubricating margin of safety has become imperative.

* *

AMONG automobile lubricating oils, Gargoyle Mobiloil has always set the world standard for quality.

But the Mobiloil of today is superior to the Mobiloil of a few years ago.

Why?

Because only progressive improvements could maintain the Mobiloil margin of safety against the new driving problems now with us.

In addition to the changes mentioned, the riding comfort of today's cars encourages faster driving. You skim along on a lowered chassis, longer, flatter springs, and balloon tires.

Traffic officials encourage faster driving. Speed limits have been raised. Many drivers today have had the motorcycle policeman order them to "step on it."

These and other factors have almost revolutionized lubricating requirements. It is no longer enough to consult a blueprint of your engine and then recommend an oil. Driving conditions must be studied at the same time. Their effect on lubrication must be weighed scientifically.

Only then can an engineering margin of safety be provided for your engine.

* *

THE margin of safety in Mobiloil has always been great. It was this margin of safety which Commander Byrd commented on when he flew to the North Pole with engines lubricated by Mobiloil. This same margin of safety protected the U. S. Army Round-the-World Fliers in their historic flight.

Mobiloil is the most popular lubricating oil among automotive engineers. It is asked for by 3 out of every 4 motorists who buy oil by name.

It is recommended by more automobile manufacturers than any three other oils combined. Surely YOU can't afford to accept less lubrication than THEY do!

If your car is not included in the partial Chart on the right, consult the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's. It shows the correct oil to use in your own engine.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-66			A	A	A	A		
" 6-66 & 8 cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.
Autocar	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Arc.
Buick	A	Ar.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Case Y			A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (other models)			A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chandler Special Six	A	A						
" (other models)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Ar.
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (other models)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Cleveland 31	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Ar.		
" (other models)			A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
Cunningham	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Ar.	Arc.	Ar.	Ar.	Arc.
Davis	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Diamond T	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Bros. 4 cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Ar.	A	Arc.
Durant Four			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Ar.	Arc.
Elcar (4 cyl.), 6-65	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (8 cyl.)	A	Ar.	A	Arc.	A	Ar.		
" (other models)	A	Arc.			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.						
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Falcon	A	Arc.	..	....				
Federal FW, X2, X5, X6, 15 Gasoline	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" 15 Kerosene	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Federal Knight 21	A	Arc.						
" (other models)	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Ar.
Flint	A	Arc.	A	Ar.	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
G. M. C.	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
General Motors 12-40, 1, 0, 1, 2 ton	A	Arc.						
Gardner Sixes	A	Arc.	A	Ar.	A	Ar.		
" (other models)			A	A	A	A	A	A
Garford 1½, 2½ ton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Bros.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Ar.	A	Arc.
Gray			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Ar.	Arc.	Arc.
Hudson	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Ar.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Ar.	A	Ar.
International 6, 6½ ton	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Ar.	A	Arc.
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Jewett			A	Arc.	A	Ar.	A	Arc.
Jordan Six	A	Arc.			Arc.	Ar.	Arc.	Arc.
" Eight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Ar.		
Kissel 6 cyl.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
" (8 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Ar.		
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile (6 cyl. & Jr. 8)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Mack	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Ar.	A	Arc.
Marmon 8 cyl.	A	Ar.						
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell					A	Arc.	A	Arc.
McLaughlin Eight	A	Ar.	A	Arc.				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Ar.	Ar.
Nash	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Ar.	Ar.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" Eight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Paige	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Ar.	Arc.
Peerless 60, 80 and 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Republic 11X, 19, 20 2 ton					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" 2½-6, 3 ton	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rickenbacker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rolls Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Stearns Knight	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	B	A
Stewart 9					Arc.	Arc.		
" 21 Ton Stewart	A	Arc.	A	Ar.				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	A	A	Ar.	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
White Saxon Classic	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
White Knight 4 cyl.			B	Arc.	B	Ar.	B	Arc.
" " 16 cyl.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
White 15, 20 & 20D, 2½ and 2½ ton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Ar.	Arc.	Arc.	Ar.
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL.

For their correct lubrication use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or "CC" as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers

BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas*

warehouses throughout the country

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Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

CHRYSLER "50"

$750
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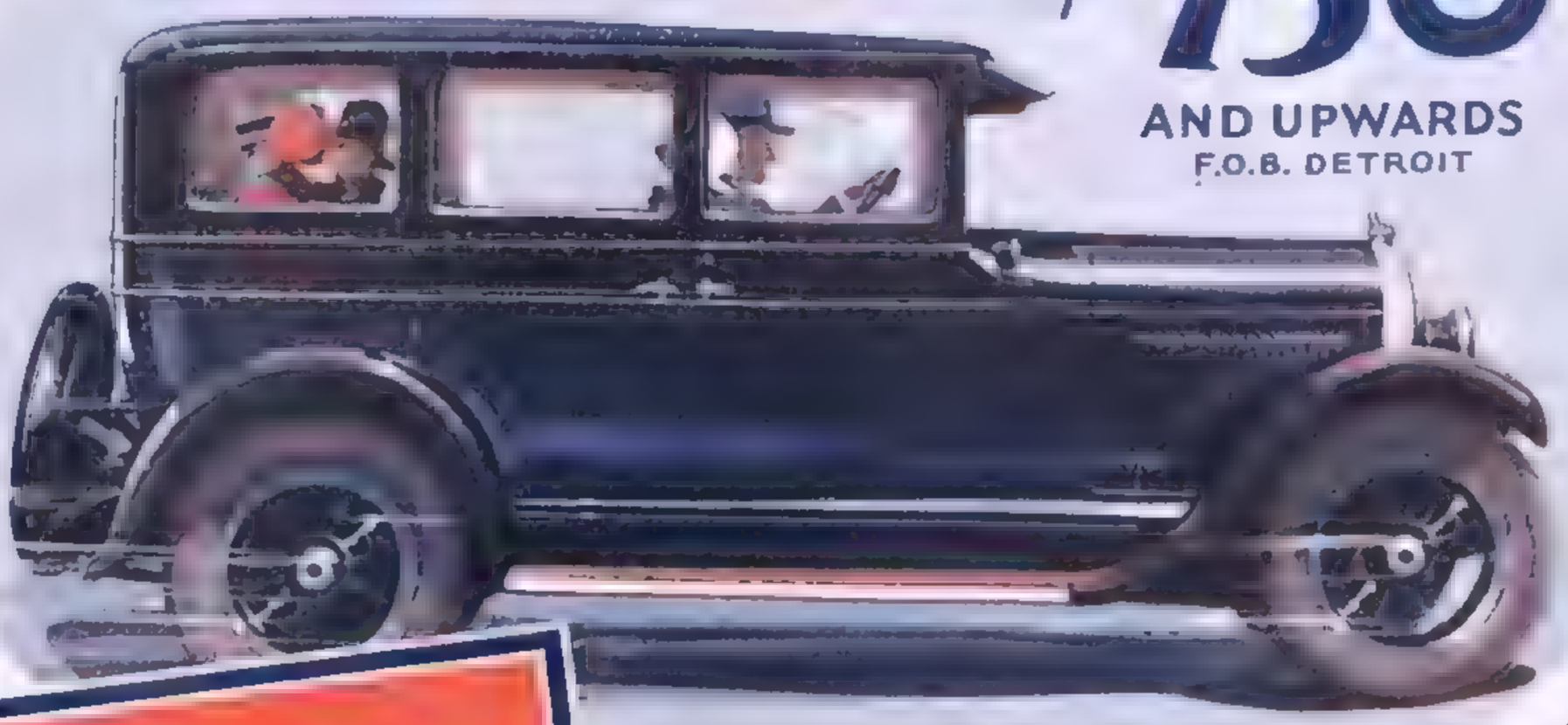

50 miles per hour
5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds
25 miles to the gallon

Coupe, $750; Coach, $780; Roadster (with rumble seat), $795; Sedan, $830. Landau Sedan, $885; f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler Cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System of numbering.

In its truly extraordinary results Walter P. Chrysler and his corps of engineers gave the public something convincing, final and conclusive with which to measure Chrysler "50" against and above anything around its class.

From its very introduction Chrysler "50" has won overwhelming public acceptance for what it was designed and built to be — a car which, because of Chrysler Standardized Quality, is the giant of its class in outstanding performance, full family size, complete appointment and every essential that makes for indisputable value.

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

(Continued from Page 114)

Meanwhile Mort still blubbered wildly. "Ma, he kicked me!" said Mort.

"Kicked you, eh?" chimed in a third voice. It was Lem Oswald's. "Well, I'll show him!" A moment afterward there was a furious thumping on the door to the cellar. "Open up, you!" ordered Lem.

The door instantly was opened. The soldering iron in one hand and a screw driver in the other, Mr. Clagg made a threatening pass at Lem Oswald. Instantly Lem retreated. As he did so, Mr. Clagg slammed the door to again and locked it. However, this was merely incidental. A little more than an hour later, while Mrs. Clagg, Mrs. Oswald, Lem and Mort were still talking it over in the parlor, the cellar door opened and Mr. Clagg appeared abruptly among them. In his hand was still the soldering iron, and Mr. Clagg fixed his eye on his wife. "Where's that pass book?" he demanded sharply. "The one of the building-and-loan association."

Mrs. Clagg gave an agitated cry. "That?" she cried.

Lem Oswald, too, gave an exclamation. "Say!" he said, but the word died on his lips as Mr. Clagg again made another maniacal gesture with the soldering iron.

Tremulous, now on the point of weeping, Mrs. Clagg made an appealing effort to pacify her spouse. "But, dearie," she began.

"Where is it, I say!" thundered Mr. Clagg.

He was crazy, there was no doubt of it. The fact that he demanded the pass book made that evident. At all events, for ten years, now nearly eleven, Mrs. Clagg had extracted from him seven dollars regularly every week to pay the association for the house; and once it was paid for, it was understood that Mr. Clagg was to sign the house over to her. But now, what?

"You get that pass book!" directed Mr. Clagg.

Mrs. Clagg went to get it. As she mounted the stairs Mr. Clagg darted to the street door. A jitney from the station was passing. "Hi!" yelled Mr. Clagg; and the cab having stopped, Mr. Clagg directed it to draw up at the curb. Mrs. Clagg was at that moment coming down the stairs again. She had the pass book in her hand, and he snatched it from her and darted down into the cellar again. Not more than a couple of minutes later he emerged, his hat and coat on, and in his arms he now bore tenderly the ten-tube super-heterodyne, which he deposited in the jitney. Returning, Mr. Clagg again emerged with a heavy A battery in one hand and an equally heavy set of B batteries in the other.

A loud wail came from Mrs. Clagg. She was standing at the street door, her arms outstretched. "Darling!" she appealed. "Dearie!"

Mr. Clagg didn't seem either to see or hear her. There was a fierce hurrying in his appearance, a look of frantic haste. "Say, step on the gas, cabby!" said Mr. Clagg.

The driver apparently followed instructions. Two o'clock, at any rate, was just striking when the door of Rooker, Burke & Co.'s New Street brokerage office opened, and again Mr. Clagg's slight figure entered, and he wormed his way through the crowd that choked the place from door to door.

The day, it seemed, had been active. Hectic, one might have called it, in fact; and from the throng grouped about the stock ticker a series of loud exclamations arose. "Five hundred Tinware at a half! Three hundred at five-eighths! Tinware, three-quarters—whoops! See her kite!" Mr. Clagg momentarily wet his lips. He seemed quite white, besides. At the moment Rooker, the head partner, was not in sight, but near Mr. Clagg was a plump, smooth-faced man in a fashionable morning-coat, striped trousers and white spats, who had just approached another man in the crowd and was grasping him effusively by the elbow. "Say, Pincus," Mr. Clagg heard him say—it was Beeks, the customers' man for Rooker, Burke & Co.—"how about a li'l' extry margin?"

There was instantly an explosion. The individual addressed—he was a short, thick-set man of Oriental features who wore his derby hat jammed down resolutely over his ears. "Margins, margins!" he repeated excitedly. "For vat d'you take me for, a Rockabilt? Ain'd it margins today I already give you two touzand bucks!"

When the room manager replied, "Sorry, Pink, I'll have to close you out then," Mr. Pincus gave another excited ejaculation.

"Vere's Rooker? Vere's th' boss?" he demanded.

As Beeks indicated the inner offices and the trader, his arms going like flails, elbowed his way headlong through the crowd, Mr. Clagg sidled up to Beeks. "Say," he said hurriedly, his voice breaking as he spoke, "sell me three hundred Tinware at the market. Sell 'em quick!" wheezed Mr. Clagg.

Beeks looked at him. As Beeks' glance took in the slight figure, the seedy clothes it wore, as well, Beeks' lip curled slightly. "Have you an account with us?" he inquired.

Mr. Clagg, of course, hadn't. That didn't mean, though, he wasn't going to open one; and as Beeks was about to curl higher, Mr. Clagg thrust a slip of paper into his hand. "There's a check," he said. "It's for $4244.20, and certified. You can see it for yourself—only hurry," urged Mr. Clagg.

Beeks turned the check over in his hand. It was drawn to the order of Horace Clagg by the Orange Hearth and Home Mutual Building Association, and it unquestionably was good. In other words, after eleven years of painstaking thrift and cheeseparing, having suddenly gone mad, Mr. Clagg had drawn out all he had paid in for his home, and now he was risking it all on the market.

Beeks gazed at him curiously. Tinware already was up nine points for the day, and it still was rising. "Did you say sell?" inquired Beeks.

Mr. Clagg was for a moment nearly frantic. Did Beeks take him for a boob, a sucker? The order was to sell—sell three hundred at the market—and adding, "It's the suckers that always buy!" Mr. Clagg glanced feverishly at the quotation board. At the moment Tinware was standing still, and he looked back at Beeks.

"Say," he said, "if you don't want the business ——"

That, however, was as far as he got. Naturally, Beeks wanted it, just as he wanted any business. It made no difference to him whether the boobs bought or sold; that was not his lookout. Hurrying, he slapped the order blank in at the window. "Sell three hundred Tinware, account Horace Clagg," said Mr. Beeks. Then, as he also handed in the check Mr. Clagg had given to him, Mr. Beeks touched his finger tips to his lips and blew a kiss toward the check, after which Mr. Beeks lightly hummed a bar of song to himself. Bye Bye, Baby, was the song he hummed.

V

TINWARE. Among the hordes of peripatetic dabblers that periodically appear, then disappear, in Wall Street, the antics of that famous security always will be recalled. Especially its most recent antics. Along with that they will also remember in conjunction with Tinware the name of the man responsible largely for these fireworks. It was around four o'clock that same afternoon—the one when Tinware was abruptly run up ten points or so—that Jason Orcutt, in his limousine, drove up to the door of his apartment in Park Avenue.

He was frowning as he alighted from the car. He still was frowning as he entered the elevator and was carried upward to his apartment. The fact is, in spite of his usual aptness in reading the tape and making his trades accordingly, the day had proved a complete washout for Jason Orcutt; for having sold Tinware heavily that morning he had seen the stock rise by leaps and bounds. Nor was that all. Convinced finally that something was wrong and that he had erred in reading the tape, he had switched his position, only to see the market seesaw to and fro. That was why he scowled. A fighter, defeat only roused him further. He was determined to get at the truth in Tinware or know why.

As he reached his door and put his key in the latch his frown, however, all at once subsided. "Oh, Millie!" he called, his voice buoyant. At once in answer came a pleasant exclamation, a woman's voice: "Why, Jason, are you home already?" Hurrying, a slender fair-haired woman came down the hall toward him, and he greeted her affectionately.

"Feeling stronger, dear?" he asked.

She smiled, nodding lightly. "I'm all right. How about you? I hope you didn't have another of your awful days downtown."

Orcutt grinned. No need to worry about him. As he turned away, however, to give his hat and overcoat to the manservant who had emerged silently from the back of the big apartment, the grin went out of his eyes and his face for a moment looked drawn. But as Orcutt turned back to his wife his face again was smiling. "How's WHIZ, Millie?" he asked quizzically. "Managed to get it yet?"

Mrs. Orcutt gave an exclamation, then a laugh. "Jason, what a silly you are! Why did you send another set, when I have four already?" Then, as Orcutt stared bewilderedly, she laughed again. "Your radio man is here now," she announced.

"My radio man?" he echoed.

"With the new machine, yes. Such a huge set too. Why, it has ten tubes all in a row!"

Then Orcutt remembered.

Mrs. Orcutt gave another laugh. "You should see the man who brought it! He's a wee little fellow, but so nice. I've been talking with him, and he is a character—interesting, you know. He knows all about everything — astronomy, motorboats — I wish you'd get one, Jason—and you ought to hear him talk about dogs. Bird dogs are his specialty—and what do you think? So is Wall Street. He says you are a wizard. Are you a wizard, dear?"

Orcutt grunted. If he was, the day's doings hadn't done much to prove it, and a frown was creeping into his eyes again when once more his wife laughed amusedly.

"You're a god to him, Jason. He says he's followed every move you've made in Wall Street. Today, he says, he went short three hundred shares of Tinware!"

"He did what?" Orcutt's words and his look were wondering.

"Yes, dear," nodded his wife, her amusement convincing, "he says you've seen it for yourself, of course, but he's seen it too; and that Tinware is a sure sale—you'll make a million."

Orcutt laughed. The laugh, however, wasn't very convincing. "Well, let's have a look at my fellow wizard," he remarked.

Then, as he and his wife went along the hall, Orcutt let fall another remark. In effect it voiced the hope that the man with the new set knew at least a little more about radio than he seemed to know about Wall Street. Tinplate that day had closed 9¾ points above the opening, and from all appearances it looked as if it were going as many points higher.

There seemed no doubt of it. There seemed no doubt, either, that Orcutt might be right in his other dim suspicion—the one about the builder of that ten-tube super, he, Orcutt, had so impulsively bought the night before. The library was dim and large. In one corner an electric lamp with the shade off burned brightly, like a spotlight, and in the center of its glaring illumination was the super-heterodyne, its tubes and the maze of its wires and other apparatus bewildering to the eye. In fact at the moment even Mr. Clagg himself seemed bewildered, for his look blank, a pair of pliers in one hand, a screwdriver in the other, he sat hunched down aimlessly in the chair.

"Hullo, Marconi!" greeted Orcutt. "Got Philadelphia tuned in yet?"

(Continued on Page 121)

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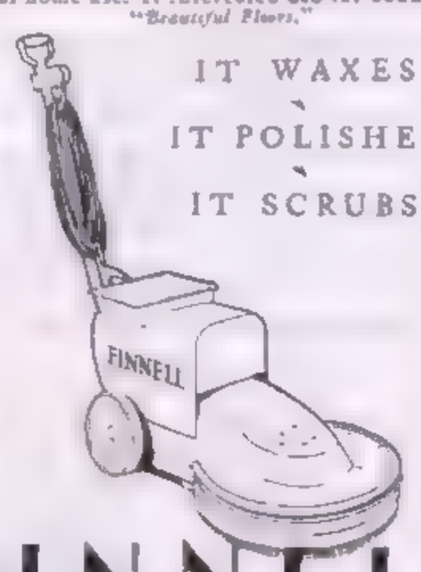

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(Continued from Page 119)

There was a pause. Turning slowly, Mr. Clagg lifted an agonized face toward the speaker. His shoulders were limp and sagging, and his mouth quivered painfully.

"It won't work," helplessly and dismally droned Mr. Clagg. "I can't do anything with it."

Nor could he. Though he had hooked up the batteries, and again and again traced out the wiring, the tubes would not light; the machine would not emit so much as a squawk. Dead, the super-heterodyne was an utter failure; and as midnight struck that night and darkness and silence obscured the long street that led up from the railroad station, a shambling, stoop-shouldered figure came shambling along, his hat pulled down to his eyes, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. Beaten, Mr. Clagg had come home.

VI

BEATEN, yes. Mr. Clagg, indeed, had met his Waterloo. Of the shame and the degradation he had endured that day only he knew the full tale. He had lost his job; he had still further as good as wasted his money gambling in Wall Street stocks. On top of that he had outraged and turned his family against him. What was deepest in Mr. Clagg's mind, though, was curiously the fiasco over the radio set. For five hours he had sat there in that library, frantically and again and again tracing out the leads; it was no go, however; and finally a hand had touched him quietly on the shoulder.

"You'd better give it up, Mr. Clagg. You must be too tired to know what you're doing now," he had heard Mrs. Orcutt say gently. Yes, no doubt of that. He was so tired that the wires swam hazily before his eyes. "You can come back tomorrow," Mrs. Orcutt had suggested.

Tomorrow? Mr. Clagg wondered where he'd be tomorrow.

Well, the best he could do was to beg peace of them. There was nothing else. After that, if they would let him, Mr. Clagg would hopelessly again take up his former hopeless round of life. Yes, that was all.

In the parlor stood Mrs. Clagg. She had risen hurriedly as she heard Mr. Clagg's latchkey in the latch. Hastily she put out both her hands in an impulsive gesture of appeal. The movement was eloquent – Mrs. Clagg having practiced it a number of times that evening—and now she gave a little cry.

"Horace," Mrs. Clagg exclaimed spontaneously, "Horace!"

Lem Oswald stood behind the portières of the adjoining room. Behind him was Mort, Mrs. Oswald bringing up the extreme rear. In Lem's hand was a poker from the fireplace, while Mort had equipped himself with the shovel.

Mrs. Oswald, however, was not armed. Her face alert, she was repeating hurriedly, "Swat him if he gets violent, Lem. You slam him too, Mort!" But Mr. Clagg was in no wise violent. A cry escaped him, the cry contrite and miserable.

"Bella," exclaimed Mr. Clagg, and he gulped, "can you ever forgive me, Bella!"

Forgive him? Mrs. Clagg gave a start. "Hunh?" she inquired.

Mr. Clagg gave another gulp. "I'm so sorry! Forgive me, won't you, Bella?"

A light leaped into Mrs. Clagg's countenance. Her hands, held out in appeal, abruptly dropped to her sides. All at once Mrs. Clagg surmised the truth. Beaten, Horace Clagg was the same old Clagg. Triumph dawned in her eyes.

The others, too, had divined it, and from behind the portières emerged Lem Oswald. Mort closely followed, and Mrs. Oswald brought up the rear. Together they closed in on Mr. Clagg. One, however, may omit what followed. It is enough that, choking and miserable, Mr. Clagg acknowledged to the full the shameful tale of his doings. His job gone, he had crowned all his other transgressions by drawing out every sou he had paid in at the building-and-loan association for their home, and gambled with it in Wall Street. An hour later, in fact, when Mr. Clagg crept trembling into bed, his ears still rang with what his wife had said to him. They burned as well with what Lem and Mort and Mrs. Oswald also had added But though he was in bed, Mr. Clagg did not sleep. Dazed, bewildered, beaten, in the confusion of his thoughts his mind dwelt not only on the job he had lost and the life savings he probably had squandered; it pondered over and over again the failure of the ten-tube radio machine he'd tried to build.

One by one the hours of the night went their way. Dawn came and he still was at it. Grid lead, plate return; A battery, B battery, oscillator, detector and transformer. No use though. There were those nine 201-A's and the tenth tube, a 112-power tube; and not one of the ten would light. That was the shame of it. Any boob ought to get his tubes to light; only he, Horace Clagg, hadn't. He was, in fact, still at it when the alarm clock on his bureau let go with a crash, and rising, he dressed himself and went down to build the kitchen fire. That, it seems, was his daily habit; and having put on the coffee to boil and the morning cereal to cook, when breakfast was nearly ready he went and waked his wife and Mort. As Lem and Mrs. Oswald always had breakfast in bed, it was not necessary to awaken them; so that he was surprised when he saw both Lem and Mrs. Oswald join Mrs. Clagg and Mort in the dining room

"Say, you," scowled Lem. "Why ain't you out lookin' f'r a job?"

Mr. Clagg replied meekly that it was too early. Later in the day he would go up to town and ask Gager to take him back

"Yeah; and before you go," said Lem grimly, "I want a little talk with you, you hear?"

"Me, too," added Mrs. Clagg descriptively.

Her mother also spoke. "We'll all have a little talk with him," said Mrs. Oswald.

They had their little talk. Mr. Clagg hardly heard it though. Through it all, and while each severally expressed their opinion of a man like him—"No good," "a reg'lar loafer," "a feller who'd laid down on his fam'ly like he had"—Mr. Clagg's mind was far away. A battery, B battery, filament plus-lead and ground—what was wrong? Where had the trouble been?

How he had failed in life was clear to Mr. Clagg. It was, of course, because he was Horace Clagg. Men like him—the Claggs—always failed and always would. No puzzle there, in fact. He knew, too, as well, why in his first try at the Wall Street market he'd made a botch of it. Any Clagg would. And hadn't Orcutt, too, told him why? Tinware was going up. That, too, being so, it was only natural a Clagg should guess it would be going down. All this passed, though, and once more his mind went back to that other failure—the radio set. That was what he couldn't see. Even a Clagg should be able to build a radio. He himself, in fact, had known of Claggs—dozens of Claggs—some worse boobs than himself, who'd built radios—built them, too, so they'd worked. And why hadn't he? It was around noon when Mr. Clagg got the answer.

Nine o'clock passed, then ten. By then Mr. Clagg had washed the breakfast dishes and put them away. As eleven struck he had made up his bed as well as Lem's and Mort's, and he was sweeping off the front porch. Around one o'clock he meant to go up to the city and see Gager; and sighing fitfully, he was reflecting how forlorn any hope like that would be—Gager would only listen, then give him the laugh—when Mort sauntered out at the door. "Say," said Mort, grinning, "I didn't tell you, but I tried out that raddio set you built; and it was a darb—no good." Then, sucking his teeth reflectively, Mort added, "It would be, of course, if you built it."

Mr. Clagg started abruptly. His broom suspended, he gaped. "You tried it?" repeated Mr. Clagg.

Mort nodded idly. "Sure! Why not?"

At once Mr. Clagg put down his broom. There was a wild look in his eyes, a sudden gleam. "You mean you hooked it up?"

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Her hair may have blown a bit untidy. But her shoes are neat and trim—and that's how she hopes your manly oxfords will look as they come into view. If they are Walk-Overs you may step out confident that they will bear the discriminating glance of any woman's eye (or man's, for that matter). That is because Walk-Overs give correct custom fit. Their exclusive pear-shaped heel hugs your foot with a firm but friendly grip. Added to that are good leather and expert workmanship to make you certain of smart good looks in your Walk-Overs. Whether they be swanky sport brogues, trim business oxfords, or smooth patent leathers for after-sundown—wear them, and let any man or woman make comparisons.

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When Mort grinned, then nodded, Mr. Clagg wet his lips. "Did you hook up the B batteries too?" he asked.

"What are you chokin' about?" inquired Mort.

Mr. Clagg, indeed, seemed to be swallowing convulsively. Mort, however, had indeed hooked up the B batteries, it seemed. "They're the ones covered with blue paper, ain't they?" Mort returned.

They were, of course. There also had been three of them; and united, their total voltage was 135 volts. "Say," said Mr. Clagg, his voice cracking suddenly, "when you hooked 'em up did the tubes light?"

"Th' tubes? You mean th' lamps, don't you?" Contemptuously Mort shook his head. "Naw, they didn't light—not so's t' speak. They jess flared up like fireworks, then they give a fizz and —— Ma! Lem!" A bellow all at once burst from Mort. "Ma, take him off me! Help! He's chokin' me, ma!"

Mr. Clagg, indeed, was choking him. Five volts were what the tube filaments were rated to carry; and Mort having hitched the B batteries to the plus and minus filament leads, thus blowing out all ten tubes, Mr. Clagg all at once had again gone mad.

"Help!" bleated Mort. "Help!"

But by the time help arrived Mr. Clagg had gone. Darting up the street, he was legging it toward the railroad station where a local was just about to pull out for the city. It was not until three days later, in fact, that Mr. Clagg's family were again to lay eyes on Mr. Clagg. Having learned what was wrong with the super-heterodyne he had seemed to divine what was wrong with everything else.

VII

"TINWARE, seven-eighths," droned the quotation clerk. Raising his voice shortly, he spoke again, "A thousand Tinware at a half. Seven-eighths again for Tinware!"

"*Gott im Himmel*," Mr. Pincus uttered piously.

Chicago ribs and shoulders ordinarily were Mr. Pincus' specialty, but now having taken a shot at the New York list in general and Tinware in particular, Mr. Pincus seemed floundering somewhat out of his depth. Sweat streamed down his round Oriental features, for, having gone short a hundred shares of Tinware, the stock had all at once hitched upward. Then, having switched his trade—that is, gone long on it—the stock instantly had begun to slide. That was not all either. For a second time Mr. Pincus had switched, and the instant he had done so, Tinware had turned around in its tracks. However, though in a market like this today there was every reason for Mr. Pincus to show distress, he alone was not the only one of Rooker, Burke & Co.'s traders to display excitement.

"I bust! I blow up pretty soon, Beeks!" Mr. Pincus was saying, when there was a sudden commotion in the brokerage office.

Its source was the street door. Pushed back with a bang, a slim slight figure propelled itself into the customers' room, the newcomer's arms and elbows going like flails as the person made his way through the crowd. It was Mr. Clagg. His face was white and he was breathing thickly.

Just then the voice of the quotation clerk rose once more: "A thousand Tinware at a half. Another thousand at three-quarters. Tinware, a half again!" he called; and his eyes bulging, Mr. Clagg gave a startled exclamation.

It was like a cry. Tinware was up four points from the figure at which he'd gone short 300 shares, and after another swift glance at the quotation board, Mr. Clagg turned on his heel, and like a bullet he bolted out of the brokerage office.

"Nuts," commented Mr. Beeks.

"Sure, a squirrel he is," affirmed Mr. Pincus.

However, had Beeks and Mr. Pincus known what impelled that strange visitor in his strange behavior they might have revised their casual opinion. More than ever would they have revised it had they chanced to be in a certain section of the Park Avenue district about five o'clock that afternoon. At 2:15—that is, not more than ten minutes after Mr. Clagg had sped like an arrow out of Rooker, Burke & Co.'s—the market in Tinware had burst with a loud, reverberating crash; and now five o'clock was striking when Jason Orcutt, the man who had burst it open, alighted from his limousine at the door of his Park Avenue residence.

Tonight a grin mantled Jason Orcutt's face. He still was grinning as he reached his apartment and let himself in. It widened as his wife came hurrying down the hall to meet him.

"Here, Millie; here's something for you," he laughed.

As he spoke he fished a packet from his pocket and Mrs. Orcutt took it. "For me?" She glanced at him curiously. "What is it, Jason?"

Orcutt burst into a laugh. "Tinware," he replied.

But it was not Tinware. Inside the paper wrapping was a morocco leather case and inside the case was a string of fine translucent pearls gleaming faintly pink in the lamplight. "Jason!" she cried.

Orcutt was still chuckling loudly. "What a day! What a day!" he ejaculated, and a light seemed to dawn on his wife.

"Do you mean Mr. Clagg?" she asked; and overcome with it, Orcutt burst into another resounding laugh.

"It's exactly what I mean, Millie! The day was one of those days when everything seems to go wrong; and after I'd got burned on about everything I'd touched and was about ready to haul off and take a licking, along around two o'clock the door of the office burst open and I heard Clagg gagging and spluttering, saying he had to see me; it couldn't wait a minute. So I went out to see him, and when I did he jumped at me. "Sell Tinware!" he piped. "Sell all you can sell of it! It's going to bust wide open—bust right away!" he told me. Then when I asked him how he knew, what do you think he answered? He said he was a specialist in Tinware, that he'd been watching it and studying it for three years!"

"And you sold?" asked Mrs. Orcutt.

"It was a wow, a killing!" said Orcutt. "I took a chance—the insiders, that pool—were trying to get out from under, and five minutes after I opened fire on the stock it burst wide open!"

Mrs. Orcutt waited till he had finished. "Mr. Clagg is here now," she smiled.

The electric light in the corner was again turned on. In the center of the illumination once more the ten-tube super loomed up bulkily, its tubes and the maze of its wires and other apparatus as of old bewildering to the eye. Not to Mr. Clagg's eye, however—not any more, at all events. His face aflame, he had just replaced the ten burned-out tubes and with an earset clamped to his head he was busily whirling the dials on the panels to and fro.

"Hi, there!" called Orcutt from the doorway. "Got Philly yet?"

The figure at the machine raised a hand peremptorily. "Hush!" said Mr. Clagg.

He gingerly edged over the dials the fraction of a notch. The super-heterodyne gave an audible squawk, and a sardonic jeer came from Orcutt. "Hah, hah!" he gibed. Mr. Clagg gave no heed. Again he gave the dials another nudge, and as he did so he looked up at the ceiling, a rapt, seraphic look all at once stealing over his face. It was as if from somewhere out of the vast distances he heard the strains of angel music, a heavenly pæan; and after listening for an instant he snatched the plug of the earset from the jack, then slipped home in the jack the plug of the loud-speaker, standing on a near-by table.

"Well, there you are!" said Mr. Clagg.

Orcutt and his wife stared at him. "There you are, what?" inquired Orcutt, and Mr. Clagg raised his finger. "Listen!"

The loud-speaker gave a momentary cackle, then a wheeze. Then, the discordance passed, and from the cone leaped a sudden thunderous burst of sound. It was cogent, clear.

"This is Station WHIZ, the Voice of Brotherly Love, Shirley Normanbrooke announcing!"

"Jason!" shrilled Orcutt's wife.

"Hush!" said Mr. Clagg again.

"Blumph! Gr-r-r-r!" said the loud-speaker. "Courtesy Scattersmut Soap—b-r-r-r, gumph-h—continuing their regular Scattersmut Vesper Hour. Miss Dolores Gutzberg, the world-famous contralto, will sing O Promise Me. Mr. McGonigle at the piano."

"Jason!" again, in spite of herself, Mrs. Orcutt ejaculated. Again Mr. Clagg raised a monitory finger, and as Mrs. Orcutt clasped her hands together, her face lit rapturously, from the loud-speaker emerged first a low and thrilling bar of music, then the dulcet strains of a woman's voice—a soprano:

"O promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to ——"

"Animal crackers! Animal crackers!
How I love animal crackers ——"

"Why, what?" Orcutt's wife exclaimed, bewildered.

"Montreal," Mr. Clagg explained briefly. He had moved the dials.

"Animal crackers, animal crackers!"

"In a Love Nest cozy and warm ——"

"KDKA, Pittsburgh," commented Mr. Clagg.

All at once he gave a start, a jump. "Say!" he cried. "Whaddyer know about that!" It was, in fact, enough to startle anyone. At all events, it still was proclaiming Just a Love Nest cozy and warm, Just a Love Nest built for two, when all at once the loud-speaker burst forth sonorously: "Spinach, best Virginia, per basket, forty to a dollar-fifteen; cukes, best Florida, two-fifty to five dollars; celery knobs, selected Southern, dollar-seventy to two-fifty per box; parsnips ——" His face rapt, Mr. Clagg looked up at them. "Beautiful! Wonderful! I never would have believed it!"

"Believed what?" inquired Orcutt.

His face ethereal, a holy pride written large upon it, Mr. Clagg told him.

"It's the Chicago produce market! Think of getting Chicago from New York at five o'clock."

"Well," said Orcutt laconically, "speaking of wonders, what do you think of that?" From his pocket he took a strip of paper and held it out to Mr. Clagg. "That's yours," added Orcutt.

"Mine?" Mr. Clagg still was fumbling with the radio dials. "What is it?" he asked.

Orcutt told him. It was a check, he said; and the check was for five thousand dollars, the amount representing a slight testimonial on Orcutt's part for the good turn Mr. Clagg had done him that day.

"Here," he said, thrusting the check at Mr. Clagg again, and as he did so, Mr. Clagg gave another cry.

The cry rang through the room. Mr. Clagg leaped up also from his chair. His face for the moment was transfigured, and he was quivering. Five thousand dollars was more than he'd ever had in his life, but that was not why he had cried out like that.

"WOC!" he shrilled. "Think of getting Davenport, Iowa, by daylight! Great guns!" shrilled Mr. Clagg.

"See anything?" inquired Lem Oswald.

It was three days later—Saturday—and as Mrs. Clagg closed the street door behind her, she shook her head. Every hour or so, during all her waking, wakeful hours of the past three days, she had gone to the door like that, and long and anxiously gazed down the street toward the railroad station. However, there still was no sign of the wanderer's return or any hint that he ever would return. What added to the general anxiety was a rumor, a report, that had trickled in to the household on the second day of Mr. Clagg's disappearance.

The tale, though wild, almost unbelievable, was still circumstantial. It was said that somehow, somewhere Mr. Clagg suddenly had come into possession of money. "If he did, he stole it probably," commented Lem Oswald. The source of the money, though, if Mr. Clagg indeed had money, was immaterial. The mere thought that Mr. Clagg had it made Lem lick his chops. They could buy a newer and bigger home, for one thing. For another, Lem could get himself an auto. Then, too, there was a nice little business down in Orange he'd always thought of buying for himself—a corner cigar store. Tending a cigar store was not too trying on an invalid—you didn't have to hoist nothing heavy; besides which he'd, of course, have a clerk. Yeah. Mort; fr'instance, might take the job; only when Lem, planning, suggested this, it was found that Mort had plans of his own. A college course and a trip somewhere were included. In fact, for two days Mort had been collecting time-tables and other travel literature, suggesting that maybe his mother and grandmother might like to join him on the trip.

But no. Both Mrs. Clagg and her mother had their own plans, it appeared. What with the new house and all the other shopping Mrs. Clagg would have to do for her new dresses, new hats and new furs, she'd have to stay at home. The same with Mrs. Oswald. She, Mrs. Oswald, would keep right to home, especially now that Clagg had money. No telling, you know, what a man like him would do. Speaking plain, no man was to be trusted, much less Clagg. She'd stay and keep an eye on him. The one flaw in all this, though, was Mr. Clagg. It now was Saturday, and they yet had no trace of him.

Dejectedly Mrs. Clagg flung herself on a chair. A wail escaped her. What if Mr. Clagg were dead or anything? "Well, you'd inherit, wouldn't you?" inquired Mrs. Oswald intelligently. True, Mrs. Clagg, as widow, would, but a yet worse thought than widowhood engulfed her. What if Clagg took it into his head to run off with some other woman?

The thought for an instant was appalling. Even Mrs. Oswald shared it. Then common sense came to her aid. It was not likely—that is, from general indications—that Mr. Clagg would lightly and swiftly leap into another venture in matrimony; though Mrs. Clagg was not so sure.

"Clagg's so easy," she wept, "he'd fall for any designing woman. Yeah, now especially that he's got money—if he has," Mrs. Clagg was weeping, when from the front of the house came a sudden shout. The shout was Mort's, and his face wild, his eyes protruding like a cod's, Mort all at once burst into the room.

"Say, if that wouldn't G.A.R. you!" shrilled Mort.

It was enough, in fact, to G.A.R. anyone. An automobile—a large and startling sport-model roadster painted a tomato red—had just drawn up at the curb, and in the car was Mr. Clagg. Nor was that all. If the car itself was amazing, both Mr. Clagg and what he had with him in the car were more than ever so.

"Horace!" shrilled Mrs. Clagg. Her arms outstretched, she darted down the walk. "Horace!" she cried, and reaching him, she would have enfolded Mr. Clagg in her arms, but that there was a sudden diversion. Mr. Clagg was not the only occupant of the car. On the seat beside him, and sitting up in dignified grandeur, was a large, almost oversize bird dog—an English setter—and as Mrs. Clagg reached out to seize her husband to her breast, the dog suddenly took a voice in the general uproar.

"Woof, woof!" it said. As Mrs. Clagg, with a shriek, fell back from the car, the dog said "Woof, woof!" again.

"Down charge, Poncho!" rebuked Mr. Clagg.

Nor were the dog and the car all. Bags and bundles filled the car. From them protruded a large tripod—manifestly the

(Continued on Page 127)

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tripod belonging to a telescope—and beside Mr. Clagg were the telescope, a bundle of fishing rods, a couple of gun cases; and most extraordinary of all, perhaps, a large coil of rope, a couple of white canvas life preservers, a boat hook and a folding anchor. These, it appeared, had something in common with Mr. Clagg's attire. On his head, at any rate, was a yachting cap; while Mr. Clagg otherwise was decked out in a blue double-breasted coat, white duck trousers and white canvas shoes.

As Mrs. Clagg stood there staring, Mr. Clagg spoke abruptly. Behind Mrs. Clagg were Mort, Lem and Mrs. Oswald.

Mr. Clagg's speech was somewhat hurried. "I want to tell you I paid the mortgage on the house. The house is mine, but you c'n live here long as you like. There's eight dollars 'nd eight cents in the bank, and you can have that too. Then, besides, Bella, I've told the bank to give you $56.25 every week; the same, you know, as I got every week at the office and you took off me every Saturday night. Only that ain't all, Bella. For six months you get it, but if after six months those two loafers, Lem and Mort, haven't got a job, bang! just like that, the fifty-six twenty-five stops short!"

A cry leaped from the lips of Mrs. Clagg. "Horace!" she wailed. Mr. Clagg, however, merely smiled.

"I'm off," said Mr. Clagg. "I've bought a motorboat—a raised-deck cruiser, thirty-two feet over all and sleeping four; only the four it sleeps won't be any Oswalds. Nix," said Mr. Clagg. "Not if I know myself!" Then he added, "If you want to write me any time, I'll give you the address. It's the Atlantic Ocean," said Mr. Clagg, and as he said it, there was a sudden whir of gears, the horn of the red racing runabout gave a deafening honk, and once and for the last time Mrs. Clagg threw out her hands in a gesture of appeal.

"Horace!" she screamed.

"Woof, woof!" the bird dog barked back at her.

"Down, Poncho!" Mr. Clagg said sternly.

As the runabout turned the corner, Mr. Clagg was doing sixty. A radio fan, it was to be seen that all he wanted now, so far as Mrs. Clagg and the Oswalds were concerned, was DX—distance.

WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 17)

Mrs. Madison agreed that his devotion to his wife was very admirable. "I won't say that he showed bad taste—I like her, too, Martin—but bad judgment. You can't, in his position, marry the daughter of a tavern keeper who has sat on the lap, speaking figuratively, of official Washington. You can't and that's all there is about it. Anyhow, I'm tired of the Eatons. You must come in tomorrow afternoon and tell me how you got along with Floride Laurens."

"I'll have to find some other reason for seeing you," he replied. "If I have begun to need a reason. Dolly, I won't even have a chance to meet her. She'll be staying at one of the Whig houses."

With Mrs. Tayloe, she admitted. "But I have arranged that with Cora Livingston." He studied her silently, thinking that women—women of charm—were perpetually only interested in love. They thought of it too much, he decided. There were other things—or at least for men. His life for the past few years had certainly been bare enough of love. He had been fully occupied, contented. The curious part of that was that he liked women, girls, extremely well. He resented spending an evening with men. The gambling of Webster and Clay, the austerity of John Calhoun, repelled him. However, at the opposite end of the scale he was equally unengaged—excessive drinking and gayety, painted pleasures, failed to attract him. He admitted to himself that Dolly was justified in that he looked like a man who should be married.

"I can see you are thinking about my suggestion," she went on. "I have nothing more to say. It must work for itself. Go to your parties. I am sitting with Mrs. Decatur and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton. The black birds." He got into his great-coat, and an icy flood of winter came in at the opened door. There was no one to hold a light outside, and he fell forward, on the frozen mud of Lafayette Square, into his carriage. He was, Martin Van Buren discovered, a shade excited about the night before him. The President's levee promised to be absorbing.

The crowd at Baron Kindener's, Van Buren thought, was larger than the mob at the President's levee. It was conspicuously more gay. He was standing by a long buffet laden with an infinity of cold dishes in the Russian fashion—supper had not yet been laid—near the entrance to the ballroom, and he doubted if another couple could have found room for the waltz then in progress. He had no intention of attempting it.

A servant had brought him champagne; a corner of the buffet both held it and protected him from the throng; and altogether, he felt, he was as advantageously placed as possible.

John Tyler stopped beside him. "I suppose you were at the Senate today," he said. Routine, Martin Van Buren replied, had kept him away. Tyler had taken John Randolph's place in the Senate, when he had led the opposition to Jackson's appointments; he was a supporter of both Calhoun and Clay; and it was evident that he had been in communication with the bottle.

"I understand," Van Buren went on, "that Captain Hayne has finished. Webster will reply finally tomorrow."

Tyler supposed so. "I suppose Webster will explain what a good party boy he is at heart. At least he has been smoked out of the opposition. We don't want him, Mr. Van Buren. You can have him."

Martin Van Buren said, "With pleasure." Andrew Stephenson was swept into their protected angle. "The Administration has just been made a gift," Van Buren explained; "Tyler gave us Daniel Webster."

Stephenson answered seriously, "He may turn out enormously valuable. I wish I knew where this business in the Senate was leading. I'm afraid of it."

Tyler grew impatient. "I hope it leads as far as possible. We may discover whether we are free men or not."

Stephenson took his arm. "In another minute," he said, "you'll be giving away Virginia."

Andrew Stephenson, Van Buren concluded, at least knew where the South hoped the Hayne-Webster conflict would lead. Yes, John Tyler had admitted it. Nullification! There was no longer a doubt of that in his mind. He wondered if the United States could be destroyed. That was what separation would mean. Van Buren began to see faint indications of a course, a possible future, for himself. If the Union were preserved. Naturally that. He told himself that it all hung on one quantity—General Jackson. He was so absorbed in thought that he didn't see Mrs. Eaton, on the arm of François Labbé, the dancing master, stop beside him.

"I am going to stay with Mr. Van Buren," she said to M. Labbé. "Thank you. . . . Martin, wasn't it the devil at the levee! Did you ever realize women could be so disgusting? But wasn't Mrs. Livingston an angel? No one else in Washington is more fashionable either."

It had been difficult at the President's mansion, he admitted. "But, my dear Peggy, you never looked better. Contention agrees with you." She was, in reality, lovely—a scarlet turban brought out the natural brightness of her cheeks, white satin repeated the absolute whiteness of her skin. "It's principally hard on Mr. Eaton," she admitted, "and the President. Martin, I wish for his sake he hadn't put us in the cabinet. We ought to have gone to Russia or France. But you know General Jackson. If we left Washington he would think it was a surrender." She laid a hand on his arm. "Can we beat them?" she asked.

He shook his head negatively. "You will have to retreat. The general must give in." If that were true, she asserted, she'd leave some marks of her passage. Specially on the Calhouns. "And her so religious. Look, there goes Mrs. Tayloe. Another of them. Miss Wirt is with her, but who is the other girl? Talking to Mr. Berrien." What was Mrs. Madison's phrase?—"eyes like brown flowers."

"I am not certain," he replied, "but I think she is a great-niece of Madam Calhoun's. There is a Miss Laurens like that staying with the Tayloes."

Mrs. Eaton declared that none of the Southern women had a drop of color. "I hate white roses, Martin. If you send me any, I want them to be red, red, red!" Tomorrow, he told her, the reddest that could be found. He was, however, intent upon the whiter flower. Yes, she could be called beautiful. Floride, in spite of its association, was a beautiful name. It was strange that he had recognized her so instantly, among the hundreds of people around them. Anyone of a countless number of girls might have been with Mrs. Tayloe. However, she was Floride Laurens.

Mrs. Eaton continued, "Next to the general and John Eaton, I owe you more than anyone alive. Perhaps I'll be able to give a little back for all you have given me."

He repeated what he had said earlier. "I like you, my dear Peggy. If I have done anything, it has been too easy for notice. You mustn't forget I am always selfish."

In all her life, she told him, she had seen only one man who wasn't. "Andrew Jackson." The rush from the ballroom after a dance carried Cora Livingston directly up to them.

"Where have you been?" Van Buren complained. "I wanted to waltz with you."

The waltzes, she reminded him, were not all exhausted. "You are Secretary of State and you can make me dance with you whenever you like. I have lost Mr. Obregon." Mrs. Eaton said that she was going home. Martin wasn't to bother about her. She smiled at Cora Livingston and left them.

"Have you seen Mrs. Madison today?" Cora asked. He replied with the greatest promptitude that he hadn't. "Then you must come with me at once," she proceeded. "Perhaps they have gone already." She led him away from the refuge of the buffet and his glass and, in a drawing-room below, found Mrs. John Tayloe.

Mrs. Tayloe, Van Buren thought, was uncommonly cordial. She was bitterly disdainful of the Eaton affair; an enemy to all that General Jackson supported. "Floride," she said. Floride Laurens rose from a group on a sofa across the room. "My dear child, this is Mr. Van Buren. I should like you to know the Secretary of State."

"Then this is the first time you have been in Washington," Van Buren said to her. They had waltzed and were standing by the supper table.

"I was in France, at school," she explained. When she spoke she gazed at him with entire candor. "It's too miraculous for words. Mr. Preston took me to the Senate today and I thought I'd perish of excitement. Captain Hayne was too miraculous. I am going tomorrow to hear Mr. Webster, but Mr. Preston thinks it won't

(Continued on Page 129)

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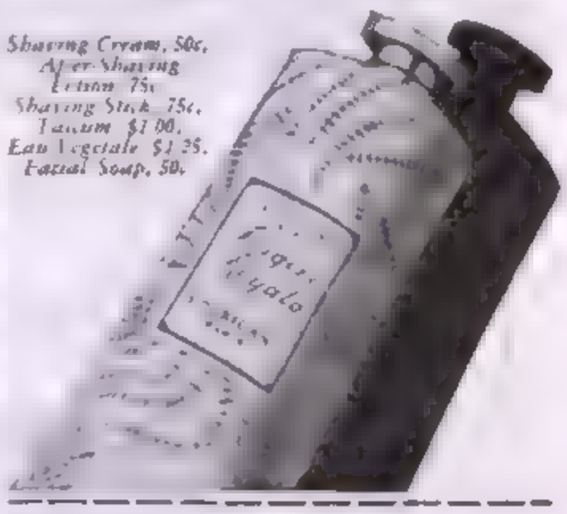

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PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

(Continued from Page 127)

be very interesting. He thinks Captain Hayne has changed the history of the United States."

Van Buren replied that he hoped not. He was, privately, sorry that she had gone to the Senate Chamber with Preston, who, since he, too, was from South Carolina, would only deepen her prejudices by his interpretation of events. "The United States," he said, "with the assistance of Washington and Jefferson—yes, and General Jackson—has been doing fairly well."

She wasn't, she made it clear, interested in union. "South Carolina is our country, Mr. Van Buren," Floride explained gravely. "It would have to be. Look, do you think you could get me one of those little iced cakes? They are wonderful with negus. Isn't Mr. Calhoun miraculous in the chair? It's horrible that old rough man is President instead of Mr. Calhoun." But perhaps, she added, she should not have said that. "I keep forgetting you are his Secretary of State. Do you mind?" No, Martin Van Buren admitted, he didn't. Everything she said gave him an absurd pleasure. It was at once so delightful and idiotic. He was, he recognized, becoming idiotic himself. Floride Laurens held her glass of negus up to his lips. Fragrant and sweet. "Can you ask a Secretary of State to come and see you?" she inquired. "If you are me, that is." Eyes like wide-opened brown flowers.

"I am not sure," he replied. "Perhaps Mrs. Tayloe would have to do that. You must remember, I belong to another party. That is important in Washington. It was very unusual, my meeting you at all." Shoulders whiter than white roses. "I will make you change your party," she told him. "I'll explain it all so you will know what to do. I want you to love South Carolina." Might it, he asked, be personified in her?

It had not been Martin Van Buren's intention to go, on the following day, to the Senate; he kept as far as possible from the actual conflicts of politics; but, he told himself, the attendance had grown so general that he would be conspicuous if he stayed entirely away. Never before, he was certain, had there been such a mob within the garnet hangings of the Senate Chamber. Yet, in spite of the universal interest, there was little understanding of what was actually happening. The great majority had merely come to see what was undoubtedly a good fight. It was still Van Buren's opinion that Webster had not foreseen the possible developments of his oratory. He was speaking in a resonant voice, with an occasional falling inflection, but Van Buren had no interest in his phrases. They were still moving toward the destruction of sectionalism. Calhoun was making a parade of his inattention. The sweep of dead black hair across his remarkable forehead almost obliterated an eye. He wrote or sat with an expression of stony indifference.

An endless curiosity and concern in him possessed Van Buren. Calhoun seemed to him to be a strangely passionate and ill-fated man. Now, he told himself, if the United States survived the attacks immediately moving against it, Calhoun would never be President. His evolution, in Martin Van Buren's opinion, was in the direction of disaster. In earlier days Calhoun had been an enemy of nullification. His interest in South Carolina had increased with later years.

John Randolph, his harsh thin face hidden in the vast collar of his coat, stopped beside him. "I'd give a hat to know what's in your mind," he said in his malicious voice. "You have the look of a man consulting the Delphic oracle. Daniel, I see, is having his fun with the lions. Look here, Van Buren, when do I start for Russia? That's more important to me. If I am the Minister to Moscovy give me my papers."

Van Buren advised him to be patient. "You'll hate it when you get there. Probably that sacred black man of yours won't let you stay." He caught Frank Blair by the arm. "You must act for me; Randolph has sent for his pistols because he's delayed getting off to Russia." John Randolph turned a twisted shoulder on Blair. "That's the man who thought he could make better bricks with straw than with clay," he declared shrilly.

Van Buren saw that there were two, more nearly three, hundred women on the floor of the Senate; they sat in the senatorial chairs and gathered in clusters on the desks. It was impossible to make out who had Preston's seat. But probably it was Floride Laurens. He had a swift unhappy sense of being definitely outside her familiar circle; the restrictions of his earliest days returned to weigh upon him. Of all the people Floride knew, only the Livingstons and Mrs. Madison would have a word to say in his favor. Suddenly, completely social in manner and appearance, he hated society. A cold and intolerant and insolently self-sufficient circle. However, officially it was addressed to fatal years. Calhoun and Henry Clay—the opposition—were strong, but the old man in the President's mansion was stronger. It was a question of growing nationality against old separatist interests; and the general, in spite of his antiquated mold, represented the future.

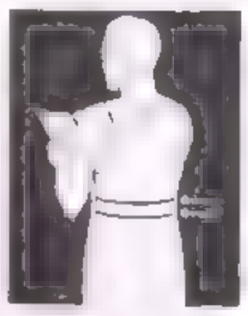
For a moment a sense of inferiority had possessed Martin Van Buren, but it left him almost immediately, and he slowly forced his way in the direction of Preston's desk. Floride Laurens was there, with Mrs. Woodbury and a Miss White from Baltimore.

Floride held up her hand. "I hope," she said, "you didn't come entirely to hear Mr. Webster. I don't want you to hear him at all. Remember, I am your political adviser."

James Preston said, "If you can influence Mr. Van Buren, you will be the favorite heroine of the South." The voice of Daniel Webster, profoundly and monotonously serious, silenced them. Floride Laurens was as lovely in daylight as at night. Van Buren admitted to himself that she disturbed his heart. He forgot politics in the importance of this discovery. It was, of course, nonsensical. He had passed the age for love. He was well over forty.

Yet that, he was just as well aware, was precisely the age for infatuations. He had thought his understanding would keep him safe from them, but it seemed that he could at once be aware of the quality of an emotion and get great pleasure from it. However, it could hardly go beyond pleasure. At his age, affection was material rather than idealizing—the first word, infatuation, was better. It wasn't probable that he would become a serious victim of infatuation. Not, at any rate, with a relative of John Calhoun's. Why, it might well be disastrous. He had no inclination to play the part of a middle-aged fool to a young girl. Even if she was beautiful—and owned cotton. Yet this, it appeared, had nothing to do with his happiness at being near her. Van Buren wondered what the Senate would say at his present position with the enemies of the Administration. Preston was more than friendly. Major Lewis, of course, would report it all to the general.

Floride Laurens whispered, "Are you going to the cotillion Thursday night at Mr. Wirt's?" He nodded. She said that she was glad. He had never before known anyone who gave herself up so confidingly through her eyes. Utterly without conscious sophistication, he told himself. That, Martin Van Buren was certain, he could recognize. He'd had a sufficient experience of it. No, calculation wouldn't have charmed him so wholly. Floride had no fear of life, sharp experience hadn't disturbed the serenity of her being, there was no necessity for the worldliness of a mask. This recognition brought him, with all the rest, a not inconsiderable admiration for her. An admiration and a greater interest. She was youth at its clearest best. But it was evident, as well, that she had great



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Topkis gives you quality in fabric, cuts this fine fabric on generous lines for fit and comfort, and puts real tailor-work into making and finish.

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Ask your dealer for this unequaled value. It pays to look for the Topkis label.

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Fine durable weaves: fancy madras, plain madras, white or color stripe, silk stripes, mercerized crepe, pajama check.

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TOPKIS

Athletic Underwear

AT THE TOP OF UNDERWEAR FAME STANDS THE TOPKIS NAME

feeling. Again, with that absent she would have left him cold. His need for emotion was another characteristic of his years.

Van Buren gathered from the tenseness of the atmosphere that Webster was becoming more impressive. General Jackson would have to shift his opinion about him; it was clear that Hayne's party had left forever their last slight allegiance to the Administration. Now he saw that no one there but Calhoun was actually important—Webster and Hayne were hardly more than mouthpieces. The struggle was infinitely narrow; it lay between Calhoun and the President. That, at last, was the truth. The growing severance of the general and Mr. Calhoun was taking visible form. It was likely to increase, Van Buren knew. He had an entire confidence in General Jackson; all his observation and belief supported Jackson's convictions. This was necessary for him, because if the general fell he would fall with him. The opposition, in calling him the Red Fox, accurately expressed their opinion. They attributed to him every accident to their cause. They at least flattered his ability.

Yes, no matter what had animated him at the first, Webster was now upholding Jackson's conception of union. He was speaking very effectively. Perhaps there was still an objectionable trace of oratory. Oratorical phrases. General Jackson continually referred to his responsibility to the common people, but that was merely a euphemism for the country as a whole. He deserted these more conspicuous figures for himself: How could the quarrel between General Jackson and Calhoun help him? What, within decent bounds, might be made of it? Very little, he concluded, that he had actual command of. He was looked upon as the guiding mind of his party, but the truth was, he was scarcely more than a commentator on it. Everything depended on the candidates in the next presidential election. He had a sense of being swept into a current that made no account of individual ambitions. It was a time when individual men were of little moment. This turned him squarely toward Floride Laurens. Loosely surrounded by her fur wrap, she was like a gardenia in the heart of winter. Compared to her, Peggy Eaton, and the girl with Mrs. Woodward, from Baltimore, were very fully blown red roses indeed. Mr. Webster had finished.

Seated at a dinner at Major Eaton's, Martin Van Buren had an absorbing mental vision of himself from the viewpoint of the Calhouns. It wouldn't be in them not to be arrested by the attention he had already shown Floride Laurens. For a moment he wondered if her charm had been deliberately displayed for him, but he gave that idea up at once. The South didn't pay for political compromises with their women. At the same time he was forced to admit that Calhoun would not be wholly indifferent to his capture, even if his convictions remained unchanged, he couldn't hope to develop them, married in South Carolina. He was startled by the fact that he had considered Floride in the light of marriage. It showed him how far he was drifting.

Miss Henry, who sat on his left, might almost have been following his thoughts. "I admired your taste in the Senate, Mr. Van Buren," she said. "Isn't Miss Laurens lovely? She has a very good head too. Perhaps we hear more about politics in the South than Northern girls do."

Mrs. Eaton glanced sharply at him. "Was that the girl with Mrs. Tayloe at the Wirts'?" she asked. Van Buren admitted that it was. "I hate playing at politics'" she declared. "Although I understand it is very fashionable now. Martin, I hope you are not being indiscreet." She spoke lightly, but he was conscious of a warning in her voice.

Mrs. Livingston came to his support. "I have never known anyone further from indiscretion."

Van Buren added, "Only this week Dolly Madison complained about the orderliness of my conduct. She said it wasn't human."

In him, Mrs. Eaton asserted, anything else would be out of place. "I can't imagine what you'd have to say to a Calhoun," she persisted.

Eaton stopped her with a generalization. "That situation with the South isn't improving."

Peggy Eaton exclaimed, "Thank God, it isn't me this time! Most of that happened in President Monroe's cabinet."

"There can't be a doubt about it," Duff Green proceeded; "the Forsythe letter has been turned over to the President. Major Lewis read a note from Calhoun about the impropriety of cabinet disclosures. He begged Hamilton to see his name wasn't made use of." Van Buren said nothing—like Peggy Eaton he had had no part in the discovery of Calhoun's opposition to General Jackson's course in the Seminole War. At the same time, he knew, he would be accused of digging it up, in his character of a fox. What would make that specially difficult to deny was the fact that he might very well profit from it. General Jackson would never forgive Calhoun. A man of implacable personal passions. What, Van Buren wondered, would the actual political situation turn out to be. The dinner was at an end and Mrs. Eaton said that she wanted to talk to him. She drew him into the smaller salon back of the dining room, while the others—the men and the women—moved across the hall.

"Martin," she said at once, "I happen to know that General Jackson will stand for a second term."

He was amazed. "But," he objected, "what about the understanding with Calhoun when he accepted the vice presidency? Didn't the general agree not to run again?"

Impatiently she knew nothing about that. "If Andrew Jackson isn't the next President of the United States there won't be any United States at all," she asserted. "No one else can hold it together. No one else loves it like he does. But I want to speak about you, and not General Jackson. Martin, you must be Vice President."

He studied her thoughtfully—a beautiful woman. She was wearing a silver-colored dress, very low on her celebrated shoulders, a turban of silver brocade. She had brought her goblet of champagne from the table. "I needn't tell you what that might lead to," she added. The presidency, of course; he could see that. With the first granted, the second was entirely possible. Martin Van Buren, President of the United States! He was at once without illusions about what that meant and deeply stirred by it.

"It's all so very much in the future," he finally replied. "So problematic. We might as well be frank. I doubt if the people would take to me after General Jackson. The difference between us is not exactly in my favor. It isn't absolutely certain he could be nominated again. He is set on killing the Bank, and that will make strong enemies in the North as well as the South."

"Martin," she demanded flatly, "can Andrew Jackson be the next President?"

"Yes," he said, "he can. With the West back of him."

"Then you will be Vice President." She smiled at him warmly. "You have been very good to me, Martin." He was, it appeared, being offered the vice presidency because he had been good to the daughter of Bill O'Neil, a Washington tavern keeper. That, then, was more potent than all the aristocratic power and oratory of the South; it was stronger than the financial weight of Nicholas Biddle. Peggy O'Neill! But then, fortunately, it happened that he liked her. There was a long pause before she spoke again. "I was thinking about General Jackson," she admitted. "No one knows how heavenly he is. I was afraid, once, that his loyalty to me and Major Eaton would hurt him, but I was wrong—nothing can hurt him. I see all the people around him with little schemes—you and I have little schemes—but he is in another world. His faults are better than our best qualities, Martin. I suppose I am not reasonable about him, but I am a woman and I don't have to be. You can't arrive at everything by reason. Fire isn't reasonable and courage isn't. Love is the most unreasonable thing there is."

Martin Van Buren returned, almost with a shock, to the thought of Floride Laurens. Peggy Eaton's words—love is the most unreasonable thing there is—echoed in his mind. She had intimated that he wasn't capable of it. He remembered suddenly that Andrew Jackson always wore a miniature of his dead Rachel suspended by a black ribbon about his neck. Mrs. Madison, even more clearly, had said that he lacked—what? Fire and courage. He began to be annoyed by the attacks on him. That, at bottom, was what they were. He tried to dissolve his resentment by the realization that at heart women liked folly, but he wasn't entirely successful. The truth was the whole world liked folly. Fire and courage. Well, he was too old for change. His life had been too practical for ornamental emotions. He had risen amazingly—he, Martin Van Buren, had been thinking of himself as President—and entirely by reason, measured actions, self-control. And yet initially he had been impetuous. But he had schooled himself out of it—almost:

His interest in Floride Laurens was impetuous, uncalculated, enough. He was conscious of the fragrance of roses; his heart beat hard; and then he discovered there was a great bowl of them on a table back of him. However, his feeling of quickened life remained. How absurd Floride was with her politics. Advising—no, instructing him. He must love South Carolina and not the Union. In other words he must love her. Could he, Van Buren wondered. He remembered detail by detail how desirable she was—a girl in the seductive envelope of maturity. In addition, her select birth fascinated him. He had always hated Federalism, but he didn't, he found, hate the society, the women, it bred. That feeling, he recognized, was part of his own far different and unimpressive birth. It wasn't admirable.

Peggy Eaton rose. "There will be another scandal," she said. "Or there would be with anyone else," she added.

"You are not putting yourself out to be pleasant," he complained. "I would much rather be talked about with you than be President."

Her only reply was to beg him not to tell her such thin lies. "You are Martin Van Buren, and Martin Van Buren you will stay. A careful Dutchman from New York. There, I've kissed you for it!"

William Wirt's large brick house on G Street had its façade brightly illuminated by a row of torches, the line of carriages stopping at the door appeared to be endless. The cotillion was a repetition of the polite Washington parties Van Buren knew so well, but with a slight variation for an unofficial occasion in the presence of the Marine Band. A detachment from it was playing on flutes and clarinets for the dancing. That, probably, had been arranged through Wirt's friendship with John Branch. Van Buren, inappropriately, was irritable. So many people, with so much freedom, had told him exactly what he was. A careful Dutchman. General Jackson amused himself now by continually referring to him as the Red Fox.

"Soon," the general had said, "you will be holed in by the Southern hounds." He went in search of Floride at once, and when he found her she made it clear that she had been waiting for him.

"It's worse than the crowd at the Russian minister's," she told him. "Cora and the Woodwards want to ask Mrs. Tayloe if it would be proper for us to go back there. We are having our dresses simply torn to ribbons. My slippers are black already. Don't you think it would be splendid at the Tayloes'?" He said, "You forget I am in the opposite party. John Tayloe might think it was strange for me to be in his house. My dear child, it is ridiculous, but the Government is involved in things like that."

He was ridiculous, she replied, completely intimate. "Must I explain again about your party?"

Martin Van Buren admitted, "You are my party. Very well. But Tayloe doesn't know that. What do you think—shall we tell him at once?"

Floride hesitated, gazing away from him; something disturbingly like fear weighed upon him; to his immediate relief Mrs. Tayloe came up to them.

"Mr. Van Buren," she proceeded, "Cora and Floride and the Woodwards complain that they can't even breathe here; they want to go back home, and I wonder if you would look after them. Mr. Tayloe is engaged and I can't possibly leave."

He thanked her formally. "I should love to." He took Floride in his carriage. Martin Van Buren realized that he had, practically, already proposed marriage to her. That had the effect of silencing him. If he spoke, he thought, he could only go on. In reality it would be stupid to speak; he ought to kiss her. He had a feeling that she wouldn't object. He didn't.

She got lightly out of the carriage and ran into John Tayloe's house. The others, with Mr. Vaughn, Baron Stackelburg, in his perpetual spurs, and young Quincy, were there before them.

"We'll have to stay in the front room," Floride explained. "Mr. Tayloe is playing cards in the back. With Mr. Clay and Captain Hayne and, I think, Mr. Van Ness. Mr. Tazewell from Virginia is there too. They are dreadfully serious."

Martin Van Buren sat with her on a small sofa away from the others, about an open fire of coals. A part of her skirt lay like a vapor over his knee. He was conscious of the actual fragrant warmth of her body. A recklessness, like the effect of wine, poured through him. Life wasn't somber; politics and public preferment were not its end. Dolly Madison was right. He had already held a great many posts—surrogate and state senator, attorney-general of New York, United States senator, governor of New York and Secretary of State; that was enough honor for any one man; the rest of his life would be better spent in private circumstances of ease.

A servant came up to him. "Mr. Tayloe says to excuse him, but will you step back into the room with the gentlemen. It will only be for a minute."

Tayloe met him at the door. "I am sorry if I interrupted you, Mr. Van Buren. It was so fortunate you were here I couldn't help asking for you." Captain Hayne, commanding an impressive heap of gold, sat across from him at a table scattered with cards. Clay was on the left—there was no money before him—and he was somber, brief in manner; Van Ness smiled expansively; Tazewell politely rose. He was, however, unsteady. A negro stood at a great punch bowl against the wall. "Mr. Van Buren, a chair and a glass of Daniel Webster punch. Daniel designed it before he became the spokesman for heaven on earth."

Hayne asked, "What is in it, aside from the brimstone?" John Tayloe turned to the negro.

"Mr. Tayloe, there is Medford rum and brandy and champagne and arrack and a spill of Menschino and green tea and lemon and sugar."

His owner proceeded, "You speak, Tazewell, for Virginia."

The Virginia senator leaned forward, his elbows on the table. "We were talking about the anniversary of Mr. Jefferson's birth—it will be along soon—and it occurred to us it ought to be marked in some notable way. A dinner, we thought. Now, Mr. Van Buren, it would be nothing without General Jackson. We couldn't, to be quite honest, go forward without the President. We all, I think, know the regard General Jackson has for Jefferson. We know the resemblance between them—they were both the choice of the American

(Continued on Page 135)

Do you watch the "danger spots"

What are the critical points in a set, that everything else depends on? The tubes, of course.

There is no set cheap enough to warrant careless tube buying. Genuine Radiotrons get something more out of even the poorest set.

And there is no set so expensive that tube quality doesn't matter. For, nothing short of genuine RCA Radiotrons can get the great music and remarkable performance that a really fine set is capable of. They're the very heart of the whole performance!

Bring your storage battery set up-to-date with
a *power* RADIOTRON UX-171 or UX 112
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and RADIOTRONS UX-201-A for all-round quality
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THE SILVER COLOR inside a genuine Radiotron UX-199 and UX-201-A is a chemically active substance always on the lookout.

How it gets there is an important story. It is caused by the sudden evaporation of a bit of chemical inside the tube, to make the most nearly perfect commercial vacuum still more complete! But, after three methods of exhaust are applied to your Radiotron, there may still float about in it a few atoms of air or gas. They may be invisible to the finest microscope, but they get in the way of perfect reception. The silver color in the tubes, however, is an active film that attracts and holds these air atoms—keeps them away from the vital parts of the tube—makes it work better—last longer.

When you are buying a tube of the silvery type, and want to make sure of the efficiency of that inside watchman, just be sure to get a genuine RCA Radiotron. The mark is on the bottom.

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The IDEAL GIFT *for*

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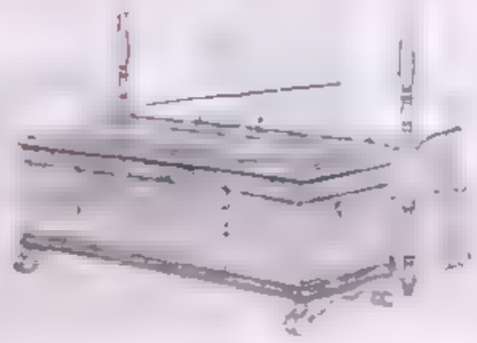
48920

A super-cedar chest exclusively Lane Of solid aromatic red cedar through out with beautiful exterior of genuine walnut to match other fine furniture. Full size drawer in base

48142

An attractively decorated chest of solid aromatic red cedar in the popular Queen Anne design. An outstanding value

A beautiful chest of solid aromatic red cedar with exterior finished in walnut and crackle enamel. For hall or bedroom. Combines beauty with full protection from moth



An insect with a

You know how women dread *moths.* No woolens, silk, furs or down comforters are safe from the insect and her pernicious offspring. Their natural abiding place is in all such household effects folded away in closets and other dark places. Here the moth lays her eggs. The eggs hatch into larvae, or worms. The worms, born naked, need clothes which they make out of YOURS in the form of a cocoon.

National Sale Week

JUNE 6 to 11

The *newest* and *latest* cedar chest creations with *most tempting prices* and *terms*. On exhibition at your dealer's this week

AND now . . . to kindle romance in maiden breasts . . . to simplify June gift-giving . . . to bring home to women everywhere the priceless benefits of a big, beautiful, fragrant, moth-killing cedar chest . . . comes this great national sale of Lanes.

A sale held by Lane dealers everywhere . . . a sale permitting you to see, in your own locality, the latest creations in cedar chest craftsmanship. Permitting you to buy, with such discrimination and price-saving as perhaps never before.

Think of the convenience of a cedar chest—the protection it affords your dainty silks, furs, woolens from moth damage—the saving. Then visit your dealer's store next week. Watch for his announcement. See the many tempting and unusual values in Lanes—the chests of lasting aroma—the chests built to combat the insect with the *$200,000,000 appetite*.

THE *aroma* given off by the red cedar oil of a cedar chest is murderous to moth life. It drives off the moth miller. It kills the newly hatched larvæ. The stronger it is the greater is its killing efficiency—the more lasting. But the strength depends entirely on the amount of oil content as measured by the thickness and the quality of the cedar.

This is why Lane Cedar Chests are so outstanding. Their construction embodies full ¾-inch-thick panels of selected red cedar heartwood—panels not skimped but *thick* enough to hold *oil* enough to give off a powerful quick-killing *aroma*. And Lane interlocking joints, pore-sealing finishes, and close-fitting lids unite in an air-tight construction that is dust-proof and damp-proof and minimizes the loss of the aroma—makes it effective for generations.

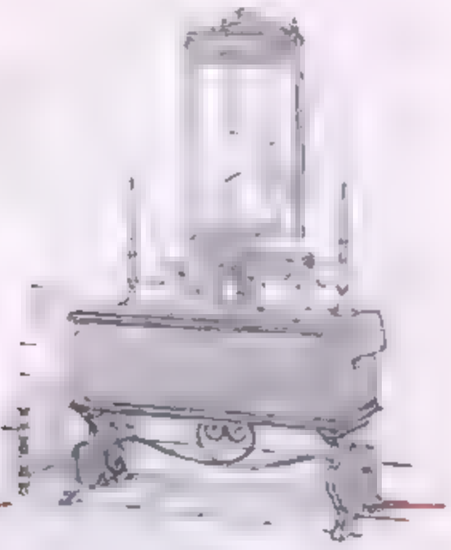
LANES are beautiful and ornamental, too. Widely used as bedroom dressing lounges, console tables, hall and window seats. A wide variety of plain and period designs and in all-cedar or in walnut surfaced cedar, superbly finished to match other fine furniture.

So by all means see your dealer's display. Ask about the Lane 9 Points of Perfection. Look for the Lane label under the lid—the guarantee of those ¾-inch-thick panels!—and of satisfaction that will be enduring.

Write us for our interesting folder, "Why to buy a Lane." It shows many popular models and gives much useful information you'll like to have.

THE LANE COMPANY, INC., *Altavista, Virginia*
"World's Foremost Cedar Chest Makers"

LANE
Cedar Chest

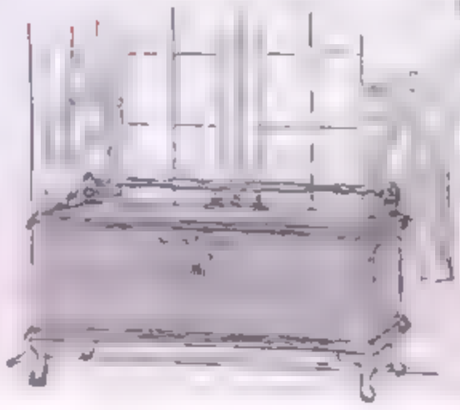


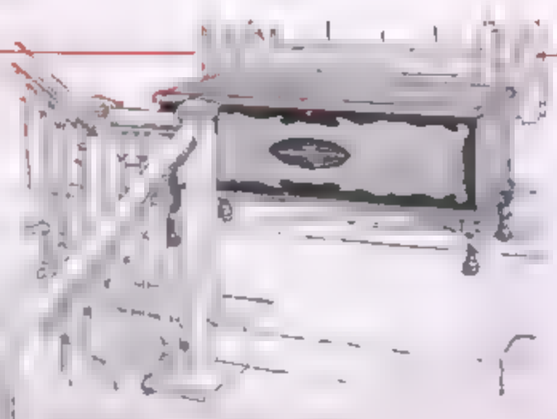
48916
A typical Spanish design of solid aromatic red cedar, with exterior finished in walnut. Console effect and height make it especially attractive for hall or living room use

$200,000,000 *appetite*

In this they grow, meanwhile feeding on the materials and increasing the size of the cocoon as needed. Finally they go to sleep, wake up as moths and flit away, thus completing Nature's cycle and leaving ruin behind. In one year a moth produces four generations of destroyers, which will destroy on an average one hundred pounds of wool. The total loss ascribed by authorities to moth damage is close to two hundred millions of dollars annually.

A window seat design involving the new Lane super cedar chest construction. Solid cedar with walnut exterior. The design is hand decorated. A convenient lounge and an ideal hope chest
48923





48543
An attractively decorated chest of aromatic red cedar affording ample storage room but amazing low price. Ideal for bedroom, dressing lounge or hall

BULOVA Watches

BULOVA *Breton*
15 jewel, radium dial . . .$35.00

June ~ Month of Happiness!

To many the cap and gown. To many the circlet of gold. To them all go tokens of friendship, of esteem. How important to choose that token so that the passage of time will more and more endear it to the recipient—ever a beautiful reminder of the occasion that prompted its giving.

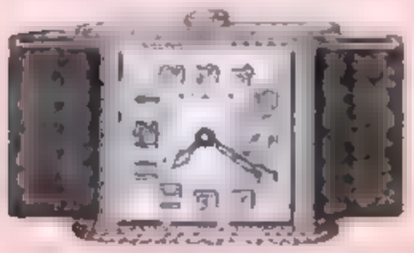
How natural, then, to choose a watch—one as faithful to its trust as the very friendship it symbolizes!

Each Bulova Watch is a product of painstaking effort. Each represents the highest degree of the watchmaker's art. The skillful arrangement of parts has accomplished a distribution of power unsurpassed in watchmaking construction. That is why each Bulova movement is a perfect timepiece—dependable—trustworthy. Chosen today for its accuracy, it will tell time just as faithfully twenty years from now—or in the generations to come.

Whether it be a simple watch for $25 or one adorned with jewels for $2500, they are alike in dependability. True artisans built them; true lovers of beauty will choose them.

BULOVA WATCH COMPANY
Makers of Fine Watches
Fifth Avenue New York

BULOVA *President*
17 jewel, radium dial; curved to fit the wrist.....$50.00



BULOVA *Senator*
15 jewel, radium dial ...$35.00

BULOVA *Trojan*
15 jewel, radium dial.....$28.50

BULOVA *Debutante*
Ladies' Sports Model with Leather Strap 17 jewel $28.50

BULOVA *Audrey*
6 Diamonds, 6 Sapphires $125.00

BULOVA *Lucille*
15 jewel..... $40.00

BULOVA *Geraldine*
15 jewel.....$40.00

BULOVA *Prudence*
15 jewel.....$37.50

BULOVA *Princine*
15 jewel . . $28.50

At the Better Jewelers ~ Everywhere

(Continued from Page 130)

people and, by temperament and by fact, servants of the West. I can't conceive that Jackson would not support our plan, but this is our position: We can't put ourselves and General Jackson to the embarrassment of a public refusal; in the unlikely event that he would refuse. We must, first, have his assurance, and that assurance we hope you will discover. We couldn't possibly have hit on a better means."

Van Buren's gaze passed from Tazewell around the table—Van Ness met his eyes solidly; Hayne was idly fingering the gold before him; Tayloe was friendly; but Henry Clay stared back at him with hardly any effort to conceal his animosity. On the surface, Martin Van Buren thought, it was an entirely reasonable and harmless proposal. However, except for him, General Jackson hadn't a friend or well-wisher in the room. Tayloe was narrowly aristocratic, a Whig supporter of special privilege and owner of a great racing stable; Captain Hayne and Tazewell were conspicuous in the party of nullification; Van Ness was indifferent to national concerns; and Henry Clay had hated Jackson since the days of the Adams presidential campaign. The dinner to Jefferson was the proposal of the strongest possible anti-administration interests. He had a feeling that it hid a current of tremendous potential importance.

"I can't, naturally, answer for General Jackson," he said finally. "So many things having nothing to do with the dinner might affect him. His health, it is proper for me to say, hasn't been all we might desire."

Clay replied abruptly, "We would be obliged if you'd give General Jackson the message just as you have heard it."

Van Buren replied blandly, "Of course. As I said, it seems admirable." What lay back of it? The proposal would need to be very carefully discussed with Major Lewis and Blair and Duff Green. He must see them before he spoke to the general.

He rose. "I won't interrupt your play." When he returned to the drawing-room, Floride was with the others at the open fire; she smiled at him faintly, but made no effort to return to the farther sofa. She was placid, as though a great deal had been safely decided. There was a rattle of young talk about occasions and people he knew little of; the close selfish interests of the purely social world; and a profound depression settled over him. His feeling of warmth and delight in life had vanished. It began to appear that he ought to see the general's advisers at once, that night. Green would be at the office of The Telegraph, and Frank Blair lived at Gadsby's. They could send to the President's mansion for Lewis. Josiah Quincy, he saw, was increasingly attentive to Floride, and he rose. She accompanied him to the door of the drawing-room. "Don't desert me for Massachusetts," he begged. "You would never be happy with the high-tariff Federalists."

Duff Green said at once, "There is more in this than they let out, but I'll be damned if I can see what."

Blair added, "Unless something dangerous does appear, the general will have to go. We will all have to go." Major Lewis and Van Buren agreed.

"I don't see how it can hurt him," Lewis went on.

Blair grew more thoughtful. "They will try to commit him to the South, to sectionalism," he decided. "Count on his admiration for the Kentucky resolutions and his Tennessee birth. We can keep the general away from that. We'll have to, if he is going to succeed himself. His cabinet is disorganized now and a new one won't be much better. It's a good thing we are so completely together." Martin Van Buren was thinking of Floride Laurens; he wondered what they would say if they knew where his thoughts were. He was undoubtedly, in his heart at any rate, a traitor to their interests, perhaps to his own—perhaps. He could never be Vice President married to Floride. His questions about the future took a concrete shape. Now he could measure them. As Vice President with the general, he could never be part of Floride's life.

To hell with it then! To hell with what? he asked himself stupidly. With all his dreams and secret ambitions, the accumulation of his lifelong effort. Instead, he would live in New York, practicing law; and on a South Carolina cotton plantation, with cotton planters. A connection of John Calhoun's. He'd be forever removed from his party, isolated from his friends. He was now too old, too deeply involved, to make new ones. He could see the honest disappointment of Major Lewis, Blair's quiet biting scorn, Duff Green's printed anger. But Floride would make up for all that. She was enough.

"Martin," Green concluded, "you will have to advise General Jackson to go to this dinner. They will try to catch him if he does, but they certainly will if he won't." He dropped a hand on Van Buren's shoulder. "We are lucky in you, Martin," he said. "You are the only one of us who can really satisfy the public view. When the general retires we will still be here."

Van Buren nodded. There was nothing he could say. If he had been actually engaged to Floride Laurens he might have spoken then; left them forever; he wasn't, he trusted, afraid of life. But he wasn't. He had been taking, where Floride was concerned, a great deal for granted. Neither, speaking for himself, was he yet wholly committed to her. Suddenly he recognized that he had arrived at the moment of absolute choice. His forehead was wet with apprehension, and he took a deep drink of rum from a glass before him. He wanted Floride desperately; he saw in a flash all the elegant details of a life with her; the intimate details burned in his mind. Then he turned from hot to cold, his being was numb, except for the quick pain that wrenched his heart. Van Buren rose hastily. The faces of Green and Lewis and Frank Blair were hateful to him.

"I will see General Jackson tomorrow," he said. "He will agree with what you have decided."

In his bedroom his mouth was hard and his gaze blank. It was probable then that he would be Vice President of the United States. It was better than a bare chance he would be President, if the United States, in defiance of Calhoun, continued to exist. At any rate he was dedicated to its continuance. Hell, he was dedicated to Martin Van Buren, to his success and worldly place. There was no fire of folly in him—a cautious Dutchman. He grew calmer—it was evident that Mrs. Madison and Peggy were right. For a moment Floride's skirt had lain like a fragrant mist about him—young and beautiful and seductive. She would, he realized, go back to South Carolina very quickly now. He would never see her again. All that had lingered of his spirit of youth would depart with her. The Martin Van Buren who remained was the Red Fox, a member of General Jackson's famous kitchen cabinet, a politician.

This came strongly back to his mind at about the twentieth toast of the dinner given in honor of Jefferson. He was seated at a table with an excellent view of both the President and Calhoun. John Calhoun had been silent and wary in manner. He practically never drank and merely wet his lips at every formal proposal. Soon, Van Buren knew, the printed toasts would be at an end; Woodbury and Hayne had spoken; and, following Mr. Bigg of Kentucky, Barbour was explaining the sovereign-state resolutions of Virginia; the informal toasts must follow, the moment for which the nullifiers were waiting—the President would be obliged to speak. Jackson looked more worn than usual; his thin shoulders were bent with weariness; his mouth might have been drawn in pain. He rose and there was a deep silence. Calhoun was bent forward. Jackson spoke suddenly and harshly:

"Our Federal Union; it must be preserved."

Calhoun's hand shook so that the wine in his glass was spilled. It was wet on his sleeve. Jackson had withdrawn into the corner of the room with Benton, and, the last strained responses scarcely over, there was a general rush toward the doors. Almost at once the banquet room of the Indian Queen was very nearly empty. Donelson came up to Martin Van Buren.

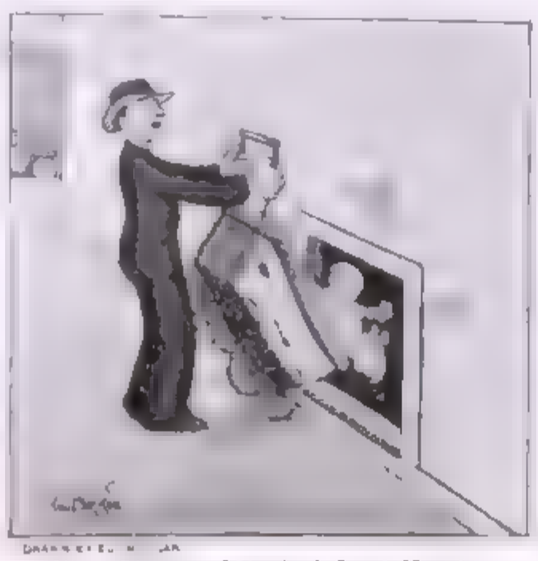
"The general has gone, and wanted me to say he would like to see you at the mansion."

Van Buren nodded. He knocked at the door of General Jackson's bare office and there was a muffled response. Jackson was seated, with the miniature of his dead wife before him on the table. He made no effort to hide it.

"Mr. Van Buren," he said, "our position is at last clear. It is before the people. It can be known any time now that I have decided to stand for a second term. In my opinion the success of Mr. Calhoun would be fatal. I couldn't allow any chance of it. I want it to be understood, at the same time, that you are my choice for Vice President."

He stood up with the painted image of Rachel Jackson in his hand. "I have been a very victorious man," he said on a great breath of feeling. Van Buren bowed. He was grateful to the President for his confidence. He felt curiously small and faintly humiliated. The old general was as strong and bitter and bright as a flame. "I mean this, Mr. Van Buren," he continued: "I am victorious because of Mrs. Jackson. Without her everything would have been meaningless. I am an ignorant and an ill-controlled man, I have always been a victim of temper, but there has never been a time when I was afraid of my worst faults. I had the love of Mrs. Jackson to reassure me. You may think this is unbecoming in a man of my years. If you do—I say this in all kindness—you are the ignorant one of us. The rest, like the battle of New Orleans, finds you lonely and leaves you alone." The hand about the miniature was tense, the black ribbon hung still.

Outside, the April night was tender with a beginning scent of lilacs, the stars were dim in a sky of mist. Van Buren had ridden to the President's mansion, and, crossing Lafayette Square, he drew his impatient horse into a walk. He was in no hurry to reach his empty house; Abraham, his eldest son, was with the Army on the Indian frontier, John was in New York. A warm April night; the air was potent with a sense of green birth, of young flowers. The spring, however, wasn't for him; April had gone from him, but it hadn't, apparently, deserted General Jackson, an old and infirm man. Infirm and old, he talked exaltedly about love. Well, Martin Van Buren told himself, he had known love; his wife, too, was dead. She had left him. But Rachel had stayed with Jackson. She was with him tonight; Rachel was his great triumph. That was the measure, the immeasurable distance, between Andrew Jackson and himself. That was his own success and his inferiority.



The Absent-Minded Coal Hauler Takes the Baby for Its Sunday Airing

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

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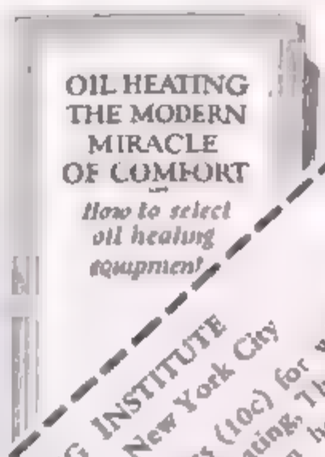

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THE HATCHET AND THE WHITE RIBBON

(Continued from Page 25)

deep into the realm of burlesque. But Frances Willard is entirely satisfying. She was sweet, she was kind, she was tolerant, she was a remorseless worker, she was holy; she had, in fact, all the virtues which one finds it most difficult to get along with—and yet she apparently could not help being attractive. She was responsible, no doubt, for a lot of primness and goody-goodiness, but in the pursuit of her objects she was courageous, farsighted and intelligent.

She had been a teacher at Evanston, Illinois, when a difference of opinion as to jurisdiction over the women's school led her to resign. In spite of offers from fashionable boarding schools, she went almost at once into temperance work without any salary, and at the expense of all her strength. "All this while, however, Frank would take no money. She was determined to be led of God only and to live by faith. All she had to live on was an occasional collection taken at some special meeting which sometimes came to as much as seven dollars, and she was often too poor to take a street car and too poor even to buy enough to eat. But she did not mind these things, and her mother bravely tried the experiment with her. They would not tell Kate Jackson of their difficulties, lest she should insist on helping them. 'I am just going to pray, to work, and trust God,' Frank said, and in this thought she was happy."

In the course of her work for temperance she embraced two other causes: suffrage and prohibition—for prohibition was at that time a separate movement with the same general intentions as temperance. If anything were needed to prove how the leaders of suffrage came to it through other interests, it would be found in this fragment of Frances Willard's autobiography. What she says in the religious tone so natural to her is what hundreds of other women said in other ways:

> While alone on my knees one Sabbath, in the capital of the Crusade state, as I lifted my heart to God, crying, "What would Thou have me do?" there was borne in upon my mind, as I believe from loftier regions, this declaration, "You are to speak for woman's ballot as a weapon for protection for her home."

Swinging Round the Circle

Once she had embraced the cause of suffrage, she "saw the end from the beginning" and realized how important an instrument suffrage was to be hereafter. She was accused, in fact, of being far more interested in the vote than in temperance. There is a typical incident which shows what her effect on her audiences must have been:

> One of these women, quiet and gray-haired, sat silently listening all through the speech and when it was over and the people were going away, she suddenly burst into bitter crying. With the spirit of friendliness that pervaded the conventions, Hannah Whitall Smith went up to her to console her and asked her to tell the trouble and be comforted. But the poor convert could not be comforted. "Frances Willard has just convinced me that I ought to want to vote, and I don't want to." Nothing could help her. She was convinced, and could not escape it, and she didn't want it, and could not escape that, and so there was no comfort to be given her.

It is worth while remembering that Elizabeth Cady Stanton, primarily a suffrage pioneer, was as deeply concerned with the evil of liquor as Frances Willard herself. The two things were apparently inseparable, and in nearly every case temperance came before suffrage. Mrs. Stanton wrote to a despondent friend that no one need be depressed by the slow progress their reforms were making:

"Can one man in his brief hour hope to see the beginning and the end of any reform? When you compare the public sentiment and social customs of our day with what they were fifty years ago, how can you despair of the temperance cause? With a Maine Law and divorce for drunkenness, the rum seller and the drunkard must soon come to terms. Let woman's motto be 'No union with drunkards' and she will soon bring the long and well-fought battle to a triumphant close."

The activity of Frances Willard was enormous. She was the object of intense and malignant attacks. She was accused of favoring atheists and supporting lynch law. Within the W. C. T. U. she had to fight against dissension on policies and personalities; outside it there reigned mockery and hatred. And she confesses that she had a hot temper. She must have been saved by her enormous zest and her keen interest in life; she says that whenever she felt that a new idea was coming she would open the tap and let it flow over her like a refreshing shower bath. In one year she conducted a great temperance round-up, visiting every state and territory in the country, founding at least one branch of the W. C. T. U. in each, traveling more than 30,000 miles and speaking in every town of more than 10,000 inhabitants—and all this while she was helping to direct the complicated organization of which her spirit had become the radiant center. Her tour was positively presidential, for she would speak from the rear platform of a train and send word ahead to the next stop so that boys could run around the town ringing dinner bells and shouting: "Lecture at depot! Now, now, now! Miss Somebody of Illinois! Everybody invited! Now, now, now!"

A Question of Recognition

In 1882 she invited Susan Anthony, the active head of the suffrage movement, to come to the W. C. T. U. convention and introduced her to the delegates with warm approval. "A prominent woman who was opposed to Miss Willard's reelection went among the delegates assuring them in the most solemn manner that she had insulted every one of them by introducing Miss Anthony on the platform, as she did not recognize God." A thing, says the narrator of this incident, which was quite untrue; and she adds the retort of an Indianapolis woman: "Well, I don't know about that, but I do know that God has recognized her for the past thirty years."

The more one considers the progress of women in their reform movements the more one is impressed by their logical minds and by a certain innocent-appearing guile in politics. I have suggested that the famous men reformers in America, notably in social and economic affairs, were consistent failures, though the women succeeded; and this is the more remarkable because women had the field in which hostile passions rise more quickly and more violently against reform. They touched upon morals and religion, and with a single passion they insisted upon bringing these forces into the conduct of daily life. If a communist colony succeeded, a capitalist might suspect that after a generation he might have trouble with his employes; but if prohibition succeeded, every man would instantly have trouble getting a drink. There was a vast difference in the scope and in the immediacy of these reforms.

The women pushed forward in their work because they shared with such exceptional men leaders as Brigham Young an intellectual grasp of the problems of administration. They who were staggered at the thought of holding a convention because "none of them was familiar with Robert's Rules of Order" were within half a century surpassing the experienced male in organizing tactics and strategy. It was merely tactics, but clever tactics, for Miss Anthony to vote for the party whose officials would have to prosecute her for voting; it was

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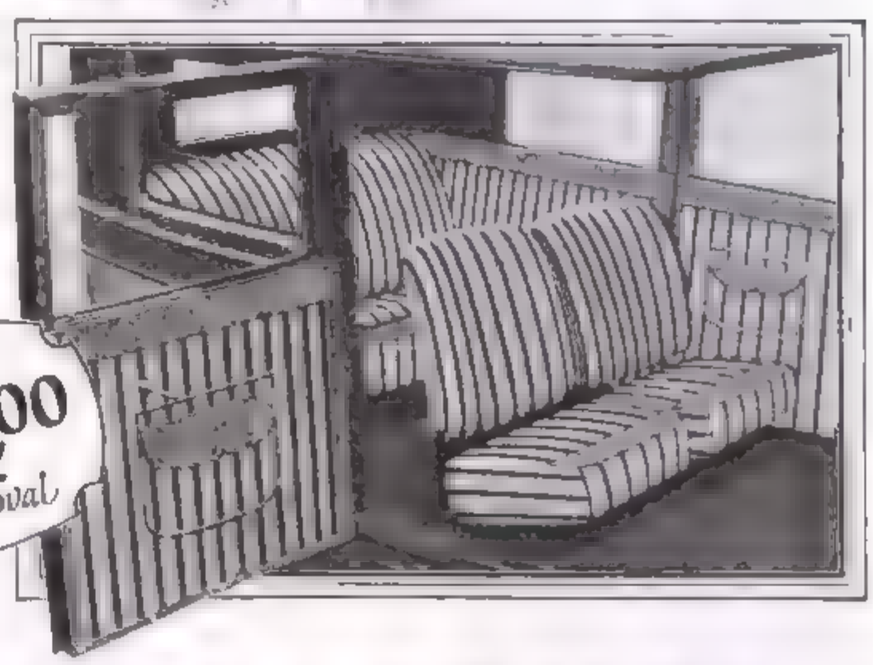

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strategy for Frances Willard to adopt the whole program of suffrage at a time when many members of the W. C. T. U. still considered suffrage an indecency verging on atheism. But her farsightedness and, incidentally, her courage were put to a greater test when she swung the terrific moral energy of her organization into line for the Prohibition Party.

To us this seems so natural a cohesion that we cannot even guess the difficulties involved, but they were great. The W. C. T. U. had been developed out of an evangel to the individual drunkard into a crusade against the saloon, looking eventually to prohibition as we know it. It remained, however, a moral movement. And although no one could question the high moral status of the Prohibition Party, that party, by definition, was a political movement. Further, and more important, wherever morality was in question, wherever morality touched politics, there was already a party in existence which held a monopoly. Ever since the Civil War the Republicans had been "the party of moral ideas," and to swing from them meant deserting the high moral standards of the party which had freed the slaves, had given Lincoln to the country and preserved the nation. The W. C. T. U., drawing its members largely from the North and Northwest, led by women to whom slavery and secession were still living and passionate memories, and influenced by the wives of prominent Republicans, rejected a proposal by Frances Willard for indorsement of the feeble political party of the prohibitionists.

An Intrepid Cyclist

For three years Frances Willard fought. She was one of the first statesmen in America in her time, for she saw clearly that certain reforms, social and moral in scope, could only be achieved by cutting across party lines. Like all Americans, she believed heartily in political action; for that reason the suffrage movement, which demanded votes, and the Prohibition Party, which had votes, were in essence identical, and served as the necessary political means to her moral ends. Both of them cut diagonally across the existing political organization. It was a statesmanlike concept which she expressed in a pun on the initials of her own society: We Come To Unite—particularly to unite the North and the South in a great moral wave which would flow over and obliterate the dissensions still felt as the result of the war. At the end of three years Miss Willard was successful. The W. C. T. U. officially indorsed the Prohibition Party, but so great was the opposition even then that full latitude was left to the state and local branches to support any other party.

We are made aware of the daring of Frances Willard's step when we hear that once this indorsement was gained "the churches, which until that time had always been open for their meetings, were now shut." Miss Willard said, "We can give up the high-toned churches, but not our high-toned ideas." The first election in which the new influence of women made itself felt was that of Cleveland. The Republican leaders openly blamed the women for their defeat, since the support thrown to Prohibition, added to other forms of mugwumpery, diverted enough votes from the regular Republican ranks to lose the election for them. Again Miss Willard had made her ideas effective. It seems probable to me that the historian of the future will attach more significance to her and to the W. C. T. U. than to the Prohibition Party and the lawmakers of prohibition. The party remained to the end an outsider. It was merely a man-made instrument of which a statesmanlike woman knew how to take advantage.

I have said that there was a faint charm about everything Frances Willard did, and as the time comes to make the jump from her to another woman, whose name is marked with broadly humorous emphasis in the history of prohibition, an example of this contrasting charm comes to mind. Miss Willard underwent the bicycle craze, and as she was a leader in all things and gave advice on all matters to the young of her sex, she wrote a book on How I Learned to Ride the Bicycle. The photographs of her as a middle-aged, determined woman mastering a natural timidity with resolution and faith, supported first by two young Englishmen and in the last picture sailing proudly down the road, are nearly comic. But there is something more than comedy in her account of her feelings:

"Just as a strong and skillful swimmer takes the waves, so the bicycler must learn to take such waves of mental impression as the passing of a gigantic hay wagon, the sudden obtrusion of black cattle with wide branching horns, the rattling pace of high-stepping steeds, or even the swift transit of a railway train. At first she will be upset by the apparition of the smallest poodle, and not until she has attained a wide experience will she hold herself steady in the presence of the critical eyes of a coach and four.

"But all this is a part of that equilibration of thought and action by which we conquer the universe in conquering ourselves."

One is reminded of the classic Victorian remark by the lady who saw a performance of Antony and Cleopatra and found it "so different from the home life of our own dear Queen." For Carry A. Nation, determined as she was to conquer the universe, never had any inkling that a good way to go about it was to conquer herself. If she learned to ride a bicycle—I have no proof that she did—she must have leaped upon it in the midst of traffic and plunged triumphantly through street cars and plate-glass windows—because she had a mission. It is the obvious thing to say that she was dynamic, but as far as that suggests the held-in power of the dynamo the comparison is false. She held nothing in.

"I never saw anything that needed a rebuke, or exhortation, or warning," she writes, "but that I felt it was my place to meddle with it." And she meddled. Her extraordinary autobiography, which she modestly called The Use and Need of the Life of Carry A. Nation, is a bizarre record of meddling as practiced by Your Loving Home Defender. She would not allow her name to be spelled "Carrie," for she considered that as it stood it was an imperative from on high to "carry a nation"—the United States, specifically—into prohibition and out of what she considered another danger as great as drunkenness—the influence of Masonic and other lodges which gave men a pretext to absent themselves from their wives in the evening.

Direct Action

She was so violent, so conspicuous, that she probably has given to our time its mental picture of the fanatic and reformer. She was always right. When she was teaching school she preferred a pronunciation not countenanced by the local school trustees, and left rather than change. She was still quite young when her first husband died, and, one gathers from her own account, she prayed that a true mate be pointed out to her. Upon which, and immediately, she met the man whose name, taken with her own, made such a happy English sentence. She went to live in Medicine Lodge, Kansas, and it was there that her famous activities began. She came naturally by her hatred of liquor, for her first husband was a victim of it and she always attributed the feeble mentality of their child to the same cause. And in a community where the sale of liquor was prohibited, she saw nothing wrong in the use of force to uphold the law. She began by buying a bottle of beer from a "sneaking, degenerate druggist," and woke the next day to find herself famous. One can almost hear the shout of ribald joy which hailed her first broken mirror in a saloon. At first she used a stone, but promptly discovering that once it was hurled she was helpless, she decided on the hatchet, which instantly became a symbol in the land. She used to carry miniature hatchets about with her as souvenirs. At the rare moments when she was not smashing, she could prophesy. "Never mind!" she cried to a New Yorker who interfered with her progress. "Never mind, you beer-swelled, whisky-soaked, saturn-faced man. God will strike you!" And without any particular show of pride, she adds, "In six weeks from that time this man fell dead in the streets of Coney Island."

The Crusade of Hatchetology

She had quite a style in writing, as in action. Her published work suggests a childish infatuation with the sounds of words for their own sake; she frequently throws in two or three extra adjectives without specific regard to their meaning, if they only give the sentence a more sublime roll. She says of a Bangor hotel keeper: "This Chapman was a noted dive keeper, a rummy, and ran a representative, rum-soaked Republican hotel," making her five R's roll like the rumble of thunder. When she spoke—in cheap vaudeville houses or between the acts at burlesque shows—she was never embarrassed by the jeers and catcalls of the rum-soaked audiences; she faced them, and if she did not make them listen, she claims that she did. She was reproached for exposing herself in such desperate sinks of iniquity and responded that they needed her most. She was certainly nobody's fool. The howls of laughter did not deter her, because she knew she was making her propaganda dramatic. If governors and Presidents refused to see her, it could only be because they were suborned by the whisky interests; she knew that, since she was pleading the cause of American wives and mothers. "Conspiracy and Treason!" she shouted in the Senate chamber, to make that august body listen to her, and tried to wreck their private bar. She refused to pay fines and wrote, usually without rancor, of the jails she had visited. But in the end she was able to dicker with lecture agencies for respectable fees, to contribute money to weeklies supporting the crusade of hatchetology, to plan a home for the wives of inebriates, and to go abroad to England so that Punch could have fun with her and the valor of the ax.

She hated love-making: it was one of the things which most "needed a rebuke, or exhortation," and she never failed to give it. Even if she caught a boy and girl spooning, she would threaten their future peace of mind, and when she heard of a seduction her energy was endless. She made it a personal matter to see that justice was done, and once when tragedy followed her interference, she recorded it as an entirely natural and desirable result. In her autobiography she accuses everyone, high and low, because she was seriously incapable of believing that any honest person, anyone of good will, could be on the other side; if they were against her they must be slaves to rum or slaves to rum's money.

At Harvard she had seen professors smoking, but at Yale the boys became her special pets, for they appealed to her to come and put an end to the way the college authorities were debauching the young by forcing them to eat ham with champagne sauce. She quotes with perfect equanimity the broad spoofing letters which students wrote her, and her heart breaks for the boy who had "brandy so strong on the food it made his head dizzy." She was a remorseless enemy of every other movement or individual that attracted public attention, and wrote attacks on Dowie, on Weltmer's Treatment, on Christian Science, and on theosophy. She had some very clear ideas on the profession of advertising; particularly she pointed out that makers of whisky so often used an animal as a trade-mark, because they wanted to associate something dignified, healthy and clean with their ignoble product. She fought for a considerable length of years, a moralistic hijacker before her time, but her mind wandered toward the end of her life and she died in unexpected peace.

Posthumous Victory

The gap between Frances Willard and Carry Nation is the distance between the old America and the new. Carry Nation was, as she says, a meddler; she had the profound conviction that unless people meddled wrongs would never be righted. She did violently what thousands of others do, or try to do, peaceably and legally; if she did not create a definite type of reformer, she so summed up the qualities of that type as to make it a model for others. One feels that a Frances Willard wanted the world to be sober that it might be happy; and Carry Nation wanted it to be sober that it might not be drunken, regardless of happiness. Miss Willard was in the older tradition of reformers, the tradition that includes pious idealists, warm lovers of humanity, and indulgent visionaries. Carry Nation belongs to another—to the category of fanatics. The whole world called her a crank, but the happy fate which seems always to attend women reformers was hers also. For, years after her death, she was successful. If one thinks of Angelina Grimké as justified because the slaves were freed, or Susan Anthony because women have the vote, one cannot withhold the palm from Carry Nation.

Her case is exceptional; she proves nothing in the history of apostles and prophets. She was persecuted, and in time the thing she fought for came to pass, yet the most confirmed martyr reformer of today would hardly hold her up as an example for himself.

The reformer who rejoices in his persecution on the ground that the world has always driven out its future leaders somehow shies from this violent and heavy woman. Yet if persecution is the real test of prophecy, she ought to be the perfect proof. The fact is that the two things happen to come together; railway trains often arrive at their destination in a rain, but rain does not prove that the train is at its destination. Prophets and malefactors, reformers and charlatans, are all persecuted because they stand, somehow, against the established order; and persecution no more proves the truth of prophecy than prosperity proves the honesty of a thief.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Mr Seldes.

VAN WYNN-St
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PATENTED
The WORLD'S SMARTEST, MOST COMFORTABLE And
[12 Styles, 50¢ each] MOST ECONOMICAL COLLAR [Phillips-Jones, N.Y.]

Now Comes-Simplified

THE CREATION OF THE LEADING RESEARCH

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC ICING UNIT
is the revolutionary feature of new-day refrigeration.

IT MARKS 15 YEARS OF INTENSIVE RESEARCH

THERE is now a new development in electric refrigeration for the home. An amazingly *simplified* icing unit by General Electric Company. A factor everyone, from now on, must take into account when considering an electric refrigerator.

Electric refrigeration—above all things an *electrical* problem—has been solved *electrically* by the world's outstanding group of technical experts.

The General Electric Icing Unit is so supremely engineered and so precisely constructed that its operation is practically *noiseless* three feet from the refrigerator. At that distance you can hardly tell whether the motor is on or off.

It uses very little current and no special wiring is needed to hook it up—the regular house circuit is adequate.

The entire mechanism is housed in an hermetically sealed casing mounted on top of the cabinet. You *never* need oil it—*never* need touch it. It operates automatically, maintaining a *practically constant* temperature in the refrigerator.

Only an institution like General Electric Company—with its world-wide electrical resources—could have produced so outstanding an electrical achievement.

Some 64 leading engineers cooperated in its development during fifteen years of intensive research. Their goal was to produce the *simplest*, most *practical* electric refrigerator Electrical Science could achieve.

Several thousand refrigerators—of 19 different designs—were built, field-tested and improved before production of the models now announced, was authorized. They embody the best thought of the leading electrical research organization of the world.

• • • •

Now thousands who have debated the purchase of electric refrigeration will want to see this new creation, will want to find out what General Electric has done in the field.

Buying any other way is a mistake.

Remember that the efficiency of any electric refrigerator you may purchase rests basically on its efficiency as an *electrical* device.

The General Electric Refrigerator is obtainable in various sizes suitable for every home. Let us send you Booklet 6-S which gives detailed information about this new-day refrigerator. And the address of the local dealer who has several models now on display.

Outstanding Advantages

Simplified—no pipes, no drains, no attachments. Portable—install anywhere. Just plug into nearest outlet and it starts.

Quiet—three feet away you can hardly hear it.

No Servicing—never needs oiling or attention. All moving parts are enclosed in an hermetically sealed housing.

Economical—uses very little current and maintains uniform temperature.

Clean—the circulation of air through the coils drives dust away from the top of the refrigerator.

Guaranteed by General Electric

Electric Refrigeration

GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION OF THE WORLD

MAKE COMPARISONS
To safeguard your future satisfaction, become acquainted with the General Electric—make comparisons. Note its many advantages, its simplicities. Learn how the General Electric Icing Unit differs from the ordinary.

QUIET
Stand three feet away from the refrigerator and you can hardly tell whether it is running or not.

OILED PERMANENTLY
Before it leaves the factory all the mechanism of the General Electric IcingUnitishoused in an hermetically sealed unit, permanently oiled—thus insuring adequate protection to the motor and all moving parts for many years.

PLENTY OF ICE
Even the smallest model makes 7 pounds of ice at once. And there is a tray for storing an extra supply if needed for making ice cream.

Refrigerator

Guaranteed by General Electric

Electric Refrigeration Department of General Electric Company Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Write for Booklet No. 6-S. It tells all about this new-day refrigerator.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Your Favorite Drink at the Ball Game

GEE, but your favorite drink tastes fine when you're watching the Home Team play. Each sip through golden-tinted straws is deliciously refreshing.

Always use Stone's Straws at ball games and Soda Fountains and whenever serving milk to children. Straws prevent gulping, thereby aiding digestion. Machine made, Stone's Straws are absolutely sanitary. They are used in the best homes everywhere. Get the convenient 10c Home Package from your druggist today.

Dealers: Always order STONE'S STRAWS *by name.*

The Stone Straw Co

GENERAL OFFICES WASHINGTON D C

Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

TUG OF WAR

(Continued from Page 23)

right now! If you don't put your art before everything else, even our feelings ——"

The telephone rang and Stephen went down to answer. "Hello, Warner," Mary heard him say. "Oh, they have! Why, that's great; the thirtieth suits me much better. Yes, all right—thirtieth, without fail."

He was happily calling up the stairs that the concert date was changed, when Rose and her mother came in. Rose sent a quick, jealous look at Mary, who met it gravely, imperturbably.

"Stalemate," Mary was reflecting. "Well, that's good; it gives us more time. Much obliged!"

For ten days Mary talked music to Stephen, dwelt on the great singers and protected his hours of work; and Rose, throwing her silken fringes over her shoulder, smiled at him out of her dusky eyes and carried him off into the spring world. Stephen responded happily to both and did not notice that anything in particular was going on; but to Mary's keen sight it seemed that Rose made a daily gain, and perhaps Rose saw Mary as having an advantage, for the hostility between them took on a dangerous edge.

The twenty-seventh dawned in a luxury of new warmth, birds and blossoms, so the tea party could run over into the veranda. Mrs. Rayburn anchored Polly Knight there, serving fruit cup, the moment she appeared. Stephen went about amiably responding to tea talk and offering refreshment, bound to pay his eternal debt to Aunt Kitty. Then he sang, and met the following gush and clamor with his sunny, "That's awfully good of you," and, "I'm glad you liked it." It was late when he dropped down by Polly's punch bowl and wiped a hot forehead.

"Why do ladies like teas?" he asked as she scraped the bowl to fill a glass for him.

Polly was pretty and tiny and of a recklessly affectionate disposition, and she had been waiting for this moment all the afternoon. It was hard on her to have Rose cut across her bows, as it were, before they were even started.

"People are going, Stephen," Rose said from the doorway. "You ought to come and say good-by."

Stephen was good-humored, but, for once, not obliging. "No; I have helped to get rid of them. The way I sang the St. Sulpice aria was enough to empty any house. Now I'm going to drink and talk to Polly."

Rose sent Polly a frankly hostile look and turned away. Polly shivered. "O-oh, are you?" she murmured. "If you want to talk to Polly, we'll have to make a sneak. Mary'll be along in a moment, and then your aunt. My car's parked out there."

Stephen refused the car. "I'm not going to leave this bowl. Scrape it some more, Polly. There's lots at the bottom. I've earned it." He took the ladle from her and fished up bits of fruit. "Lord, what an afternoon!" he breathed, settling back with his glass. "Do you mean to tell me you liked it?"

"I like it now," Polly began, then broke off with a wail. "Oh, there comes Mary! You are the most perfectly chaperoned young man that ever lived! I never get a show."

Mary was bearing down on them with an amiable smile, but to Polly she was more formidable than Rose, who at least showed what she felt. There was something different about Mary; she gave Polly a depressed consciousness of being merely one more girl. "Stephen, would you mind ——" she was beginning.

"Yes," he forestalled her; "I'd mind anything. I have done my duty by the party. And Polly says she never gets a real show at me. Now go away and give the poor girl a chance."

Both girls laughed. Mary, with a resigned, "All right, go to it, Polly," joined some last guests at the other end of the veranda, but she managed to stand so that the two at the punch table were in her field of vision. She felt a sudden need to gauge Polly's powers. It seemed to her that Polly's tactics were somewhat like the moves of a snake charmer. Polly had minute and appealing hands, and they were in a perpetual flutter about Stephen, tapping for applause, slapping in protest, pinching, teasing, weaving a spell for his amused eyes. Presently Mary turned her back with a relieved shrug.

"Too obvious, Polly, and he has had too much of it," she decided. "You may get a kiss or two out of him, but I doubt even that. He isn't interested in small change. It will take a woman—a lot of a woman—to wake up Stephen."

"It is wonderful the way you do it," said Will Seabury. The group had dwindled to him and Mary.

Her eyebrows took a polite arch. "Do what?"

It was Will Seabury's courage that filled to overflowing the undenominational meetinghouse where, according to other congregations, he preached free love and Bolshevism. His smile recognized that he had been warned off—enjoyed it, in fact.

"Two things at once," he said promptly. "You look straight at me and you answer just as intelligently as though you heard a word I was saying. That is a gift."

If he thought to disconcert her, he did not know his Mary.

"I am gifted," was the cool answer. "But that is nothing to what I can do at the end of a long, hard tea party. I can say good-by to you, tell you how good it was of you to come, and all the time be in a deep, exhausted slumber."

She had struck a laugh out of him. "Oh, very well; I will go in a moment. You won't actually have to push me out. But wouldn't it rest your feet as well as your head to sit down and let me talk a little longer? I am getting something."

Mary dropped into a chair with her back to the punch table and looked at him with a faint interest. He was a dark, restless, rough-haired person, as different as possible from Stephen. Black eyebrows wove a running accompaniment to his words, he put his lean body into his speech; the hands supporting him on the veranda railing showed tensity. His work was in the city, but he had recently bought a tiny house down in the village for his mother, and he came out every week for a day or two of quiet and writing. He showed the easy friendliness of a man accustomed to handling audiences, but his manner was not professional—yet.

"In a few years more he will have a glad hand and a beaming eye—synthetic brotherhood," Mary decided impatiently. She liked them a bit passive, like Stephen.

"If you can get anything out of me now, you are a wizard," she said aloud.

"Well, sooner or later I have got to talk on the younger generation." He spoke with whimsical reluctance. "I have put it off as long as possible, but it has got to come. So I am collecting specimens."

"Good gracious, you don't take me for younger generation!"

"Why not?"

"For one thing, I am twenty-six."

"To thirty-six, that doesn't sound too old."

"And for another thing ——" She paused and her head dropped back. "No, I can't. It is too much trouble. Go and study Polly Knight."

"That," said Will Seabury loudly, "is your second attempt to get rid of me. Pretty soon you will make me sensitive."

Mary dragged up one eyelid as though too weary to lift both. "My twin sister is younger generation. I could tell you things about her!"

Through the open French window he could see Rose, gorgeous with color, avid for life, getting something out of every moment.

"I wish you would. But your family loyalty would stop you just at the point ——"

"Loyalty!" she interrupted. "Oh, Rose and I aren't loyal. We hate each other." Mary could say that with a serenity that was more convincing than rage. It quite took his breath.

"But I didn't know that twins ever hated each other!"

"We always have. We fight like cat and dog." She expected him to take a moral attitude, but he seemed more curious than shocked.

"Do you like fighting?"

"Why, no!"

"Then why do you live together?"

She showed a flicker of spirit. "But it is our home! Which of us is going to get out?"

"I see! Whichever went, that would be a victory for the other." He was surprisingly understanding of low motives, for a preacher. "But don't you have truces, intervals when you get something out of being sisters?"

Mary tried to remember such an interval. "You see, I hate her kind, and what she wants out of life, and everything she says," she explained comfortably. "And that is just how she feels about me. I respect her power, but I don't like her."

"Do you both hate your cousin too?"

"Stephen? No, we don't hate Stephen." Her voice lingered on the name. "One couldn't."

"I see," he said again. "I wonder if Archer would sing for me some Sunday," he said presently, rising to go.

"He probably would. He is dangerously obliging."

He liked that "dangerously," and stood smiling over it and her for a long moment. "Would you ask him? I feel shy about it, having nothing to offer. I couldn't insult him with ten dollars."

"Yes, I will ask him." Her smile was mischievous. "And I will come with him if you will talk on the younger generation."

He shook an alarmed negative. "I have got a great deal from you. I didn't dream of all there was I didn't know. Will you let me come again and learn more?"

She assented, but her eyes were on Polly and Stephen strolling down the lawn to Polly's car. Polly's shoulder rubbed Stephen's sleeve, her arm bumped his arm, she stumbled and caught his wrist.

"It's the way a kitten winds around your leg," Mary reflected. When her attention came back, Will Seabury had gone.

Stephen went off for his two recitals and life became curiously blank. Mary had a tower workroom, where she carved or painted or wove or tooled or embroidered, according to the handicraft that was possessing her, and to which she went as regularly as though her livelihood depended on it. She could be quite ecstatically happy up there. The woodwork was a bright, varnished yellow, terrible as art, but cheerful and homy; the many long windows, arched at the top, opened to the four winds. A broken sofa, a worktable and a chest for materials furnished it. In their stormy youth Mary had locked the door and Rose had kicked the panels. Now Rose ignored it, and if Mary was needed, sent a maid. Stephen seldom came up, and yet even here the fact that he was away made itself felt. Handicrafts were suddenly tiresome, books could not hold her attention.

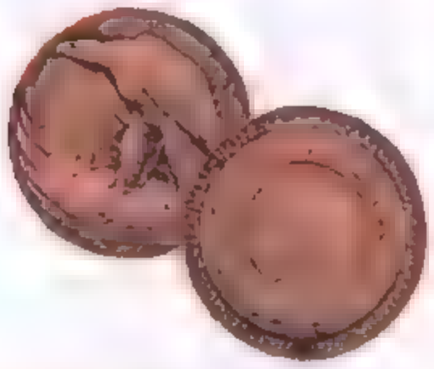
"It's spring," Mary said, leaning out of the open window. Loveliness was bursting up everywhere, and yet her heart was so sad. The trouble suddenly found words: "I wish someone would want me! I'm lonely!" Her eyes lifted in forlorn joking. "Couldn't you send me a beau—just one ordinary little beau, for today only?" But when Will Seabury's name was brought

(Continued on Page 147)

Special Offers

Hotpoint Gold Medal Week

June 4th to June 11th



To win new friends for Hotpoint products, especially among the thousands of June brides. A special good-will offer in celebration of our again winning world's prize for highest excellence.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

Offer No. 1

Hotpoint "Trenton" Percolator Set for those who love delicious coffee

Regular Prices:

Percolator . . . $12.50
Sugar & Creamer 5.00
Tray 1.75
$19.25

Offer No. 2

Genuine "Welmaid" Felt Pad and Muslin Cover, to lace on your ironing board. The regular price of the "Welmaid" Pad and Cover is $2.00

Special Introductory Offer on complete set, during Hotpoint Week . . Only $16.75

EACH piece in the "Trenton" Percolator Set is of guaranteed Hotpoint quality, made of solid copper and finished in the finest sparkling nickel. The percolator, sugar and creamer are beautifully paneled, making a most handsome table appointment—one of which you will be proud for long years to come. The sugar and creamer are lined with gold. The percolator is also equipped with the newest, patented Hotpoint CALROD heating unit—practically indestructible. No other percolator has Hotpoint's valveless pump, with nothing to get out of order. Ask your dealer about other exclusive Hotpoint features.

Hotpoint's special "HOT drip" coffee delights the palates of coffee connoisseurs. With a Hotpoint percolator you can make perfect coffee every time. Connect it right at the table. It starts to "perc" almost instantly. Every drop is HOT and it drips through *all* the coffee, extracting that delightful, satisfying, full aromatic fragrance and flavor.

During Hotpoint Week, with the purchase of *any* Hotpoint iron .. Only 25c

THE "Welmaid" set consists of a felt pad and an unbleached muslin cover. The cover is equipped with eyelets and lacing, as shown above. It easily slips on the board and is quickly laced tight and smooth. The soft felt pad beneath provides an ideal ironing surface for best results. The set may be had in any one of three sizes to fit any ironing board.

Ask your dealer to show you the "Welmaid" set. For one week you can obtain this excellent $2.00 value for only 25c, with the purchase of any Hotpoint iron.

Hotpoint

SERVANTS

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

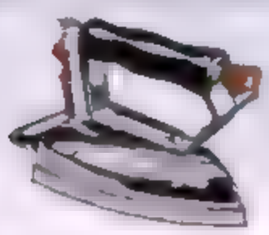
5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago
Factories: Chicago, Ill., and Ontario, Calif.
Branches and Factory Service Stations in the principal cities
In Canada: Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto

Where to Obtain

The Hotpoint "Trenton" Percolator Set, Hotpoint Irons, etc., are sold by dealers and electric light companies in every community. Go to the store that displays the "Hotpoint Week" banner. Don't miss this wonderful one-week opportunity. It represents the greatest offer we have ever made to win new friends. It must be withdrawn after June 11th.

(These offers are good only in the United States.)

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES



$6.00 (Also Model R at $5.00)

6-lb. Super-Iron with patented Thumb Rest, CALROD element, hinged plug, heel stand

$6.95

De Luxe Traveling Set. 3-lb. Hotpoint in handsome case to fit in traveling bag

$3.95

3-lb. Hotpoint for ironing Milady's "silk things." Every woman needs one

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Hotpoint Press Kit. 3-lb. iron in leatherette traveling bag

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7½-lb. Master Hotpoint Iron for heavier ironing and pressing. One needed in every home

NEW SUMMER
FOR THE WHOLE

ENDICOTT

PLAYTIME! In keeping with the season's colorful notes in sports wear—and as varied as the pleasurable activities of summer itself . . . are the radiant new Endicott-Johnson sports-shoe styles now ready for you. Leading stores in almost every community have them.

Shapes, patterns and trims as tastefully distinctive as any man, woman, girl or boy could wish. Leathers specially prepared for summer service—soft, light and strong. Lasts and soles that seem to sense the comfort and relaxation shoes of this kind are expected to give. Careful stitchings and finishes.

To know Endicott-Johnson shoes is to know something of the earnestness in shoe-making which characterizes this, the most unusual organization of its kind in the world. Not only have

No. 2130—Girls' patent leather one-strap sandal, with black-and-white calico trim. "Blimp" last; Goodyear welt.

No. 797—Men's blond two-tone blucher Oxford. Sports model. Cro-cord sole and heel. Goodyear-welt construction. Ideal for golf and vacation service.

No. 1742—Misses' patent leather one-strap pump, with figured parchment underlay trim. Dainty and light for summer wear

No. 798—Men's smart two-tone sports Oxford. Goodyear welt; soft toe; oak-tanned sole.

Men's and boys' shoes

$3 to $6

according to style and size

SPORTS SHOES
FAMILY, BY

-JOHNSON

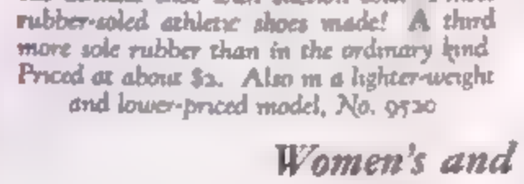
Endicott-Johnson designers laid heavy stress upon the authenticity of style, but upon the quality of the materials and workmanship that go into these shoes.

Pick up a pair of Endicott-Johnson shoes. . . . Examine them. . . . Try them on. . . . Take them home. The thing which will impress you is that here are unusually good shoes for the money you pay for them. As you wear them the impression becomes a conviction.

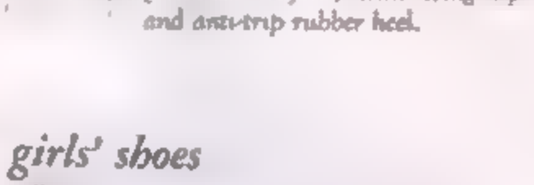
Besides the attractive models featured on these pages, there are scores of other Endicott-Johnson styles—for every purpose and occasion. If you can't locate them nearby, write to Endicott-Johnson, Endicott, N. Y.; New York City; or St. Louis, Mo.—*Shoemakers for the whole family.*

No. 2136—Girls' parchment sports Oxford, with tawny pebbled leather trim. Goodyear welt with sport rubber sole and heel.

No. 6180—Boys' Goodyear-welt sports Oxford of golden elk leather, with tan pebbled leather trim. Moccasin tip. Four to twelve year old sizes.

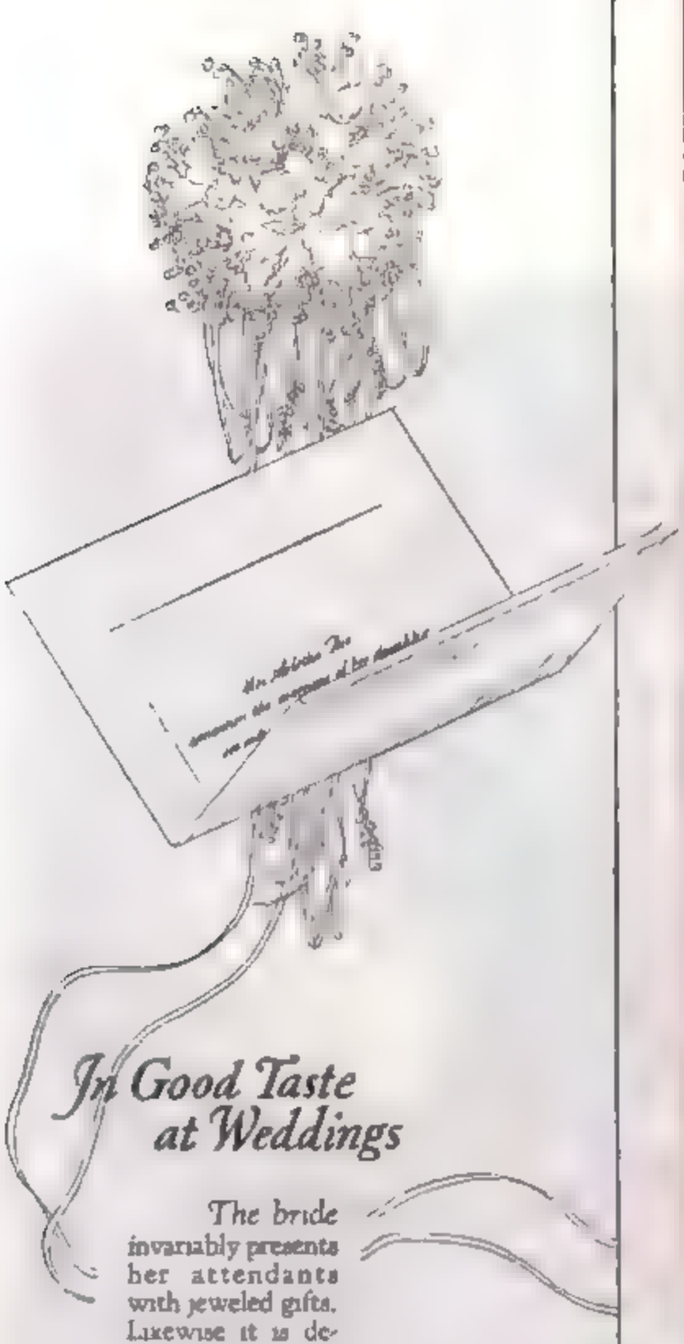


No. 9525—"JIGGERS." Boys' white canvas athletic shoe with suction sole. Finest rubber-soled athletic shoes made! A third more sole rubber than in the ordinary kind Priced at about $2. Also in a lighter-weight and lower-priced model, No. 9520



No. 4109½—For the smaller youngsters Blond elk leather Oxford, with wing tip and anti-trip rubber heel.

Women's and girls' shoes
$3 to $6
according to style and size



In Good Taste at Weddings

The bride invariably presents her attendants with jeweled gifts. Likewise it is decreed that the groom must give his best man a jeweled token. The bride's only jewelry for the ceremony is the gift of her husband-to-be

More precious and endearing with each passing year

Let's skip a handful of years, and ask the young matron to list her wedding gifts. First to mind come the tokens thoughtfully selected at the jewelry store. So frequently used! So pridefully displayed. No one could possibly overlook them. Other and perhaps more costly gifts are forgotten or dimly remembered, but jeweled possessions, enriched with constant association become more precious with each passing year.

for

GIFTS THAT LAST

Consult your Jeweler

(Continued from Page 142

up she laughed aloud. "Oh, I think that's a little overdoing it," she objected as she went down.

He was standing on the veranda, apologetic for coming in the morning. "I saw you leaning out of your high tower and I thought perhaps you would take a walk," he said. "Would you consider it?"

Mary considered while their eyes made amused exploration of each other. She liked him better in his old tweeds; they denied the hint of professional human relations that she had suspected of the black coat. A walk with him would be better than leaning out of the tower window and feeling lonely.

"I will take a plain walk," she said. "If you want repartee and fireworks—I have to sit down for that."

He laughed. "All I ask is some attention. My people rustle and cough when I'm losing them, but you don't give a sign. It is only my cleverness that finds you out—finds you out," he repeated ruefully.

Her smile neither admitted nor denied. "I can walk and listen," she said.

They did a sturdy three miles, casually friendly, increasingly at home together. Mary had a favorite way, by fields and woods to a hilltop, which she had always longed to show to Stephen, but he never at any age would walk if he could avoid it. Once, when they came suddenly on a tearing brook, she said, "Oh, Stephen, look!" but did not notice her slip or his quick glance. When they sat down on the hilltop to rest, she realized that he, too, had gone off into some world of his own. His face with the spirit absent showed marks of hard thought, hard experience. She felt a stirring of curiosity about a life so different from hers.

"You call it a meetinghouse, don't you?" she began.

His spirit came back with a visible leap of welcome. "It is a meetinghouse—a house where people meet."

"Meet for what?"

"To hear what other people think about the universe."

"Not to worship the Lord?"

"No."

"Not to find help?"

"To find human truth, as far as possible. Yes, I should say that was to find help."

"Can't ladies come and lean on you when they are sad and sorry?"

He did not mind her mocking in the least. "Not if I see them coming," was the robust answer. "We are not a church, you know," he went on more soberly. "I am not a minister. We are a clearing house for ideas. Anyone can speak who has something vital to say. The music is to get them settled down for listening. As many men come as women." He gave that as a fact of startling significance.

The music reminded her. "Oh, I spoke to Stephen. He will sing for you any time."

"That is good of you."

"No, I didn't do it ——" she broke off. "I mean, I did it for Stephen. I want him to know you, to be thrown with your kind." She thought she paid him a mighty compliment, but met a surprising frown.

"And my kind is ——"

"People who tear up the comfortable, easy, pleasant atmosphere—can one tear up an atmosphere?"

"One can rend it with one's noise." He seemed more interested in flipping pebbles at a dandelion than in the subject.

"Don't you like Stephen?" she asked, after a pause.

"Of course. How could anyone help it?" A larger stone smacked the dandelion cruelly, leaving a headless stalk. "Only I doubt if he needs me. He seems to have—about everything."

"That's the trouble. We have got to save him." Mary had to talk about Stephen. The sunny, grassy earth, the sudden birds, the warm breath of coming summer—everything filled her with Stephen. This man's friendship would be a power on her side against the lure of Rose. The rainbow pitted against the diamond necklace, but Stephen was open to rainbows. So real a problem ought to have appealed to him, but he grew restive, and finally rather short.

Mary pulled herself up. "I'm boring you," she said.

"Not at all," was the polite answer.

Suddenly she burst out laughing. "I know! A lady came to lean on you with her sorrows, and you saw her coming!" She reveled in the picture of them as pastor and parishioner. "Oh, I'll bet they don't weep on your shoulder! Of course, you get as many men as women—twice as many! I wouldn't sit under you for anything!"

"Sit under! Nobody sits under me," he scolded, but friendliness was restored. They dropped Stephen, and he told her about his mother, and the gifted little sister who had graduated last year with honors and gone to work in the city. There was evidently no hating in his family.

As Mary came in, long after the luncheon hour, Rose was in the act of telephoning a telegram. It was to Stephen, saying that she had promised him for a house party over the eleventh. Mary waited until she had hung up.

"But, Rose, I have made an engagement for Stephen," she began. "I have promised that he will sing for Mr. Seabury on the eleventh."

"You can change that," Rose returned. Their eyes met, cool, watchful.

"He doesn't like the Gibsons," Mary said. "They screech and play jokes."

"He can refuse if he wants to." Rose's smile intimated that Stephen was not going to refuse. She was so terribly sure of her power that Mary had a cold sense of failure. She sat down to the telephone nonchalantly enough and sent Stephen her telegram, but her hand on the receiver shook, and she knew that Rose saw it. "I shall lose!" was her panic thought. Then she remembered that she had had nothing to eat since a light breakfast and her courage came back with a laugh. She jumped up. "Now we'll see," she said gayly.

Once more the twins were braced against each other, tugging for dear life, and neither gaining an inch. The sensible and reasonable thing would have been to call up Will Seabury and arrange for another Sunday, since the Gibsons' party could not be changed, but Mary was neither sensible nor reasonable. A curious rage possessed her; all the fights she had had with her twin seemed to be rolled up into this fight. They kept a smooth surface, used few words, and Mrs. Rayburn did not even know that a fight was on, though it would not greatly have disturbed her; she had long ago accepted the twins as like that. Stephen sent no answer.

The night Stephen was expected home Rose came down in a daring new gown, flame that shaded into purple.

Mary looked at it and smiled. "War paint?" she suggested.

Rose, lowering, took up the challenge. "Why are you so crazy to have Stephen sing in that church?" she demanded.

Mary gave the least of her reasons. "I want him to sing everywhere, to get known. Besides, I promised."

"I promised the Gibsons."

"Stephen doesn't like the Gibsons."

"You mean that you don't like the Gibsons, and you want to control everything he does."

"No"—Mary was holding fast to a reasonable tone—"I only want to save him from his own obligingness, so that he can do what he really does want to do, and not be swept off all the time."

Rose found that offensively subtle. "Oh, fudge! You have to call things by fancy names. What you really want is your own way. You don't care whether you spoil his fun or not."

"But is Gibson fun ——"

Rose cut in. "He likes going out with me. At home you are always about, spoiling things."

Mary had paled. "Does he say that to you?"

"He doesn't say anything, but I can see it. You never leave us alone for ten minutes."

The strain was breaking into Mary's voice. "Why do you want to be alone?"

"For the same reason that you do. You are always hauling him off to see the sunset."

"That is perfectly ——"

"Oh, why can't you be honest? You're crazy about him. You always have been."

"But not that way!" Mary's bewilderment stammered.

"Exactly that way. You might as well admit it—everyone else sees it."

There was a crashing in Mary's ears as though the walls of her life were falling about her. So that was it—she loved Stephen! She had called it by every fine kind of name, but back of everything had lain her own jealous desire. Of course she loved him. Then she realized that Rose was watching.

"You love him, too," she said.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Mary stood up. "Fight," she said. "I'd fight even if I didn't love him to save him from you."

A car stopped outside, a step crossed the porch. Rose went to open the door.

"Go ahead, save him!" she said over her shoulder.

Stephen came home well content with the world, kissed his Aunt Kitty, brought candy to the girls, let them drag out of him the facts of his travels.

"Oh, yes, both concerts went all right. I've sung worse. They seemed to like it. I had good notices." That was all they learned during the course of dinner. "Oh, I got your two telegrams," he said suddenly. "What's it all about? Do I sing or do I go to the Gibsons'?"

Rose rushed in, settled it for him, then threw a look of challenge at Mary.

Mary had to come out of a daze to answer. Face to face with Stephen's familiar person, it seemed ridiculous to say that she loved him—that way. Stephen as a lover was unthinkable. And yet when Rose put a hand on his arm a flaming anger had to be hidden. She took up the fight.

"But Mr. Seabury is counting on you," she said plaintively. "He has probably announced you already. I wouldn't have set the day if you hadn't said that I might."

Stephen's troubled "Oh, that's too bad!" was cut off by Rose.

"The Sunday after will do just as well for him. Mary is so silly about that ten minutes' worth of singing."

"He probably has someone engaged for the Sunday after." Mary was purposefully sorrowful. "You would like him so much, Stephen. I do hate to have you throw him down."

"Well, I don't care anything about the Gibsons," Stephen was beginning, and again Rose rushed in.

"But they are counting on you, and I am counting on you. You wouldn't throw me down, would you?"

Stephen sighed. "I wish I'd been twins. Well, I suppose I could sing for Seabury another day."

It looked like defeat. Outwardly Mary accepted it as that. "Would you mind telephoning Mr. Seabury?" she said.

While Stephen was gone, Mrs. Rayburn glanced over the evening paper, reading bits aloud. The twins stood silent on either side of the fireplace, not looking at each other, yet tugging with every inch of their being. Rose kept an outward assurance that was close to insolence, Mary was breathlessly listening, straining for some sound, as though the thunder might again come to her aid.

"We can't let Rose win," was her secret cry. "Oh, can't you do anything? For Stephen's sake, don't let Rose win!"

"Oh, Margery Latham has twin daughters! Now isn't that nice?" said Mrs. Rayburn innocently. Rose paid no attention, but Mary had to fight back a surge of hysterics. If she had laughed she would have screamed.

(Continued on Page 149

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(Continued from Page 147)

The door at last opened on a contented Stephen, well pleased with himself. "Everything's all right," he assured them. "Seabury's a good fellow, Mary—I like him. I can go with Rose to the Gibsons' Saturday, get a train down Sunday morning in time to sing, and he'll drive me back there right afterward in his car. I'll only miss Sunday luncheon, and that's a dull meal anyway. We worked it all out." He looked for applause, but the twins were blankly still.

"That is very nice," said Mrs. Rayburn. "I dare say Mr. Seabury isn't so black as he is painted. He didn't seem at all radical or queer at the tea. Now, dear, are you too tired for a song?"

Stephen was never too tired to do what Aunt Kitty asked.

Mary stole away to her tower workroom and lay on the broken sofa looking up into the hosts of the stars while the golden voice poured through the house. Yes, surely she loved Stephen. Now, away from him, she was filled with longing; she wanted him to come groping through the darkness and take her into his arms. Yes, that would be sweet. But some deep knowledge of him answered that he never would. All she could hope was to keep him from Rose. And only Will Seabury's help had saved her from complete defeat in fact as well as in spirit. She felt so sad and astray that rare tears slipped down her cheeks. Rose was right—she had always loved Stephen. All this time she had been waiting. Now he had come—and it was not true.

Stephen and Rose came back on Monday, set down at the door by a motorful of young persons. They both seemed in extraordinary spirits. Stephen stood on the steps to sing *adios* in an impassioned falsetto while Rose beside him produced something like an alto; the motor responded with whoops and catcalls and went off trumpeting. Then the two came scampering up the stairs. Mary, who had been looking down from her tower, stayed up there till the lunch gong dragged her out. Stephen did like Gibson fun—or else he liked Rose. Had the visit done that? Rose would put forth every power, now that the fight between them was in the open.

There was unquestionably a change in Stephen. Since Sunday something had broken through his easy placidity, stirred him to new depths. Even Mrs. Rayburn saw it.

"I think Stevie's in love," she confided to the girls a few days later. "He is so moony and so lively. It isn't Polly Knight, is it?"

"No, it isn't Polly Knight," Rose said, and smiled to herself in a way that infuriated Mary.

"It won't be you, either—for long!" The hot retort was unspoken, but brought their eyes together in a clash.

Will Seabury was tugging stoutly on Mary's side. Stephen sang for him the next Sunday, and the next, and kept engagements with him in between or went over to rehearse with the organist. The long Sunday drive together had evidently put the two men on the footing that Mary had hoped for, and she was surprised that Seabury did not come to let her express her satisfaction. She grew impatient to see him; she had to talk to someone. Rose was forever walking off with Stephen, and Mary could do nothing. It was like standing on the bank and watching him drown.

"If he gets engaged to Rose, I'm going to tell him everything she is, straight out," she vowed.

She finally called up Will Seabury, but was told that he would not be there that week. Sunday morning she came down prepared to go to town with Stephen and so manage casually to see him, but Stephen had gone off early in his car and she had to follow by train. She felt a curious shyness of being in Will Seabury's audience, and found a seat in a side gallery of the meetinghouse, where she would not be seen.

The building had a New England simplicity, a clean, bare quality that felt good. Remembering his boast, Mary looked down on the heads below and found them equally male and female. Then she looked across to the choir loft and found Stephen.

He was sitting close to the organ, and on its bench sat a girl, a quietly poised young person, very straight and sturdy, with rough black hair and a lifted profile that was familiar. A remark of Will Seabury's—that the little sister was musical—came back to identify her; this must be Madeleine. She was like him, but without his nervous tensity. Her brown hands rested on her knee; her lips and eyebrows were still.

Mary's eyes went back to Stephen, ready to smile a greeting, but he did not see her. He was looking at Madeleine, and Mary saw that he, too, was still, oddly unmoving. The two might have been sculptured there, the girl with her eyes straight before her and the man looking at the girl. As Mary watched, the meaning of that fixity suddenly flowed about them in a palpable current; they were visibly shut in together by all the tides of spring.

Mary felt a wave of faintness and dropped her head on her hand. Will Seabury's voice was speaking below, making announcements, but she heard only a confusion of sound. When she dared look again, the two had not stirred; then, as the moment came for Stephen to stand up and sing, the dark head turned to him and a signal passed. Mary could see its transfiguring light on his face and wondered that all the world did not see it too. Surely they must hear its vibrance in his swelling voice.

Mary got away after the song and her body automatically went home. When the shock had passed, she was possessed by an amazing lightness. After all, she had known that he was not for her; what mattered was that he was not for Rose. Anyone rather than Rose! And a sister of Will Seabury would be clear joy. Rose, with all her hard conceit, must accept failure; Rose would see where she got off! Vulgar phrases like that were leaping into Mary's thoughts as she faced her lifelong enemy across the luncheon table.

"I can't see why, if you went, you didn't stay and hear Mr. Seabury," her mother persisted.

Mary had no intention of telling Stephen's secret. She preferred to let the drama unfold itself at its own pace while she looked on. She made some vague excuse, said her head ached, and was startled to find savage triumph looking at her from her twin. It was as unmistakable as though Rose had jeered and pointed her fingers. What was she exulting about—with disaster so close over her own head? Mary smiled grimly and bided her time.

Mrs. Rayburn left the table and Mary was following, when Rose spoke. "So you saw Madeleine," she said.

Mary started; then, meeting a cold smile, pulled herself together. "You know her?" she asked quietly.

"Of course."

Mary sat down again, matching the other's easy attitude. "Where did you meet?"

"She drove up to the Gibsons' with her brother and Stephen and they stayed for tea."

"And Stephen was interested—then?"

"Bowled over," was the calm answer. "I saw it from the first moment. He has been talking me to death about her ever since."

"But, Rose"—Mary had to have it all out—"you loved him!"

"Well, so did you," was the harsh retort.

"No; not really. Not like—that." Mary handed it to her straight. "It was more that I didn't want you to have him."

Rose gave a short laugh. "Same here! I thought I was crazy about him, but so long as you didn't get him—it was more that than anything. Marry Stephen? Oh, I don't know. I'm glad about Madeleine. I was relieved from the first moment. But I thought you'd be wild."

"No; I'm glad too." They sat contemplating the situation, for once off guard, almost companionable. Mary, realizing it, tried to put it into words.

"Perhaps we haven't anything left to fight about," she said. "Perhaps it has been Stephen from the beginning, both wanting to be first with him."

Rose answered with a flash of resentment: "But you think I'm the scum of the earth!"

That Rose cared what she thought was an illuminating discovery. "Do I really?" she asked. "Haven't I just had to make out a case against you, in order to hold my own? You had all the beauty and the power. I hadn't any weapon except being superior. You're a terrible fighter, Rose!"

"My gracious, so are you!" Rose spoke in a sigh. "I have always wanted you to like me, and hated you because you wouldn't."

The companionableness was growing. It was almost pleasant, being there together.

"Funny if we don't hate each other after all," Mary mused. "Why, Rose, I almost hope it's true!"

"Well, I don't mind," Rose admitted.

Late that afternoon Will Seabury's card was brought up to Mary's tower. There were guests downstairs, the piano was going.

"Bring him here," she commanded. She stood shining with welcome, eager to tell him that between them they had saved Stephen, but his face checked her. "What is the matter? What has happened?" she exclaimed.

He looked as though he had not slept or eaten for days. The tense hands made no motion to take hers. "Do you know what is going on?" he asked harshly.

"Going on?" He frightened her. She thought he accused her of something, but it was himself he accused.

"I still can't see that it has been my fault." He stood at the window looking fixedly at the distant hills, that he might keep his back to her. "That first Sunday, when I let Madeleine drive up with us, I hadn't a thought in my soul but being friendly with him, as you had asked. You have got to believe that."

"I believe it." Her wondering voice tried to reassure him. "I have been so grateful."

"Oh, grateful!" he breathed. "Don't you know that Stephen is in love with Madeleine—head over ears in love with my sister?"

Suddenly she understood. "Yes, I know it." She let her voice sing. "It is the sweetest thing that ever happened."

He turned on her, caught her shoulders in a clutch that hurt. His eyes searched her face. "You mean that? My dear, my dear—you don't love him?"

She was so shaken that she had to draw away from him and hide it under gayety. "I adore him. But all I really wanted was to save him from Rose ——" She broke off with a new compunction, amended to it "from Rose's way of life. We have done it, you and I, and ——" Her glance went up, laughing, luminous, to the power overhead that had managed everything for her since that first growl, fifteen years ago. She almost forgot that it was only a joke now. "All working together, we have saved Stephen. I hope Madeleine loves him dearly."

"Oh, if it hasn't hurt you ——" Then he tried to pull himself together and hide what had leaped out. "Yes, she cares. And she really is good enough for him. She's wonderful."

"I said it would take a lot of a woman to wake up Stephen," Mary reminded herself.

She brewed tea for him on a crazy little old lamp. Infinite riches of talk lay between them, before them; not in a lifetime could they exhaust all there was to say. Sunset flamed about the tower and stars looked in at the arched windows before he remembered to go. In the dimness, he bent his face to her hands.

"Good night, Mary."

"Good night ——" He was gone before she breathed "Will."

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STEPMOTHER

(Continued from Page 7)

sorts of adoring and sentimental things about the brat, no doubt, as if her blood in him had wrought precious things in his veins. No stepmother could have thought them.

Oh, yes. That ponderous assembly in the library that morning of his sixteenth birthday when she had asserted herself. That was what she had been thinking of. Arthur had called them together to discuss this extraordinary and unbelievable possibility of the mills failing. To them who had always lived under the ægis of the prosperity begun when old Cap. Elias Moreton came ashore from whaling and put his money into the earliest of textile mills, the breath of such an idea was world shattering. The Moreton Mills had gone into the production of some of the first power spinning and weaving machines in the country, and it was flying in the face of destiny to imagine that they could fail. No Moreton could possibly imagine it. That was why Joanna could.

You could develop a business sense like a razor, even selling hats in Bridgehamton, if you were shrewd and snapping eyed, with an ability to add up two columns of figures at once, like a man and a banker. She had heard things for more than a year. Her old father was not night watchman at the Moreton Mills for nothing. She had gone visiting there, to the scandal of the best families, whose women never did such things, talking casually to bookkeepers and foremen and machine-shop men who had been in the public schools of Bridgehamton with her when she was a little girl. She used to look things over casually after Arthur had left his office in the early afternoon, to try out the new trotters on the Boston road or to go in to Boston to call on the governor. What Joanna had learned she had kept until that day in the library, kept to explode under the pale astounded noses of the assembled Moretons.

What she had to say, after all the deep rumblings and uncertain twitterings of conversation had died down a little, was that the general manager of Moreton's Mills was a rascal, and she could prove it. He was working in the interests of the Arrowhead Machine people, who had been trying to buy Moreton stock for two years. He had been sending out defective machines, defective parts, paying too much for his metal and for his overhead, letting labor costs run up dangerously, just to affect Moreton stock on the market. There was more of that sort of conversation from her, calm and assured. Plenty of it. The Moretons, including Arthur, could hardly believe their ears. It was as much of a shock to realize that a Moreton wife, a great Moreton lady, could know about such things—could talk facts and figures like a man, blaze and be hard-headed and emphatic, although a dumpy, dark, alien woman—as the strange idea about the mills failing. But she had convinced them. She had not stopped until she had convinced them. Besides, she was Arthur's wife, whom, for some strange reason, he had chosen from among villagers and whom, for a stranger reason, he seemed to defer to, even be proud of, in his elegant, aloof way.

It had worked. Arthur had rallied surprisingly well under her leadership. The manager had been discharged, his disastrous policies altered. Arthur began to spend as much as four hours a day in his office, seeing that things were altered. But from that moment on everybody knew who was the real head at Moreton's. Her firm stubby hand was there, every minute, on the helm of things.

When Arthur had had his stroke and the business had reeled from it, in the panic years, Joanna boldly had taken over Arthur's office, the presidency of the mills and more actual hard work than any Moreton had accomplished in the past two generations. Eight hours a day was nothing to her. The carriage drove her down to the smoke and grime of the Moreton Mills entrance often as the whistles were blowing for the morning shift. The mills hummed and roared. She paid time and a half for overtime and the lights went on all night. Moreton stock went soaring on the market. Moreton dividends were as regular as Thanksgiving. Moreton looms and spinners went pushing their way about the earth wherever there was cotton cloth to be woven, wherever steam went.

Even the Moreton relatives lived through their scandal at a woman assuming the head of the family interests to a cool and fat acceptance of their dividends, and died, one after another, in full dignity and respect, leaving their stock to Arthur and to her.

When he died all the stock but Rodney's passed into her short firm hands. She was a thick-waisted middle-aged widow then, with black eyebrows that beetled a little over black eyes narrowed to a steel-sure glance, the slightest shadow of hair on her upper lip, and a manner, in its blunt assurance, its contemptuous dignity, more overwhelming than the superior ways of dozens of hereditary aristocrats. She ran the mills and she ran Bridgehamton and she could put a finger or two in state politics or policies when she chose. Her trips to Boston or New York began to take on something of the aplomb of a dowager empress—a compact, keen-minded sort of financial empress. Governors knew her, and visiting personages sat at her table in the Moreton mansion, listening to her respectfully when she chose to speak. Bridgehamton was inordinately proud of her. She was the old régime still ruling. She was dignity and tradition.

To everyone but Rodney. The canker of his antagonism moved in her; the canker of her passion against him. No one could have suspected it. But he knew, and she knew, though they rarely saw each other, and then only on the official meetings, which were sometimes inevitable. The memory of one such meeting turned and turned jaggedly within her until the next one, even if it were a year or two later. Rodney looked at her with his mother's hard blue eyes which told her relentlessly that no matter how much she deceived others, she was still an upstart, still an outsider. The thought of that glance of his could make something cringe and hate within her, even with a governor of a state being respectful to her, even with the Moreton Mills turning all Bridgehamton into a big, prosperous, smoky city.

The long, long years. Mrs. Arthur Eustace Moreton fixed her dark glance on the blue streak by the horizon and felt her heart go pound-pound-pound, thinking of the emotion that Rodney still meant to her. Her mind circled around him and away from him heavily, never leaving the thought of him, in all this unaccustomed brooding over her life. He had two boys and a girl, half grown now, the images of him and of their grandmother. Strange that they had both drifted here, to this strange, warm bright country, swept on the tide of quick money, like his ancestors, the old, old Moretons, who had been nothing in the world but adventurers, for all their later dignity. The doctors had sent her here, at first for a month in the winter, before she had been willing to admit there was something wrong with her heart. But after that she had suddenly become an old woman. There were men—young men—who could take over her work. She had given herself to long winters here in the dignified old hotel looking out over the upboiling hurly-burly of the new bright city, in which Rodney was now ruined.

There was a big stack of clippings from the local papers, which she had had Hannah cut out for her—all about Rodney and that honey-colored elegant woman he had married, and their children, all about the projects Rodney had—the subdivision

like an Arabian Nights dream, the theaters he had promised, the concert halls, the projected parks, the Moreton Building. She snorted over her newspaper every morning, reading two and three times some rash statement he had made, or looking at pictures of his pretentious bay-front estate—the long white house among the palm trees, all patios and verandas and rich Spanish decorations. His name or his wife's was in the paper almost every day, entertaining, being entertained, giving tea dances, garden parties, formal dinners to visiting prominents. It was the old grand manner of the Moretons right enough, done just the way his father had liked to do, as if money to Moretons was something that flowed in ceaselessly, by a kind of natural right.

The very summer when signs of hesitance began to show in the upward rocketing of prices, the Rodney Moretons had traveled in Europe. Rodney had no business sense at all for an impending business crisis. He was not really shrewd, or a good business man, although old Mrs. Moreton heard him spoken of as such in tones of admiration by conservative people. It was only the old Moreton habit of super-self-assurance tossed up on a rising wave.

But now at last he was caught and there was no black-eyed second wife to step in and save affairs for him. His notes for land he had bought recklessly were past due. Purchasers of his overadvertised lots were failing in their payments. He owed bills everywhere. And the hurricane wrecked the Moreton Building, his own house, damaged two other buildings of his. He was not only wiped out financially but his reputation was discredited, his future spoiled.

Old Mrs. Moreton knew. She knew everything about Rodney, from newspaper accounts of his actual financial condition, gleaned for her by that shrewd old attorney she retained here in Miami for her own affairs and for knowledge about Rodney. Rodney was ruined, and there was no one in the world, apparently, who would lend him any more money now. Rodney was ruined.

When she came to that repetition again, which had run through her slow thoughts like a recurring tune, she nodded to Hannah to tell the chauffeur to drive back. She would have her lunch and lie down a long time that afternoon in her cool, darkened room, getting ready for the evening. She might not sleep. But at least she would be resting, giving this treacherous thing that thudded in her triumphant bosom cause to grow calm, awaiting the event. She saw tonight's dinner like a high peak to which, all her life long, she had climbed painfully. It would be a crest on which she could breathe freely and fully at last, upon which she could stand, utterly justified.

When at exactly five minutes to seven that evening she trudged down the long corridor toward the lights and palms of the lobby, the sober black silk and black lace of her usual dinner dress was not agitated. Now that Rodney was waiting for her there, now that in another moment she would be able actually to see what shattering lay upon his face, she had lost that eagerness. She was feeling only that she was too old for all this hatred that he held for her—too old, too worn, too lonely in herself at last. She wished wearily that she had refused to let him come. Her old knees even trembled a little as her short bulk moved out into the lobby, and she saw him standing by a pillar, in a mist of eyes and faces turning toward her as they always did, and the whisper running before her that Mrs. Moreton was coming.

Rodney was not changed at all. He came toward her easily, a tall black and white figure sharply elegant, the chiseled marble of his face still beautiful, his polished blue eyes still hard as stone. Even as old as he was now, she thought confusedly, she had never seen him more beautiful. He bent carelessly over her hand with that detestable European affectation of his, and she could not see a single mark of care upon him.

"Nice to see you again, Joanna," he said suavely, and old Mrs. Moreton flushed deep within her at the insulting negligence with which he always said the word.

It was exactly the same at table as it always was on the occasion of the annual official dinner, except that Mrs. Rodney Moreton was not now present to take the brunt of it. Mrs. Moreton settled herself grimly to wait for Rodney to begin. She could play at this game of formality as long as he.

She let him choose his own subjects for conversation, as he chose his own dinner, picking delicately among the possibilities. On such occasions it was her scornful mood always to eat only a very little of the plainest—a chop and a salad—and to bite off only an abrupt interjection now and then. It could never seem to her anything but ridiculous that a man should pride himself, as he did, on either his conversation or his ability to choose a dinner. Grim, and more grim, as he talked on suavely, with no longer the slightest trembling of her knees, she sat bolt upright, waiting. Her eyes were filled with the look of him—the shape of his head, the turn of the long cheek, the straight beautiful nose, the blue eyes, his shoulders, his shapely white hands—the fine Moreton hands that were so different from her stubby ones. She remembered vaguely how many times she had sat at a table and filled her eyes with him when he was a little boy and a youth and a young man, as if, no matter what the preoccupation of her thoughts, he drew her glance, even her attention, just by being there and being himself, cold and contained and unrelenting.

He finished eating a mango delicately, with a knife and fork, as if that were all that mattered, and leaned back to look at her. She could not have told, until this moment, what he had been talking about. Now she felt she would remember every word he said for the rest of her life. Within her bosom the enemy, her heart, began its thick pound-pound-pound.

"We're thinking of giving up the house here, Joanna, and possibly the house on Long Island. Rather too big for her to manage, Evelyn thinks." The words were suave, easy, unforced. So he was going to keep up the pretense, was he? Gad, these Moretons. "And Evelyn asked me this morning to ask you—that's why I called you up—if you would care to have back that picture of my father and his writing desk and the other old pieces? I could ship them to Bridgehamton any day now. After all, as Evelyn says, that heavy black walnut isn't the best of old stuff, and they're impossibly ponderous. For the rest of our stuff, I mean, of course. They seem to fit in splendidly at Bridgehamton. I understand you haven't changed even the carpets there."

Her glance was jetty steel. Her tight jaw grated shut as she stared at him for a long hostile moment. "Was that all you wanted to ask me?"

His blue gaze was as hard as her own, more enigmatic, even a little mocking. Was it that he guessed what she had been expecting? "I don't remember there was anything else Evelyn mentioned."

Her face was dark granite, streaked with dull red. The red lay over her cheek bones in a dull smear. Anger such as she had never tasted in her life before thickened her tongue and her throat. "Do you mean to sit there and ——" Words such as these would be had never been spoken between them before—naked words, thick and dark, for the dark passion that had tied them as a cord is stretched. "Do you sit there and tell me that that is all—after this morning's paper—after everything that is known of your financial affairs—after your ruin?"

His lips stiffened as hers had, his fingers stiffened on the table. "When have I ever come to you with my business affairs, or any others, Joanna? What possible reason would there be for me to come to you now?"

What right had he to deprive her of her just satisfaction—what right, what right?

(Continued on Page 154

Control

JUST as you would turn the fire up and down on a gas range, the control wheel on the Kerogas Burner gives you the right fire for every kind of cooking. You are always sure of best results when baking, roasting, broiling, frying or stewing.

There are two efficient and dependable types of Kerogas Burners. One, the Patented Kerogas Burner, uses kerosene, mixing 400 parts of air with one part of fuel, and producing a double flame, both powerful and economical.

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There are many reliable makes of oil stoves, in a great variety of models, equipped with Kerogas Burners. See them at your dealer's—or write us.

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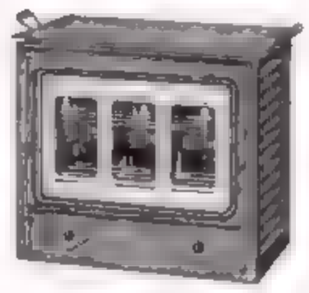

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N C I N G

The Senior Line
A REMARKABLE NEW SIX
by DODGE BROTHERS

A NEW line of Sixes by Dodge Brothers is presented to the public today.

It has been rumored, and hoped, for years that Dodge Brothers would ultimately produce such a line—more refined and, of course, higher in cost than their present car.

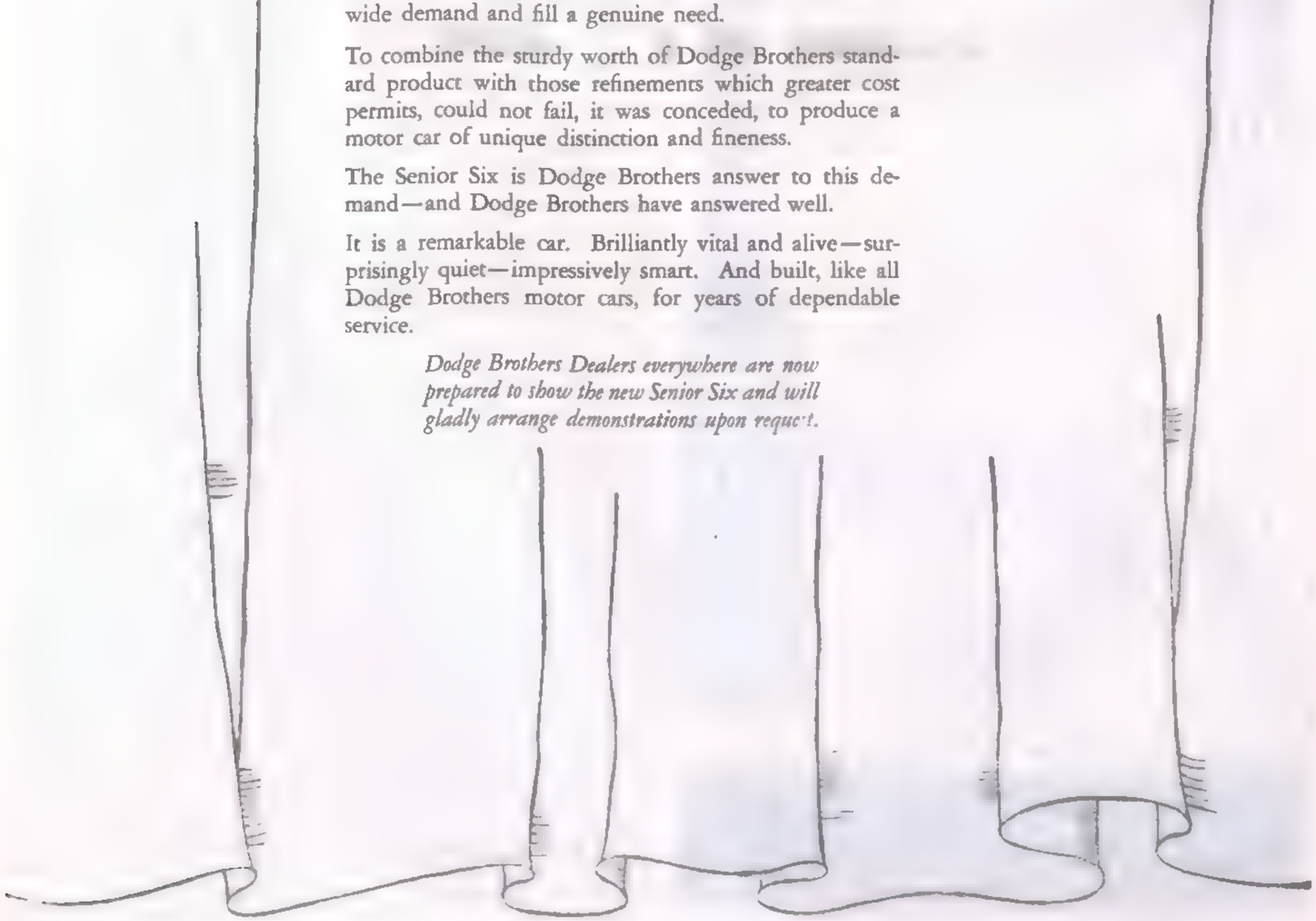
The public felt, and with good reason, that if Dodge Brothers should ever build such a car, it would meet a wide demand and fill a genuine need.

To combine the sturdy worth of Dodge Brothers standard product with those refinements which greater cost permits, could not fail, it was conceded, to produce a motor car of unique distinction and fineness.

The Senior Six is Dodge Brothers answer to this demand—and Dodge Brothers have answered well.

It is a remarkable car. Brilliantly vital and alive—surprisingly quiet—impressively smart. And built, like all Dodge Brothers motor cars, for years of dependable service.

Dodge Brothers Dealers everywhere are now prepared to show the new Senior Six and will gladly arrange demonstrations upon request.



"One of Those New Eating Tools from Italy"

LIKE an echo of laughter from a Sixteenth Century dinner table comes this wonderful old six-tined fork, as a reminder, perhaps, of the days when fingers, for eating purposes, were vogue and forks were looked upon as mere targets for ready shafts of wit.

For the fork, in its early days, proved far more tempting to the hand of the worker in precious metals than to that of the cultured diner.

There were forks, like great tooth-picks, with but a single tine—forks of two, three, four and five tines. And, finally, the fork reproduced herein of six tines, suggesting its efficiency in holding food and suggesting, also, because of its immense spread, the difficulty of transferring food to the mouth.

• • • • • • •

What a difference between this crude old Sixteenth Century eating utensil and the Reed & Barton fork of today, with its perfect proportions and balance, its distinctive design, and with the character of Reed & Barton century old craftsmanship apparent in every line. Before you purchase tableware in solid silver or silver plate, be sure to ask your jeweler to show you some samples of Reed & Barton Ware.

Sixteenth Century folding fork with six tines. The engraved handle is surmounted with a shell.

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ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

SOLID SILVERWARE PLATED SILVERWARE

(Continued from Page 151)

Did he dare to cloak his humiliation, his shame, under this old defiance still, the conceited young puppy?

"You sit there, a discredited ruined man, whom I could reëstablish with my signature on one single check, and you dare to ——"

"You were always inconceivably common, Joanna." His words came from his teeth now, bitten out in a voice gone icy. "How like you to remind me of that. Or did you think you had me in a forked stick, that I would come whining for what you know well I wouldn't accept from you if I were to go to jail for it? That was it. You thought I had come to beg for money. And you were going to refuse, if I did. Weren't you? Weren't you? Don't forget I know you too well not to guess that; not to know how delicious a thing it would be to you to have me come whining and to refuse. Why, I wouldn't touch a penny of yours, not if you ——"

"Be still, you." Moisture lay upon her forehead and on her upper lip. Her glance held his murderously, bloodshot with rage. She felt herself haglike in this naked passion, and she did not care. "It is less shameful to beg than to be a liar and a cheat. It is less shameful to ask than to foul your own name with your own dishonor. How do you know I would have refused you, if you had come to me frankly, as an honorable man would? Do you think I want the name of Moreton dragged in the gutter through your unspeakable vanity?"

"As if you had not dragged it down sufficiently by bearing it." All the shells of pretense that the years had erected between them lay shattered. His white face jerked now without any control, his curled lips were bitten. "Haven't you made the name a laughingstock long enough, and a byword, ever since you trapped my father into marrying you—a woman whose whole greedy passion, all her life long, has been for nothing but money—and money—and more money? What did you ever care for, more than that?"

"Get out of here," she said slowly, once. "I never want to see your face again."

After she was alone she sat breathing heavily, her face not so much white as a congested yellow, her eyes mere jetty points sunk deep in the sockets of her skull. Her hands, gripping the table edge, were talons of a sick old hawk whose inward turning glance stares at something more sudden, more portentous, than the flutter of an escaping prey. The aroused enemy that laid a clammy hand upon her temples was not now the son of her husband but the heart in her breast. Not hatred, not revenge, but life itself, the sheer capacity for breathing, for going on, slow throb after throb, was the triumph for which she battled then.

Presently she could drag herself upright and move in that slow persistent trudge past the obsequious bowing waiters, who were only mists, and, with no thought for any assistance, across the bright lobby, to achieve somehow the interminable corridor to her room. When she had lain flat on her bed for a while the fight was behind her. She had won again, and could so forget it, reverting to that other which had become hardly less intimate than her breath.

So he wanted nothing of hers, did he? So he was willing to disgrace the name, so long as saving it meant accepting help from her. So he thought she had been mad for money all these years. All her plodding, shrewd effort, time and again, to save the failing bits of the Moreton fortunes, shattered by their own criminal carelessness and inefficiency, their thick-headed pride, had seemed to him only miserliness. He did not think there was any value at all, beyond money value, in keeping the Moreton Mills roaring, keeping all Bridgehamton prosperous; with the Moreton mansion lording it, as always, in the very middle, its lawns trim to its great deep windows, its carpets thick and impressive, its old furniture honored and in use. It was nothing to him that the Moreton name stood for sound and fine and honorable things all over that countryside. It was nothing to him that his children could go back there and find a place waiting for them, because of her, no matter how much he had tried to cut them off from it. His hatred had seen nothing in her efforts but greed.

Well, let him think so. She was only a weary old woman lying on her bed staring into darkness, tired, tired, tired of all this unending battle that life was. If she could loose her clutch on everything at that moment, feel in her tense mind, in her straining sinews, the beginning exquisite softness of dissolution, how she would welcome it. Yet the tough thing that gripped tightly all the threads of being; the knotted thing that struggled, that would not let her go, that kept her slow heart pumping, her slow mind plodding on its road, would not deny itself now. She would go on. Let Rodney defy her as he liked. There was a clear slow view in her, like a calm vista opening from her windows at home, that showed her now that she could not let him be ruined. The Moreton tradition for which she had labored all these years would not let her allow him to be ruined. Moretons paid their creditors one hundred cents on the dollar. How could she let him change that now?

She was responsible for him, after all. She was his father's wife. She had bought his suits and sent him to the dentist and made him study his lessons, in spite of his antagonism, when he had been little. She had not taught him this lesson well enough, that was all.

Revenge, antagonism, jealousy, hatred, inferiority, all those things which had burned high in her that very morning, were only failing brands now, put out slowly one by one by a deep tide lifting—a dark deep tide, pure and implacable, like a sea that had lain quiet under its surface storms. Even her own pride was trivial now. Rodney's opinion of her was unimportant. He must be taken care of still—he and his children; the grandchildren of her husband.

And slowly, shakily, under the darkness that pressed on the old shell of her on the bed, she began to see how it could be done. The mind that had solved more intricate problems than this, worked craftily for her with its old shrewdness. When her plan was quite clear and practical, she smiled once, grimly, and went quietly to sleep.

By noon of the third day after, Mrs. Moreton's lawyer had her new will ready to be signed. It declared invalid all previous wills, which had left her fortune to charitable institutions, to an old ladies' home, to a dozen casual organizations here and there which had caught her childless attention.

This one was different. It insisted that all property, real and personal, of which she died possessed, should be left in trust for the benefit of the children of Rodney and Evelyn Moreton, after all just claims against the said Rodney Moreton were paid in full from her estate; "in order," the will said flatly, "that the Moreton tradition of high honor might be carried over intact to the latest generation."

She knew that would hold him. That suave, watchful wife of his would see to that. There was also the pressure of his creditors. She named Rodney a coexecutor with the old family attorney at Bridgehamton and the acting president of the Moreton Mills. She sat back in her deep chair by the window, after everything had been signed and witnessed and everyone had gone, with a great breath of relaxation. Her dark old eyes, staring out over the green garden, held a satisfied tranquillity. It was a neat job, so far. The will was as water-tight as wills could be made, and who was there to contest it?

Her mind dropped away from it into darker depths, as a stone plunges into deep brown water. In spite of all the doctors had said, she had never thought the end would come so abruptly as she now intended. That vigor which was the very core of her had never let her visualize the possibility of ceasing to be. She could not possibly imagine what it would be like not to be. For one moment she faced it, her

hands tightening on the arms of her chair. For one dark moment of looking off into the void of a great precipice into—into what?

Then her shivering mind recoiled from that into another mood, which rose gratefully and securely about it. There were other things than that she must think about. For, although her mind cringed, her will stood firm as the cliff itself.

Yet sitting there, that better mood of relaxed tranquillity wrapping her warmly about, as if this were the fine climax to which her whole life had moved, she found herself drifting back to the long-forgotten days before she had become Mrs. Arthur Eustace Moreton, or had dreamed of becoming. She felt in her old veins the fiery leap of blood that had been Joanna Smiley's, when men had hung upon the flutter of her black eyelashes, when she could draw a ribbon tight, tight about the slenderest waist in town. It did not seem so long, after all. She glanced down at her withered hands and was astonished that they were not smooth, astonished that the veil of such unfamiliar flesh had been drawn between her and the girl that she had been. She was astonished to think how the sober Moreton years had crept like a mist between her and those vivid remembered emotions of youth which rose ghostly in her now, more real than these hands, those feet. She felt life suddenly as it had seemed to her then – splendid with promise, warm with adventure, on those nights when she had danced with young men's arms about her—young shoe clerks, young mechanics, young blacksmiths, whose very names she had forgotten these sixty years. She had laughed up into their bold young eyes, laughing into hers. Great rising moons and the smell of lilacs and the shivery silver of pear blossoms in spring starlight, where had they gone to in her, that she had lost their poignance until now?

She stirred restlessly, as the girl she had been would have stirred, shaking off the somber color of her years. Now that she knew what she must do, she found her fancy returning to that lost time when her life had stood full throated on the brink of wonder, and happiness was a vivid power upon her lips. She wondered if that existed anywhere now upon earth. She longed for contact with it, for youth and the old times. Her lips were dry with longing for it; to get away from this body and this place, to mingle once more with the lusty common life of youth, feel the upleaping heat and throb of it about her just once more.

She lifted her head sharply, blinking a little as if she had been asleep, but her will moved surely on the same road. As long as it did not matter now what she did, she could do what she liked. One way was as good as another. The enemy that had been within her had suddenly become her friend. Abruptly she lifted herself from her chair with stiff arms and went out her door and down the long corridor, although it was not her hour for going out. She moved through the lobby as if its rocking elderly people did not exist, and out upon the long veranda, where the white sun beat upon her bared unaccustomed head. The heat held a living fierceness in it, and the light was fierce and she loved it, as if it were the living heat of her youth.

She was not quite sure what she had thought to do, except to get away abruptly from the dim placid walls and out into the sunlight, until she looked down from the steps at the line of orange taxicabs drawn up at the cab stand along the wide curved drive. Their drivers were idling, smoking and laughing under their breaths in the full hot sunshine, and she could see that they were young and vigorous.

"Get me that second taxi man," she said to the carriage starter, who had been hovering at her shoulder with an anxious look for this unusual appearance of Mrs. Arthur Eustace Moreton. "I shall sit down over there. Send him to me."

He was a short, dark, curly-haired youth, who twirled his cap on a disrespectful forefinger and lounged against the rail, grinning companionably as she talked to him. The harmless familiarity of his manner was suddenly grateful to her. She was sick of respect and dignity and impassivity—all the cold things she had had about her. The thick-shouldered young chap might have been her own son, her own grandson rather. He was what secretly in her heart she had always felt herself to be—common earth, whose blood ran vulgarly in common veins, savoring many things, enduring many things—rude, vivid, careless things—like youth and hot sun and the harsh tang of life upon unshrinking lips.

The young taxi man grinned down at her with white strong teeth, as if he were aware of what she was thinking.

She spoke to him abruptly, with that sense she had of a familiar understanding. "I'm tired of this place. I'm tired of these old people constantly rocking. I'm tired of long stiff corridors that don't go anywhere. I want to go somewhere—somewhere where people are young and noisy and careless—where—where they dance, and kiss each other if they like—where there is noisy music. Do you know any places like that?"

His grin widened. "I'll say I do, lady. Lots of 'em. Want I should show you the sights along about eleven o'clock tonight? I'll bet you'd of been there yourself, and twisting a mean ankle, when you was younger."

She was not sure of his vocabulary, but the slangy heartiness of his tones warmed her, as the sun did. "I used to love dancing when I was a girl. Many a time I danced until sunrise, and went to work at eight just the same. It didn't seem to me that anybody was young like that any more. You be here at quarter to eleven with a closed car, and show me. What's your name?"

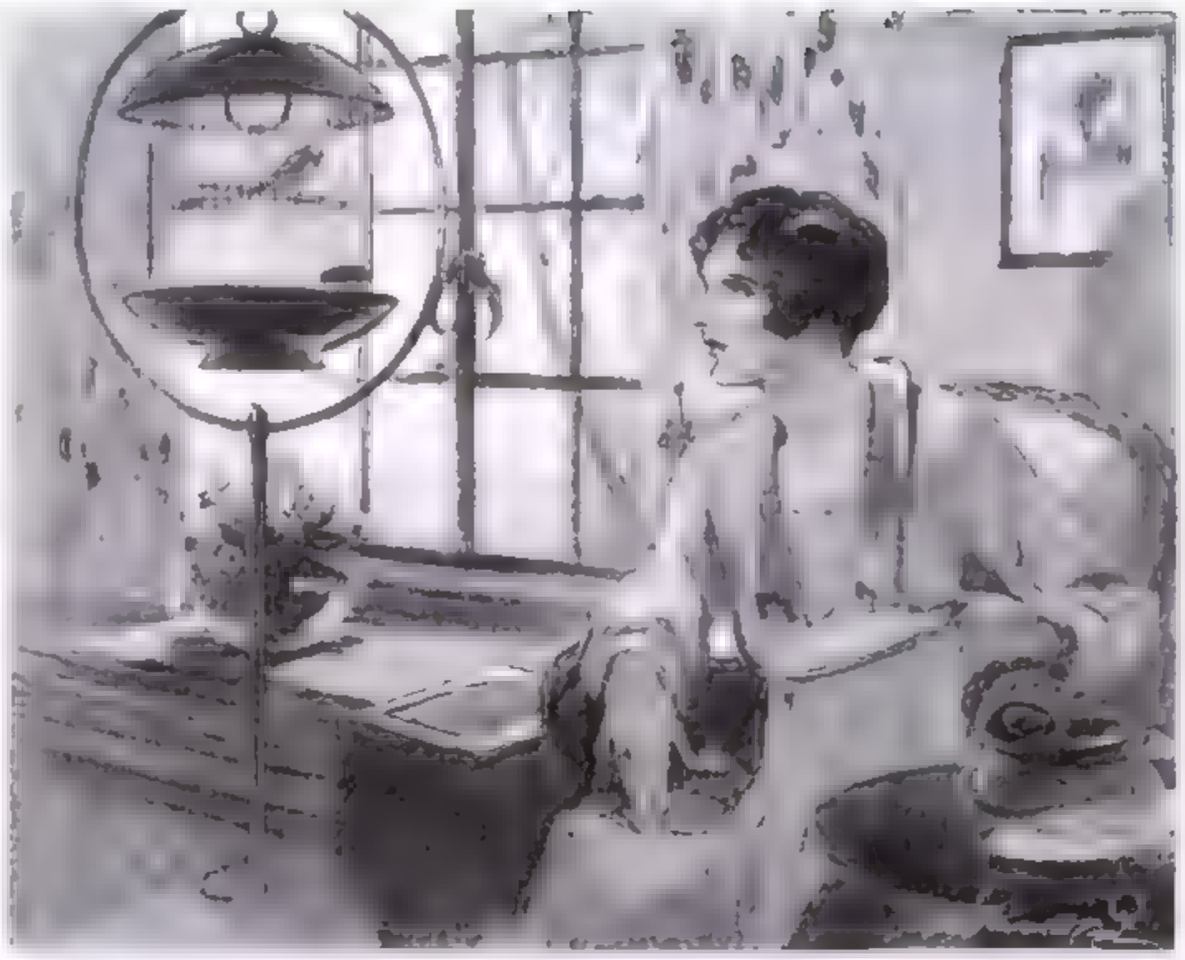
"I'm Tom Ryan, lady, and you don't need to worry. I'll take care of you like you was my old mother. She likes to step out now and then and see the boys and girls too."

"Like your grandmother," old Mrs. Moreton replied grimly, getting up with his dirty young hand comfortably under her elbow. "Thank you, Tom Ryan."

She was suddenly very tired. She would go to bed and sleep all afternoon if she liked, and be ready for the night. She would make him go fast. She would stay out until dawn if she liked. She would let herself get very excited. She would take a cocktail if she felt like it—two, perhaps, since stimulants had been forbidden her. As she drifted into sleep, with Hannah softly lowering shades and regulating the draft of sweet sea air through the window, it was not to thoughts of the dark brink toward which she moved that she gave herself, but to the high sense of expectancy she had in the freedom that the night would bring, as if her cold old bones were warming before a splendid fire. That, and the blessed peace she had in knowing that, after all, she would take care of Rodney. She had a flash of his face as she drifted into sleep—the beautiful pale face. Her own son could not have been as beautiful as Rodney. She hardly knew that she thought that, relaxing into oblivion.

Hannah was in bed in her own room, and asleep long since, when old Mrs. Moreton, in her respectable black silk and black lace, covered with a dark cloak, crept out her door soundlessly, with a pulse thrilling in her throat. Out upon the veranda, with its great softly lighted pillars, the wind from the sea thrashed in the palm branches, and Tom Ryan waited for her with a flashing grin beside a closed car, into which the doorman carefully put her. It was a quite good car, with a silent hint of power in the smooth engine, and it slipped competently down the avenue between the pine trees and turned down the bright street, where the footsteps and the jostling murmur of the night-loving crowd rose to her ears between the brilliant shop windows.

It was exciting even to see them. She caught herself leaning forward to follow figures in the crowd—a boy's face laughing there; a girl in a red dress and a girl in a



Through storms as well as sunshine, he bravely sang the same happy songs

She had been known as "Happy"

AMONG her school friends she had been known as "Happy," for she radiated happiness wherever she went. Later as a bride and popular young matron of society she seemed to move in a charmed circle into which no shadows ever fell.

Then a time of testing came. One after another all the things that had made her happy were taken from her. It seemed, as she viewed the wreck of her hopes, that she could never smile again.

One morning her pet canary wakened her as usual with an ecstatic burst of song. Sunshine flooded the room, but within a few brief hours a black cloud blotted it out and a storm furiously lashed against the window.

The little canary sang bravely on above the crash of the storm, his golden head lifted toward the point in the clouds where the sun had lately shone, and where it would shine again when the clouds parted.

"Happy" went up to him, smiling through her tears. "You have taught me the lesson I needed in courage today," she said. "While the sun shone I sang happily enough, but I can see that it takes courage and faith to sing through the storm."

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"It takes courage and faith to sing through the storm"

may also be had in the Duco-finished designs.

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"Fear! fear! fear not! sang the Littlest Bird, most artistically. "Why so brave?" asked the Wise Old Bird. "Oh, I was just telling that sweet little lady to be brave," trilled the Littlest Bird. "And she smiled back at me although her eyes were full of tears."

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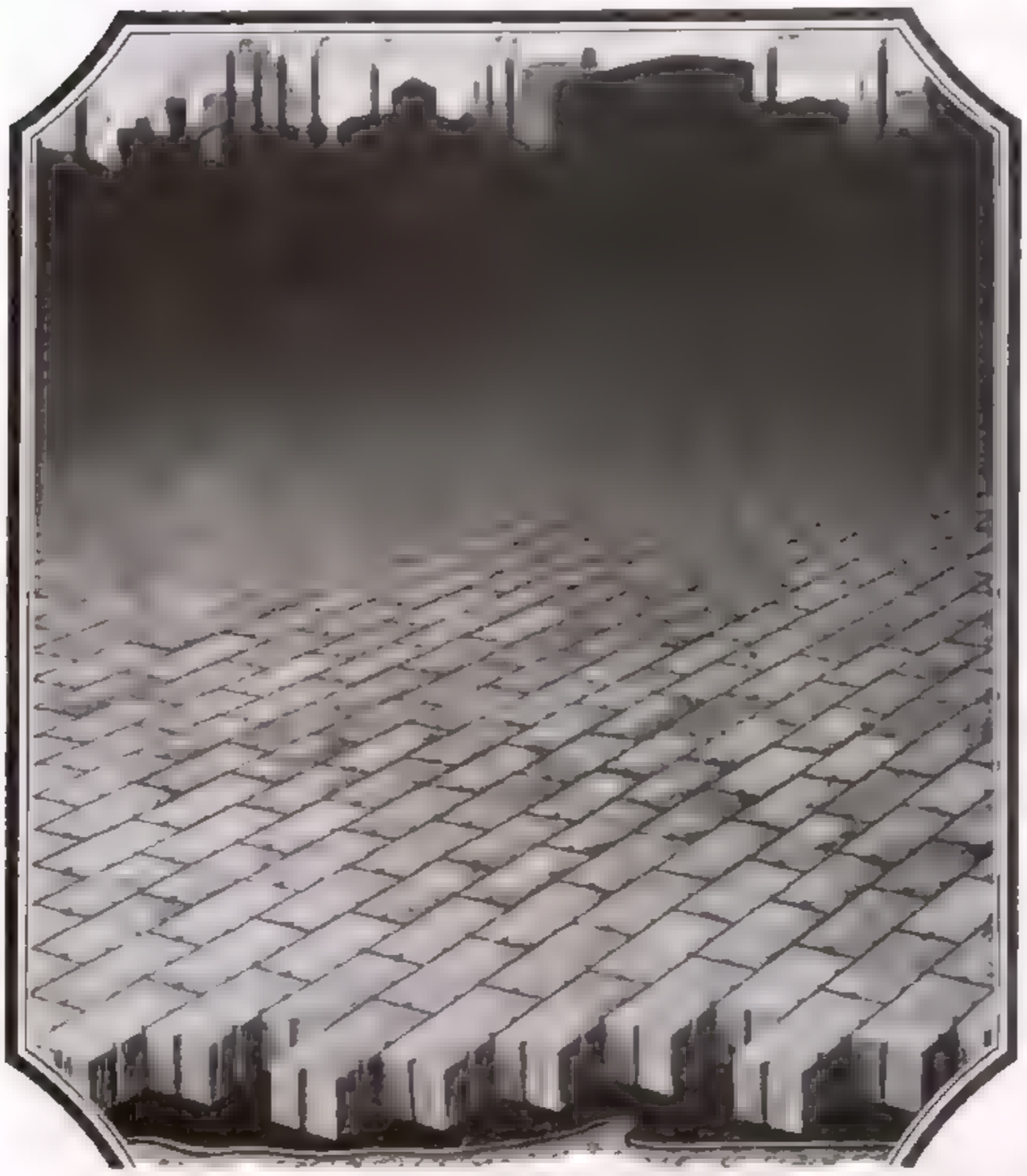

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white one dancing a little as they walked on silken shapely little legs; young men sauntering and guffawing by the curb; figures leaping into her attention—leaping and passing on, as she strained after them, thinking: "That one I shall never see again. This one I shall never see again," and wondering if they would go on always like that, happy in the soft and lavish night. It seemed to her she had never felt people, the sheer fascinating uniqueness of people, so warmly, closely and tenderly before.

Outside the city, where the tropic night lay waiting over vast dark reaches that thrust darkness between the street lights, she tapped on the glass before her and checked the car in its shining crescendo of speed. When Tom Ryan had come around to her door, she told him she wanted to ride in front with him, where she could get more air. But really she wanted to hear him talk, know again the warmth of his careless frankness.

"I suppose you've seen plenty of things stranger than an old lady looking for night life," she said to him, when the car leaped forward again so that the dark poured by.

"Bless you, yes," he said. "You sure see some funny stunts, driving a car nights around this man's town. But so long as they pays my fare I don't pay no attention. I'm saving up to get married. Gee, you oughta see my girl. Why, say, lady, she's just the cutest li'l' old bunch of calico——"

She liked to hear him rambling on beside her, boiling over with hope and youth and fine vigor, although she paid no particular attention to his words.

Several times she said to him, "Faster. I want to go faster," until the racing dark was only a blur, and the car boomed with speed. But almost immediately she would forget that she was going faster, lost as she was in this new sense she had, of life as a rare and precious thing, a kind of triumph in itself, because there was so little of it left to her. She could not imagine why she had spent so much of it, miserly, being a Moreton. She might have married such a young man as this, loved and quarreled and struggled, and borne dark vigorous children, thrust through with her own close grip upon living. But if she had there would have been no Rodney in her years. She remembered suddenly how people who did not know sometimes said to her, "Your son is such a distinguished person." She had always told them curtly he was no son of hers. But it had left a feeling there, nevertheless. Now she knew that she would not have wanted to have missed Rodney, somehow.

They were turning into a dark opening among pine trees, and lights beyond focused on the tops of parked cars, like backs of dark beasts. A man with a flash light moved toward them, inspecting them casually as he pointed to where Tom Ryan was to park the car. The thump and blare of music came faintly from within a long dark building, under lowered awnings. Tom Ryan came around to her to help her out, and as she clung to his arm she wondered for a moment why she was doing this outlandish thing. Then she stepped out deliberately, having remembered.

"You're to come with me, you know," she said once. "I should feel quite lost without you," and liked his hearty, ungrammatical assent.

He found a dim table in a corner for her, in the long room inside, crowded with the stridence of an orchestra under lights, and with the sway and cling of dancers moving close packed in the half dark. She told Tom Ryan to order a sandwich or whatever he wanted for himself and some strong black coffee for her, and shrank back a little in this strange and noisy world. Yet in the same moment she found herself here, too, straining after faces—faces turning and turning away from her in the crowd, as she had followed them on the streets. She wanted to know more about them; she wanted to share, as once she would have done, in this hot young life that shouted and danced and drank and kissed about her, unconscious of itself.

But presently, when her chauffeur had had his sandwich, she grew restless. The noise was becoming monotonous to her. She could not feel the excitement. She wanted to rush fast and faster in the soft dark; she wanted to go to other places, more exciting, where it was lighter, gayer, where she could see better, where she could thrust herself closer to the heart of the excitement that burned on these young lips, on these feverish, common, unseeing young faces whose vividness she had known once. But not now, not now.

They roared on flying roads. They went from road house to road house, half lighted, brilliantly lighted, where the noise was the same, the dancers were the same, the excitement was the same. Yet nothing touched her. The heart in her bosom—that frail and treacherous guest—had not stirred from its calm.

Her forehead was cool. One speed was as good as another when you did not care if the car should suddenly leave the road. Excitement held no tension when it was not yours. Was it possible that the doctors had been mistaken: that she was proving herself stronger than she had thought possible? But then, what about Rodney?

Sometime late in that extraordinary night she found herself sitting at another untidy table, opposite the curiously incurious Tom Ryan gravely making away with another sandwich. The lights here were yellow bright, pouring down upon a shiny dance floor and bare shifting heads. Torn strips of paper decorations, of serpentine streamers, bits of confetti, dangled and floated from the low rafters and were trampled underfoot. The noisy orchestra was silent for a while and about the crowded tables there were loud laughter and voices louder for the cessation.

Old Mrs. Moreton rested a cool cheek on a hand whose pulse was quite orderly, while her weary glance still darted among the people—the pretty, overpainted girls in cheap bright dancing dresses, the men with crumpled collars and reddened faces. At her left a girl and a boy held hands and kissed—long dreamy kisses—at a tableful of noisier ones who paid no attention to them, shrieking with laughter over loud jokes or arguing, it may have been, about the bill. Wherever she looked there were color and movement, vivid, feverish, the very gesture of life itself, working itself out in all these moving and unconscious forms.

"I'm tired of this," she said suddenly. "Take me home."

Young Tom Ryan rose, glancing curiously at her face. His strong hand was under her arm, and she was glad of it. She had remembered that she was Mrs. Arthur Eustace Moreton, and old and very tired. All that she wanted in the world was to get out of all this and go home to bed. She flushed a little now as vague glances met hers, eyes that stared. What in the world had made her do this ridiculous thing?

There was a row of booths along one wall, each with its table under a dim light, where figures sat, more closely twined. To pass out of the room they had to go nearer the corner booth. Old Mrs. Moreton's dimmer glance fell on a figure half sprawled across the table within, and because its hair was like Rodney's, and its half opened, feckless hands like his, she stopped short, a vague pain striking suddenly within her. There was this dark figure with the bright hair, and a girl in dark red leaning carelessly there beside it—a girl with a silly red mouth and hard bright eyes, who watched them as they looked.

The vague small pain twisted a little, harshly, like a knife turning in her breast. Because it was Rodney. It was Rodney Moreton sprawled there foolishly, all his chill beauty vanished, only the frame of him sagging there, with his face mottled and his eyes tight shut.

Joanna Moreton jerked herself away from Tom Ryan's arm, and her eyes, which had been dimming with weariness, narrowed to steady black. There was no trudge in the stride she took, into the booth. She bent

down and turned Rodney's face on the table.

"Rodney," she said harshly, "Rodney," and shook his shoulder. His eyelids did not twitch. His arms were boneless. He was sodden drunk.

"Sa-ay, listen here," the girl beside him spoke shrilly. "Wha's the big idea? Lay offa him, can't-cha? Can't-cha see he's takin' a li'l' nap?"

"Rodney," Mrs. Moreton said again, ignoring her, "you must come away from here at once."

"Whatcha think y'are, tryin' to bust up "

Mrs. Moreton looked once into the hard eyes of the girl, with that old steel glare of hers that had made her famous. "Don't interfere," she said once. "I'm his mother."

She heaved Rodney back suddenly, so that his head lolled against the back of the chair, his whole disheveled figure limply inert. It was as if a force that had no age of any kind burned in her. She raised the flat of her hand and slapped him, with every ounce of strength she had, four times on each side his sodden jaw. The crack of the blows sounded over the confused sounds of the dance hall. They were electric.

Rodney's eyes half opened, an uncertain hand lifted vaguely to ward off the thing that stung him back from nothingness. Vaguely he swayed erect.

"Help me," Mrs. Moreton said over her shoulder to Tom Ryan, who was there instantly, pulling Rodney to his feet. "Get him to the car. He's my son."

Two waiters sprang to help them as they moved clumsily out into the sweet night air. One of Rodney's arms was heavily about her shoulder. She stumbled a little, although the chauffeur bore the greater burden. His feet dragged and scuffled. His head with its crest of bright hair dangled sickeningly. She was struggling for breath long before the men had somehow bundled him onto the back seat of her car, a helpless weight.

She stood a moment, fighting the pain within her, as the waiters left them, after Tom Ryan had paid. The stars were thick and cool and very beautiful in the grateful dark. A man came running.

"Mrs. Moreton—oh, Mrs. Moreton, have you got him there? I ——"

She looked at a dimly familiar figure in a uniform. Where had—oh, Rodney's chauffeur. That silly uniform. He was a white-faced, confused youth.

"I couldn't do nothing with him, Mrs. Moreton. Honest. I wouldn't like you to think—he never went off like this before. I never seen him do it. On'y he's been so worried ——"

"Are you trying to tell me he doesn't do this often?" she said harshly.

"Yes, ma'am—I mean, no, ma'am. He don't never get drunk any, Mrs. Moreton. On'y, just tonight, he kinda went all to pieces like—he can't stand things to go against him, ma'am, Mrs. Moreton. You know that ——"

"I'll see that he gets home," she said. "Take his car back to the garage and don't say you saw me. Understand? Back to town, Ryan."

She sat at last in the back seat of the long inclosed car, fumbling in the darkness for Rodney's head and shoulders. He was only a dark mass, heavy breathing, slipped down on the cushions. She had to heave and pull and catch her breath sharply, but at last she held him there, her arm about him, his heavy drunken head in the hollow of her shoulder. His long body, stretched beyond her feet, gave to every motion of the speeding car, but she held him, tight and tighter, in her old arms, against her breast.

There were no tears she had to give, holding him so, only a tenderness so stirring, so complete, that it swept up her veins like new wine. She held him so at last, without his protest; her son and her darling; hers by the pangs of something other than birth. She held him, whether he cared or no, as something deep in her had always ached to hold him, something that she could acknowledge at last, now that it was almost all over. Her son. Her son. His listless, beautiful body was at her knees, in her arms. His unseeing face was warm against her face.

The car rocked a little with the steady flow of its speed. A light or two was a bright streak by the window. The roar of their progress was in her heedless ears, lost as she was in the tremendous free surge of the thing in her which had never been free before—to know that she had always loved him; to know that she had cherished even jealousy and hatred so that her thoughts could center about him still. She would have earned the right to love him soon. But even that did not matter now.

Tom Ryan helped him up to the veranda of the address she gave, left him in a chair after violently ringing the bell, and she drove away afterward, not looking back. It was time for his wife now.

"The hotel. Hurry," she said to Tom Ryan, and lay back with her eyes closed until they reached it.

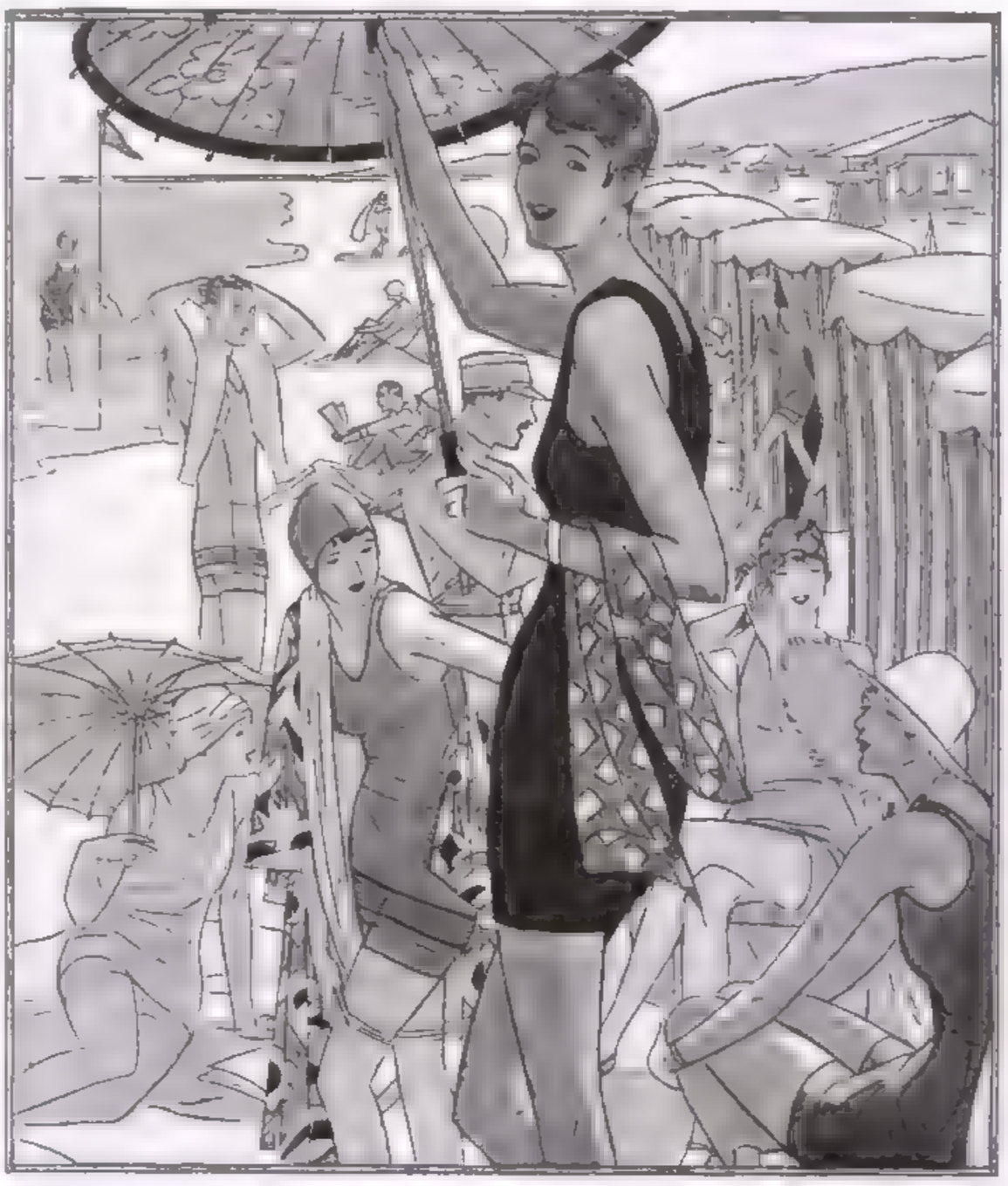
It was almost morning. The dawn freshness was in the air. The few lights at the entrance were paling a little. The night watchman stared at her.

She pushed a thick handful of bills in Tom Ryan's hand as he helped her up the steps. "You've been kind," she said thickly. "Don't tell anybody about this."

She moved away from him without looking back or at the new light coming into the eastern sky. Her face was fixed and dark as she hurried in the door and through the wide empty lobby. Her lips pressed tight over the thing that struggled with her breath. As she turned into the long corridor she went faster, faster, half running, half stumbling, as if she were very late for an appointment. She tore once at her collar, at the opening of her dress. She burst into her own door and stood at last in the dimness, shaken from head to foot with long, shuddering gasps. But in the vague shine of the mirror she stared at her own eyes calmly, and recognized their calmness, their watchfulness, their strength, in the moment before she stumbled toward her bed.

In the morning, when Hannah found old Mrs. Moreton decent in her best dinner dress, quite dead upon her pillow, she saw that her face was mysterious with tranquillity. On her firm lips a brief grim smile still lingered, as of one who has thirsted and drunk deep.

France gayly swims in America's own Jantzens!



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Getting On in the World

Turning Points

WE ARE prone to think of mergers as an ultra-modern expediency. But my personal experience dates back to 1905, when, at the tender age of twenty-one, I learned all about them at first hand. To begin with, the merger I have reference to grabbed me by the collar and the seat of the pants and quietly, swiftly, and without emotion let me out of a perfectly good job. Cruel? Not at all. It taught me that the man who fires you is often doing you a distinct favor. He is presenting you with the turning point of your life, if you wish to take it by the horns and make it so.

Now do not for a moment think I was possessed of all this happy philosophy when it—meaning the great exodus—happened. On the contrary, I was about the most stunned individual that ever walked the streets of Chicago. You see I had been a sporting reporter on the Morning News—it was then called the Morning Record. For ten years, beginning at the budding age of eleven, I had known nothing but the blue smoke, the good-natured profanity, the clicking typewriters operated by forefingers only, the confusion, rush and jocularity of the sporting room. From six dollars a week I had gradually risen to twenty-five. And at that time, anyone who received twenty-five dollars a week as a sport writer had arrived!

It was not surprising, then, that with such a salary I soon considered myself capable of supporting a wife and shouldering the responsibility of a home. And swiftly on the heels of this thought, our betrothal took place.

From this happy picture I have sketched you can readily share with me the staggering blow I received when one morning I appeared on the job to find my desk occupied. Our paper had consolidated with the Morning Herald and only the Herald staff was retained. Record men were suddenly out of a job. Our regular writers were given six weeks' pay in advance, but I, a space writer, was clasped by the hand and slapped on the back with only a "God bless you, my boy."

Well, for a while I had the emptiest feeling. It was a strange weakness—as if someone had hit me in the solar plexus and I was trying to catch my breath. However, that all-gone sensation did not last long, for it happened that I had a friend who was a chauffeur. He was also a good salesman. He sold me on the idea that with my clientele of sportsmen I would soon be making a fortune selling cars. To myself I argued that selling and writing were not so very different after all. If I could sell Harvey Woodruff—the sporting editor of the Record—some of the stuff that I had dashed off, perhaps I could do equally well with motor cars. Which logic was all wrong. I had not taken into consideration that while my articles were harmless, automobiles were not; that while a sportsman was not afraid of them, he often had a wife who was. So during that first hectic year I made only $800—little more than half of what I had been getting as a reporter!

The next year I began to polish off the rough edges of my salesmanship and to put into effect a little service idea that I had been thinking about during that first lean year. In those days, when a car was sold, we wished the owner well, and that was all there was to it. If he had any engine trouble we gave him our sincere sympathy. Nothing more. It occurred to me that if I kept a car in my back yard and agreed to tow customers any hour of the night or day, as well as tend to repairs, it might increase my sales. It did. So much so, that an $800 year was followed by a $12,000 year.

Though that day I was fired as a reporter marks the real turning point of my life, it was succeeded three years later by a second one, in the form of an offer to become partner in an automobile sales agency. The owner was the son of a very wealthy man. When he married, his wife insisted that he go to work. The result was that at the close of his first year in business he showed $45,000 in the red, and promptly invited me to become his partner. Out of the twelve salesmen in our factory branch, I had sold 85 per cent of the cars, so when this offer was made I knew it was not because of my personality or the way I parted my hair. His proposition was that I put up $2000 and draw sixty-five dollars a week. It was a chance, and I took it. The next year we picked up the $45,000 loss and showed a profit. However, the future was far from promising. In the first place, we had overtraded. There were a good many cars on our floor that I seemed unable to move.

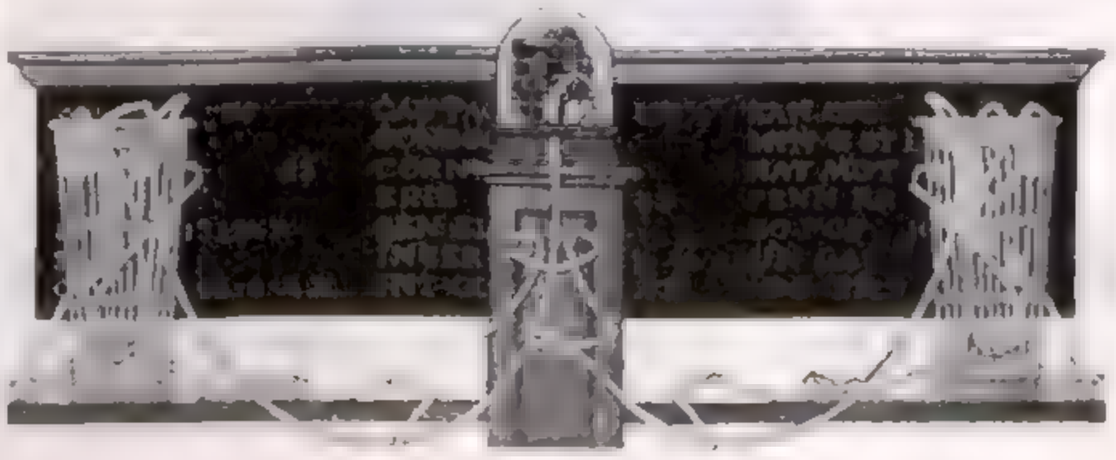
It actually looked as though we had saturated our market, for our field was comparatively limited. Only a wealthy man could afford a car in those days. Then he insisted on driving it until the engine fell out from under him. Consequently he was not in the market for three or four years after his first purchase. Which is entirely too long a wait for any business. Things looked serious until the idea struck me that these surplus cars could be put to work by providing each one with a chauffeur who would drive out on the streets and solicit passengers. That pointed to the ultimate solution of all our problems. First, it would take care of our overstock; second, it would give us an immediate and continued repeat business; and third, our prospects would no longer be limited to any one class.

My partner, a man of dignity, shook his head over the proposal and said his family was ashamed to go into the livery business. But we went anyway. And the establishment of a taxi service in Chicago marked my third turning point.

It is true that each difficult situation in my life drove home the same story: "Grab your problems by the horns and convert them into turning points," or, as we Westerners say: "Bulldog your steer!"

So if you are suddenly—through no fault of yours—ushered out of a job, thank Providence, and find a better one. But never leave your job because someone has offered you an easier one. Remember that only the steepest hills provide the real view. Also, that there are many industries waiting for a founder, and the only requisites are men with a readiness and a willingness to begin at the beginning and fight it out.

—JOHN HERTZ.



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KOBI OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 21)

on an encircling movement such as had been the custom of natives when hunting these wary animals from time immemorial. A score of light cedar canoes put to sea, traveling on courses that would take them past the pod by the margin of half a mile. Presently one canoe dropped out and remained stationary, then after an interval another. Each man paddled silently, knowing that the ears of sea otters were very keen. Sleeping placidly through all the natural sounds of the sea, the screaming of birds, roaring of sea lions and the blowing of whales, a sea otter would wake instantly at the creak of oarlocks, a heavy step in the bottom of a boat or an incautiously wielded paddle striking a canoe. Also the sea otter's sense of smell was extremely acute. Man scent, drifting across the surface of the sea from a distance of half a mile, would stampede a pod of sea otters as surely as the report of a cannon. Therefore the hunters that were to take the upwind side of the pod posted themselves last.

When all were stationed in the surround, as this native method of sea-otter hunting had been styled by the whites, the ring drew in upon the prey, the canoes converging upon a common center and narrowing the gaps between.

Kobi, sleeping upon his mother's breast, waked suddenly at her violent start. The faintest possible taint of man scent had drifted to her sensitive nose over the surface of the sea, faint indeed but sufficient to galvanize her into immediate panic. She was off on the instant. The hunters on the upward side, seeing the various members of the pod getting swiftly under way, knew that their scent had drifted down ahead of them and that further concealment was impossible. Their shouts rang across the sea, along with a series of reports as they fired at long range. Every sea otter dived, rising only to secure breath when necessary, and at the instant that a head broke water there were rifle balls spatting the surface viciously about it. In every instance the otter dived again without securing a full breath of air

If not encumbered with the infant Kobi, his mother could have traveled under water for perhaps two hundred yards without rising. Kobi, however, could not remain immersed for so long a time, nor could he travel at his mother's high rate of speed. After fifty yards of such submarine travel he rose for a breath of air, only to dive before quite filling his lungs as rifle balls reached for him.

The cunning of this native method of hunting sea otters—upon which the white men were unable to improve—was soon demonstrated. The attention of the fleeing otters was centered on the canoes behind them. All senses combined to inform them of danger in the rear. Man scent reeked in their nostrils, their ears were assailed by shouts and the reports of guns, and their eyes detected the flashing blades of paddles as the canoes skimmed down upon them with the speed of darting swallows. Ahead all was silent, no scent could reach them against the wind, and the occupants of the canoes that waited on the downwind side remained crouched and motionless to avoid the eyes of their intended prey. Not until quite close to the boats did the otters, intent upon escaping the peril in the rear, become aware of the menace ahead. Meanwhile they had been chased at top speed for perhaps a mile, traveling under water the entire distance save when forced to the surface for breath. Not once had the churning rifle balls permitted a single head to remain above the surface for a sufficient space to inflate the lungs fully with air. As a consequence, upon encountering these new and nearer enemies just ahead the lungs of every otter in the pod were laboring, and they found themselves unable to remain immersed for any considerable period. Some of them, instead of holding to a straight course and endeavoring to dive beyond the canoes ahead, turned back, only to be confronted by the canoes that raced on from the rear.

Kobi, tired and desperately pressed for air, rose to the surface and discovered a line of canoes close ahead, others to the right front and the left. Terror-stricken, he submerged without having inhaled sufficient air to last him more than a few yards beneath the surface. Instinctively he turned back on his course to avoid the canoes in front. He missed the dark shape of his mother traveling with him, rose to the surface to look for her and saw nothing but canoes converging upon him, darting across the surface like skimming sea birds. His aching lungs demanded air even if death should follow inhalation. Had Kobi been an adult sea otter his life would have paid the penalty for that lingering quarter minute. But the keen-eyed hunters in the near-by canoes, no longer firing indiscriminately at every head to force it down without sufficient air, knew this for the head of a baby sea otter whose pelt would be valueless. Poised, ready to fire on the instant, they waited for the head of an adult otter.

Midway of Kobi's life-giving inhalation a dark shape broke surface a short distance from him. A half dozen rifle shots greeted it and a shout of triumph rose on the air, only to be quickly hushed as the hunters realized that the rising otter, a mother with her infant clasped to her breast, had not been shot through the head. Instead a rifle ball had killed the babe, tearing it from her grasp. Out in the center of the circle of hunters, now but two hundred yards across, two canoes cruised cautiously, each paddled by a brawny young buck while in the prow of each an old native stood poised with a sealing spear held aloft.

The body of the young sea otter suddenly disappeared and watchful hunters knew that the mother had snatched it from below, drawing it to fancied safety. Kobi, sounding again, his lungs refreshed, swam confusedly in aimless circles. When next he rose it was to find the head of an old male otter breaking surface near him. A rifle ball found its mark, and Kobi, diving again instantly, saw a dark shape sinking slowly through the clear water. The old dog otter, shot while his lungs were deflated of air, failed to float, but sank and wore his thousand-dollar pelt to the bottom of the Pacific. Already another otter, similarly shot through the head, had disappeared before the native could retrieve it. A third floated and was pulled into a canoe that darted swiftly to the spot. The white men, substituting guns for native spears, had thus made the surround more deadly, but also doubly wasteful. A full half of the otters so shot sank and their pelts were lost.

The mother sea otter, alarmed at the limpness of the dead babe that she still clasped to her breast, rose to give it air, dived again instantly, but too late. One of the aged natives made his cast, and his spear, following her under water, pierced her body. She sank, but a long rawhide cord, one end attached to the spear while the other was fast to a float fashioned from an inflated seal skin, sustained her weight. No pelts were lost when seals or sea otters were hunted by spear and float in old-time native fashion.

Kobi, hopelessly bewildered, continued to dive and to rise again. His mother, having held to the straight course, missed Kobi. She rose to the surface and during the excitement attendant upon the other killings, half of the canoes being engaged in a vain search for the two sinking otters, she managed to fill her lungs with air. Then, instead of diving far under the canoe and out of the deadly circle to safety, she quested back in the face of almost certain death to search for Kobi.

The floundering Kobi felt himself seized from below and snatched beneath the surface. The next instant, clasped firmly by his mother's short forelegs, he was being

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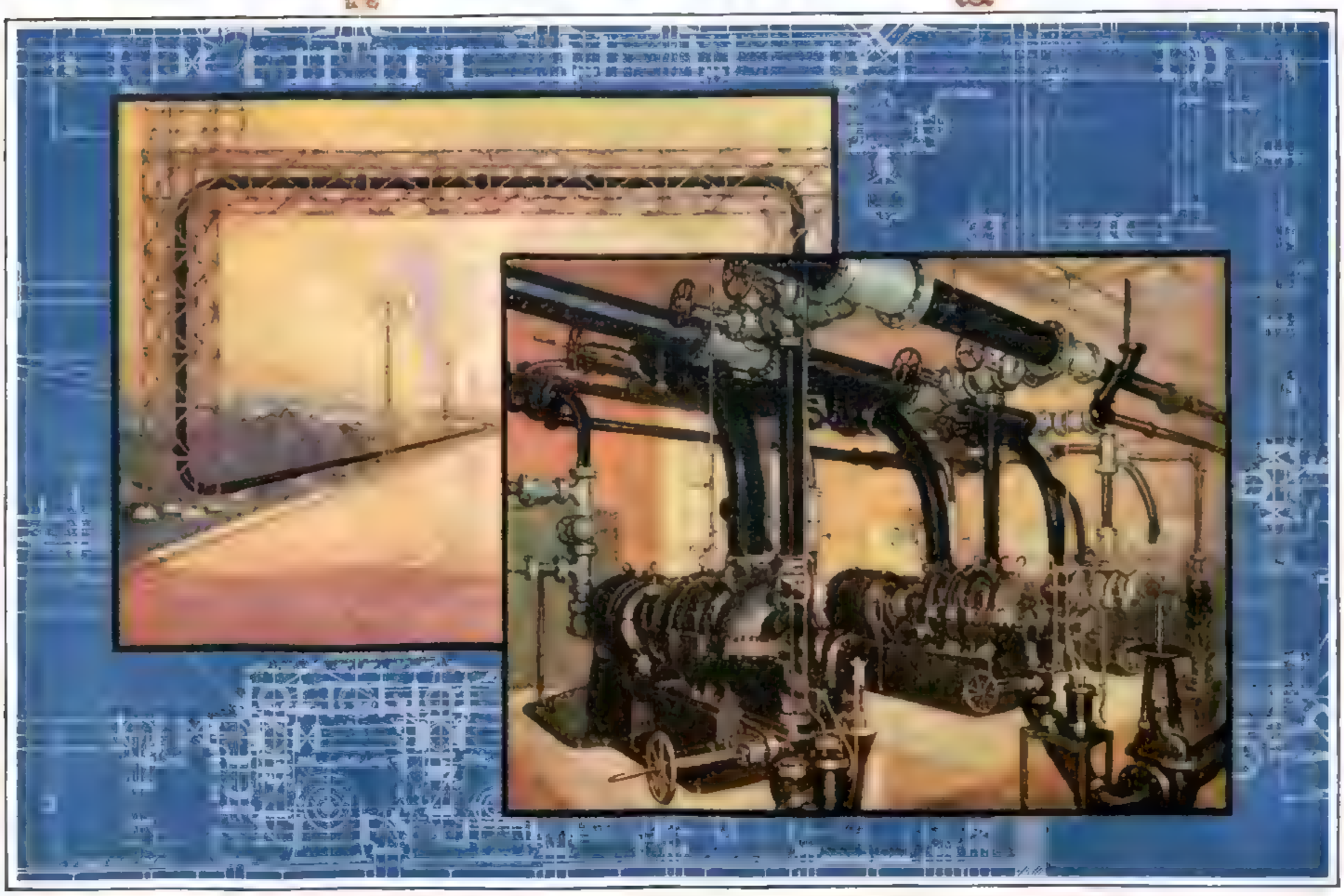

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MEYERCORD *Decalcomania*

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propelled through the water at top speed. The hunters saw a dark shape, so close to the surface that it threw a ripple, heading directly toward the nearest canoe. Promptly the paddlers put back so that she would be forced to rise within the deadly circle. The canoes on the far side, observing this maneuver and interpreting it accurately, moved forward at once. But Kobi's mother, a wise old sea otter who had escaped from the fearsome meshes of three native surrounds before now, dipped deeper and doubled on her course.

Kobi, his lungs refreshed by his repeated flounderings on the surface and now finding it unnecessary to burn up this fuel by rapid muscular exertion of his own, remained immersed for a longer period than any since his initial plunge. A dark shape moved above them, traveling the opposite direction. His mother, her own lungs aching, passed far beyond the canoes and held on until Kobi's struggles announced that he neared the point of suffocation. Then she rose and they both took on air, remaining undiscovered for a moment. Then a rifle ball, spatting viciously upon the water close to them, drove them under and the old otter struggled on desperately toward safety. She tacked and doubled to elude three pursuing canoes. Not once were the boats sufficiently stationary to afford opportunity for accurate shooting when she rose to the surface for air. Shooting from a skimming canoe was a difficult feat and when the paddler slacked off to permit a better aiming the otter dived again.

For two miles this desperate chase kept on. Then the old otter, almost at the limit of endurance, rounded a point and came out into a stretch that was exposed to the sweep of the open sea. The waves afforded a measure of protection and eventually she shook off her pursuers and struck out in a northerly direction across the open waters of the Gulf of Alaska.

At last she turned upon her back and rested. Kobi, thoroughly exhausted, slept for many hours upon her breast. When he waked it was to find the sea all about him filled with traveling fur seals, the big spring migration of the fur-seal herds coming back from the south to push on to the breeding grounds on the distant Pribyloffs in the Bering Sea. These travelers surged on in thousands. Kobi observed several smudges on the horizon, a few sails looming above the edge of the sea, columns of smoke not far distant—the sealing fleet, steam and sailing vessels of British, Russian, Japanese and American registry following the northward migration routes of the fur-seal herds to prey upon them.

The herd had been located from the lookouts of various sealers, and already the hunting boats had put out from parent vessels in considerable force. A dull rumble of reports sounded from far and wide across the surface of the sea as the slaughter progressed. This killing, too, was wasteful, for nearly half of the seals that were shot by the hunters sank before they could be retrieved. Twice during the day Kobi and his mother were chased by sealing boats and again the young sea otter knew the fear of the vicious spurts of water thrown up close to his ears as rifle bullets searched for him. But in both instances the two otters eluded their pursuers without great difficulty. There was a fair sea running, which hampered the marksmanship of the gunners and also permitted Kobi and his mother to rise frequently for breath while protected from sight in the trough between two waves.

These two ordeals—to be caught in the mesh of a native surround and to run the gantlet of pelagic sealers in the open sea—were never to be experienced again by Kobi. The fur-seal herds of the Pacific, once ranging in magnificent millions, had been scaled down to a pitiful remnant. That year was destined almost to put an end to Pacific fur seals. But in the following year, by a treaty between the nations, pelagic sealing was abolished.

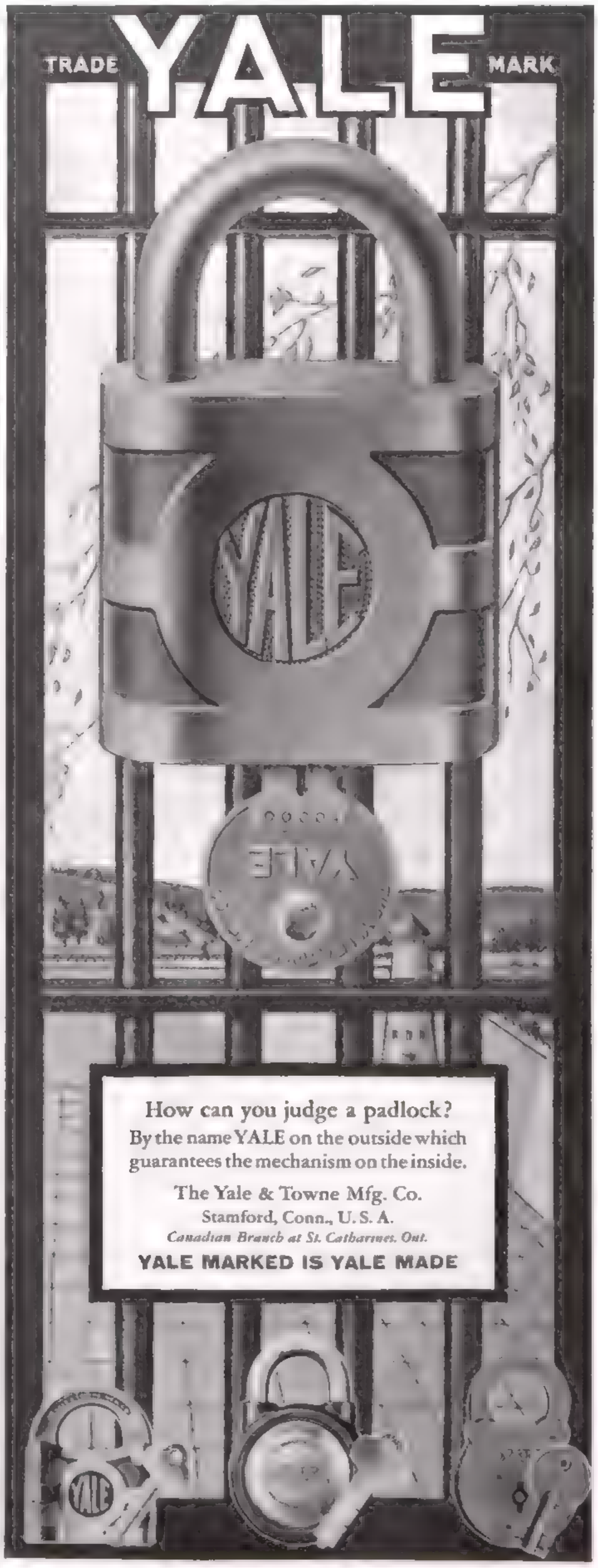
Kobi's mother cruised northward until she came to the shores of Montague Island, a large body of land, wild, rugged and with heavily forested shores and snow-clad peaks, uninhabited even by natives. She loitered here on the Pacific side of the rock-bound shores of Montague, a favorite resort of sea otters. And presently two old friends, a mother sea otter and her female babe that also had escaped from the surround, joined Kobi and his mother off the shores of Montague. Thus reunited, Kobi resumed his play with Katalli, the young she-otter. They romped together in the surf, rolling over and over in the tumbling seas, and together they coasted on the crests of incoming breakers. Also they dived together to hunt for sea eggs, for they were now learning to shift for themselves.

Kobi, after his appetite had been appeased, often emulated the example of his mother and gathered still more sea eggs, going to sleep upon his back with these reserve delicacies clasped to his breast with his broad forepaws, waking occasionally to eat one.

There are seasons when the pelts of all the different fur bearers show the effects of rubbing, when the fur is unprime, the time of year varying according to the species. The fur of fox and marten, even in far northern climes, begins to slip in February or in March. The pelts of beaver and muskrat are prime in April. The bear, coming from his den in May, is covered with a coat of long hair, wearing a prime pelt long after hair of all other land fur bearers has started to slip. The sea otter, to his own undoing, wears a pelt that is perfect and prime every month in the year. Yet it had been a matter of comment among sealers and fur buyers that the hides of many sea otters showed queer rubbed spots—not on flanks, sides or backs, such as characterize late-caught spring pelts of other fur bearers, but small bare spots high on the breasts of otherwise perfect pelts. Now the only thought of most sealers was merely to fire instantly at the head of any sea otter that broke water, not to observe for so much as a second except through the sights of a rifle. As a consequence little was known of the habits of this vanishing breed. Not one live specimen graced the zoölogical parks of the world. The matter of these small bare patches on the breasts of sea-otter pelts occasioned some speculation. Kobi could have explained the matter. The shell of the sea egg is knobby and rough. The sea otter, sleeping on its back and clasping to its breast a cluster of these rough objects, is rocked by the action of the waves, a motion sufficient in the course of time to rasp the hair from the spot where the sea eggs are held. Kobi himself, from adoption of this custom, soon was showing a rubbed spot on his breast just between his forelegs.

A dozen or more of Kobi's clan inhabited the Pacific side of Montague. Soon a small boat outfitted both with white and with native hunters, cruised into those isolated waters on a sea-otter hunt. The two mothers and their infants, accompanied by an old male that attached himself to the party, moved on north and west, rounded the Kenai Peninsula and stopped for a period off the mouth of Cook's Inlet. It was here that Kobi had his first glimpse of belugas, the white whales of the north. These small milk-white whales inhabited the inlet in numbers.

Then the pod of sea otters, its ranks now augmented by a barren three-year-old female, moved westward along the Alaskan Peninsula after having been driven from these parts by other hunters. Later still they crossed to the Kodiak-Afognak Islands. Kobi, his endurance now almost equal to that of the adult otters, preferred traveling with Katalli. She would romp and play with him, the spirits of these youngsters rebounding more rapidly after being hunted than did those of the older members of the pod. Kobi and Katalli, having escaped each new danger, looked forward with the optimism of youth to better days. The older animals had been hunted throughout their lives. They had seen the thousands of their fellows that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swarmed round the rocky islands and in offshore reefs depleted almost to the vanishing point. Each of them had experienced many a narrow escape. Past experience had not been of a variety that led to any belief other than that they would be hunted persistently to the end. They were friendly, even affectionate, but not inclined to play. The strain of constant apprehension and watchfulness was not conducive to playfulness. Kobi, therefore, could turn only to Katalli when his youthful spirits demanded a vigorous bit of play to relieve the strain of constant caution.

It was in the Shelikof Straits that he encountered his first bad storm. High-rolling waves he knew, for these were bad waters, but he had experienced no such violence of the elements before. A gale rolled out of the west to lash the waters of the straits. The wind screeched with increasing fury and tossed up mountainous seas. Kobi found himself first in a deep trough with tremendous walls of water on all sides, then riding the crest of a watery peak, lashed by stinging froth, with green canyons yawning all about him. For two days and nights the storm raged with unabated fury. Kobi grew hungry. They could not repair to shallow banks and dive for sea eggs in such a blow. With these tremendous seas running, the rocks of shallow banks would be bare one moment and submerged beneath a dozen fathoms the next, and an attempt to feed there would probably result in his being pounded to death on the rocks of the shores.

At last the blow wore itself out and the giant seas became less violent. Autumn was coming on and Kobi was to encounter these storms of the North Pacific with increasing frequency. Left unmolested, the otters would have preferred to linger in some favorite group of islands or along some particular stretch of coast line, but there was ever some hunter to hound them on, so they traveled farther to the westward along the Alaska Peninsula and among the outlying islands.

They were now in the country of the Aleuts, natives who were expert boatmen and sea-otter hunters. They put to sea in skin bidarkas, narrow crafts completely covered over save for the hatches where the paddlers knelt, and to which were attached waterproof seal skins so fitted that the loose ends were tied round the paddlers' waists to seal out the water.

Winter shut down upon the northern seas. The remnants of the fur-seal herds migrated southward to more sunny climes. It is probable that Kobi's clan, too, in an earlier day before so many hunters swarmed in southern waters, moved south ahead of winter storms—not in a systematic migration like that of the seals, but rather as a scattered withdrawal ahead of inclement weather. No record of it remains, but it seems probable from the fact that the sea otter is poorly equipped by habit to withstand extremely cold temperatures.

With the first raging blizzard of the winter Kobi, to whose well-furred body the waters still seemed warm, felt the effect of the bitter temperature of the outside air to which his face was exposed. He suffered greatly. Reclining on his back, the whipping spray soon began to freeze on his muzzle, frosting his tender nose and eyelids. He was forced to dip his head frequently beneath the surface to prevent the freezing of these members. As the winter progressed storms raged across the North Pacific with increasing violence. Spray froze on hulls, decks and rigging of boats, and as they passed they appeared as white ghosts of ships plowing through the smother. It was a particularly severe winter and the little pod of sea otters with which Kobi consorted was hard pressed. Late in the winter the old dog otter that had joined the others off Montague, his nose frozen until it swelled and hindered his breathing, gave up the struggle, and Kobi saw him no more.

With the coming of spring there were gunboats patrolling the North Pacific and the Bering Sea to enforce the new sealing law, protecting the seals on their breeding ground in the Pribyloffs and patrolling the migration routes to apprehend such vessels as might engage in seal piracy. This occupation, it was soon discovered, was both hazardous and unprofitable. The remaining seals were few, the crews of the gunboats watchful, the possibility of profit more than offset by the risk.

Sea-otter hunting was also prohibited, but these animals received no such adequate protection. It was one thing to equip steam or sailing vessel with an expensive crew for seal piracy in the open seas, where detection was almost certain and where the catch must consist of thousands of pelts to defray the bare expenses even in the event that the craft avoided capture, but it was a far simpler and safer matter for a hunter to cruise in a small boat along some isolated stretch of uninhabited coast line to poach for an animal so valuable that a single pelt would show a profit on the season's operations. Seal piracy soon died out, while sea-otter poaching increased.

The fur seals began to increase, slowly at first, then with increasing rapidity until they were destined at last to become sufficiently numerous so that their skins once more would constitute an important item of commerce. Kobi's clan, however, continued its swift descent into oblivion.

McDonald, a shrewd and well-known trader of Western Alaska, tried to remedy this situation. It was only one more instance of the traditional shortsightedness of the fur trade to permit it, he pointed out—the same sort of folly that had permitted overhunting to reduce the fur seals from more than three million animals to a remnant of thirty thousand, then to protest against the protection of the remaining few; the same suicidal policy that had resulted in the overtrapping that had removed the beaver skin as an important item of commerce more than half a century before. It was not the poachers but the fur traders who were to blame, he insisted. The hunters would not take the pelts if the traders refused to purchase them. That was certain. Ten or a dozen years of protection of the few remaining thousands of sea otters would result in a tremendous increase so that the season could be opened and every hunter of Western Alaska could expect to bag a sufficient number of pelts annually to furnish him a magnificent income. This fugitive practice of hunting down the few survivors would result in the extermination of the breed in five years.

Besides, there was the matter of price. As the sea otter grew rarer the price per pelt instead of increasing had diminished considerably so far as the local hunters and traders were concerned. Outside fur buyers, taking long chances in smuggling out pelts, demanded a larger profit on their end, as did the furriers who handled the contraband pelts after they had arrived in the States. Therefore the price that the smuggling fur buyers would pay to local traders did not exceed a third of former returns. Far better that all concerned should wait ten years and see the day when every sea-otter hunter could bag half a dozen skins annually, market them lawfully for a thousand dollars or so a skin, than to persist in the present practice of poaching one or two skins annually and receiving three hundred dollars apiece for them from the outside trade. To see the wisdom of it, McDonald insisted, any man needed only to apply common sense.

But he found few that were endowed with sufficient of that commodity to enable them to see beyond the possibility of immediate small profit whenever a contraband sea-otter skin appeared at a trading post. The animal was dead, they argued, so what good would result from refusing to purchase the pelt? Refusal would not restore it to life. McDonald's missionary work in this respect, even though backed by the better class of traders, failed to bear fruit. Even among those who pretended to accord most heartily with his views there were some who played it up to their own advantage.

Chief among the traffickers in contraband sea-otter skins, McDonald was satisfied, was one Karendoff, a Russian trader of the native village of Kalitak. Karendoff was engaged in various businesses besides that of fur trader, one of which was a private herring saltery. It was no feat to conceal a half dozen sea-otter pelts in a barrel of herring, fill the receptacle with brine and ship it with a consignment of barreled herring to a confederate in the States. Karendoff resorted to this method and many others in smuggling out sea-otter pelts, but McDonald could not prove it. Sea-otter poaching and the smuggling of pelts became a recognized occupation.

Meanwhile Kobi saw fewer and fewer of his own kind, though the other mammals of the northern seas he encountered in numbers as abundant as formerly. Whales and sea lions were holding their own and the fur seal were increasing year by year. The few survivors of his own kind were in constant danger. There were no more organized native surrounds and no longer did swarms of hunting boats put off from pelagic sealing vessels in the open sea, but these advantages were more than offset by the resourceful white and native poachers who prowled the inshore waters among the islands and the rocky reefs in small swift power boats and skin bidarkas. There seemed no haven of refuge.

During his second year Kobi slept on his back one bright warm day and drifted too close to a group of barren rocks that rose from the sea. A patient Aleut, knowing this spot to be a favorite resort of sea otters, had waited in concealment there for several days. Now he was looking down the barrel of his rifle at Kobi, the nearest member of the pod. It was a long shot. The hunter had hoped that the otters would come to the rocks. But they were drifting in a direction that would bring them down wind from him. It was but a question of minutes until one of the pod would catch his scent and give the alarm. Then every animal would dive and disappear on the instant, and his long awaited chance would be lost.

Kobi, sleeping on his back, presented the best target. The native pulled on his breast and pressed the trigger. Kobi woke with a shock, one forepaw shattered and a long burning streak of fire across his breast. An inch or two lower and the rifle ball would have finished him. When again he broke surface he was out of range of the native hunter on the rock. For several weeks the long diagonal wound on his breast pained him somewhat, but far less than the shattered foot. The injury to that member also proved a serious handicap in securing and handling sea eggs. After it had healed he had only partial use of it and when again the hair grew upon the wound on his breast it came in white, leaving a long diagonal white streak in his dark fur.

He mated that year with Katalli, the she-otter who had been the playmate of his infancy. And in the spring Katalli was carrying a tiny infant clasped to her breast with her short forelegs. Kobi drifted always near her as Katalli crooned soft lullabies to her babe. Kobi's mother, too, had a new infant daughter at her breast.

There was no season of respite for Kobi's clan. In midsummer when the pelts of land fur bearers were unprime and valueless, they were left unmolested by men, and so went safely about the business of rearing their young. But Kobi's pelt was prime throughout the year and it was in midsummer when the weather was fairest and the sea its calmest that men hunted for him most persistently.

It was on a hot still day in August that Kobi's mother, drifting too close to a watchful Aleut concealed in a crevice of the rocks at low tide, was shot through the head, and her infant, floundering round the spot, was left behind as the rest of the pod dived and headed for the open sea.

Sea-otter poaching was followed so relentlessly that by the time Kobi had reached his sixth year men waked to the fact that the sea otter was definitely of the past. Once ranging the Pacific coast of America in untold thousands, various authorities estimated the possible number of sea otters left alive in the oceans of the world at from thirty to forty individuals, most of them in the waters of Western Alaska.

Karendoff, discussing the matter with McDonald, deplored the passing of the sea otter. To which McDonald replied gruffly. He knew this Karendoff.

"If only the fools had listened to reason six years back when there were still sea otters left in these waters, there'd have been close to twenty thousand now, and a few years hence every hunter and trader in Western Alaska would have been making big money again, instead of regretting that there's only thirty or forty sea otters left on the whole Pacific coast," Mac stated surlily. "And what did all this poaching of the last few years get them? Not one thing! Not a hunter or trader in Western Alaska made more than a few dollars out of it. They tossed off their chance for nothing, and worked hard at it."

Karendoff, standing with McDonald on the high rocky headland where the latter had built his post, gazed reflectively out across the sea to a group of low flat islands and rocky reefs some five miles offshore. "Anyway, you have saved a few," he said. "Natives tell me that one last little pod of sea otters is ranging among Cormorant Reefs and that you have protected them well from poachers. How many, do you know?"

"None," McDonald said. "Poachers cleaned out the reefs last year. There were only four. They got them all."

Karendoff's little eyes studied McDonald's face. Its expression spoke of concealment rather than of anger or regret over the occurrence that he had just reported. It was not convincing.

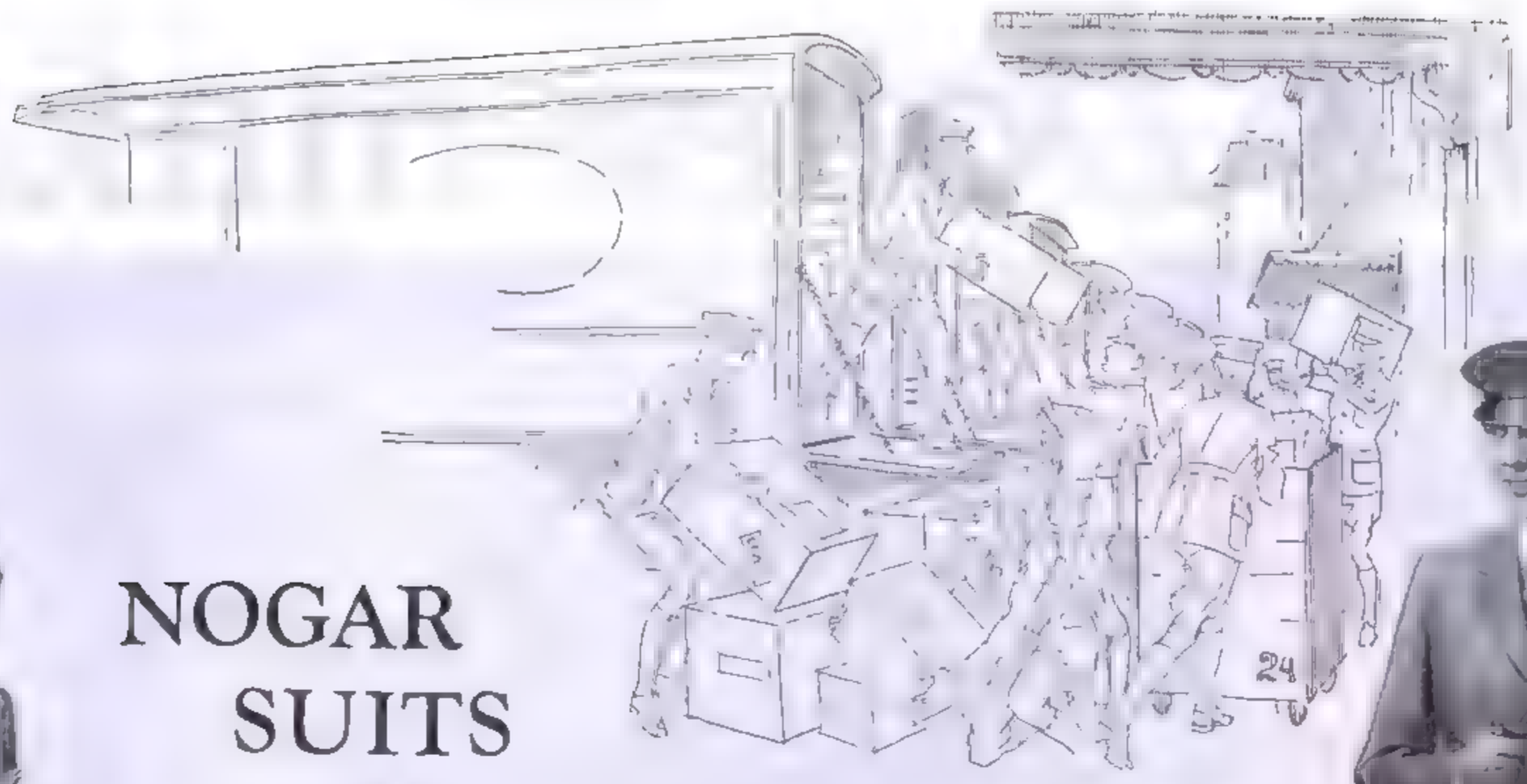
"Ah! That is bad," said Karendoff; "very bad."

After his departure McDonald, sitting on the lofty headland, trained his powerful binoculars on the reefs and the islands, so flat that they were almost awash at high tide. The day was calm, the waters almost glassily smooth with but a gentle swell. Eventually McDonald made out a tiny speck that was Kobi floating asleep on the surface between two outlying rocks.

For Kobi and Katalli were still numbered among the few survivors of their clan. Some two years back they had drifted to Cormorant Reefs, once a favorite resort for their kind, and they had found two other sea otters there. Still another, an unattached female, had come drifting in. They had remained there for the reason that for the first time in their lives they were unmolested. The local natives knew quite well that swift justice would be dealt to them by McDonald if he detected them in the act of sea-otter hunting. His glasses could sweep the entire expanse of low flat islands and rocks of Cormorant Reefs and there was small chance of a boat that pursued otters thereabouts escaping his vigilance.

McDonald, supplied with food and water for several days, made an annual pilgrimage to the reefs, cached his boat and remained in concealment to watch these few survivors of a vanishing race to determine whether or not they increased. There was one among them that was recognizable as an individual, an old dog otter with a diagonal white streak across the dark fur of his breast. This fellow, always accompanied by his mate, had a favorite hauling-out place on the rocks at the head of a shallow inlet. When McDonald made his visit on Kobi's sixth summer the otters of Cormorant Reefs had increased to eight. There was one yearling of the past season and there were two females with newborn infants. Again he watched Kobi, the white-scarred dog otter, haul out on the rocks at the head of the inlet. Close at hand Katalli floated on her back, and McDonald could hear the low crooning notes that she hummed to the tiny mite of fur at her breast.

(Continued on Page 169)



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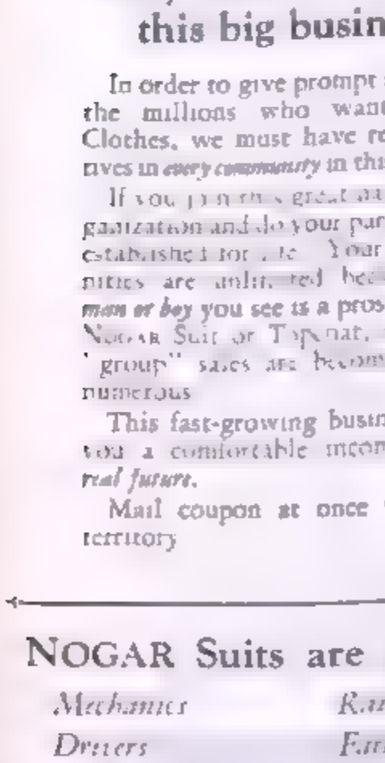

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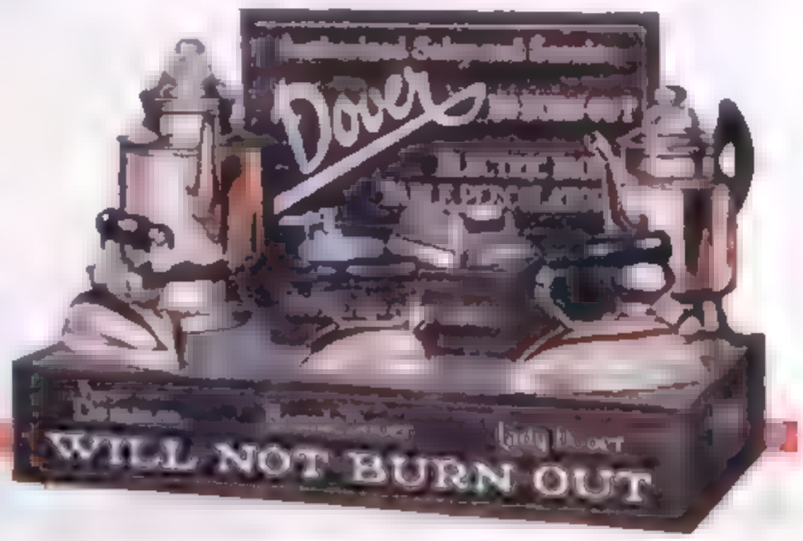
The store displaying this stand is an authorized Dover Dealer with a full stock of all Dover products ready to serve you.



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Beautiful sets with Creamer and Sugar Bowl and Tray—all exquisitely finished—priced surprisingly low. Or, the Dover Table Percolator alone—6 cup size, $9.00, 9 cup size, $10.50. Sold by authorized Dover dealers everywhere.

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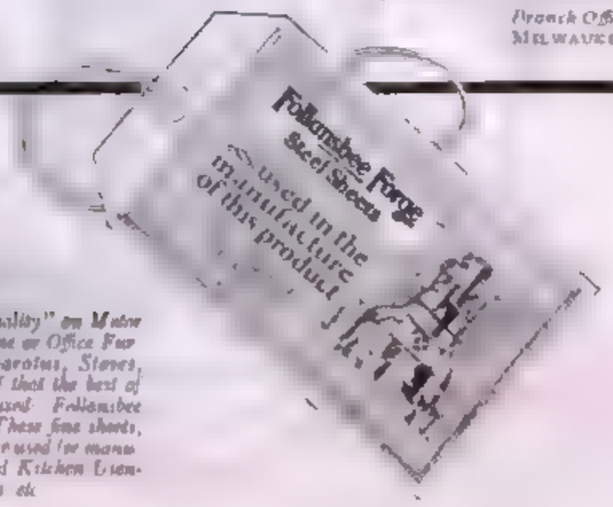

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STEEL SHEETS

(Continued from Page 164)

Kobi lolled about in the warm days of summer, rode out the winter storms, but always he remained in a limited area that embraced the low flat islands and rocks of Cormorant Reefs. Sea eggs, his favorite food, were abundant. Fish, too, when he chose to vary his diet, swarmed in the shallow waters. He had reverted to the life led by his forbears generations in the past, no longer continually harassed and hounded from one spot to the next. Having found a haven of refuge here, and food in plenty, he remained. He had almost forgotten the old life of constant danger and watchfulness, the ceaseless traveling. Now he could indulge his natural taste for play and romp with Katalli and her young. During the next six years the little pod of otters in Cormorant Reefs increased to twenty-three. Once in that time poachers raided the place but succeeded in killing only one otter before McDonald was after them in a power boat. Other animals, hounded from various retreats, had drifted into this haven and remained. A few pairs had drifted away. Kobi and Katalli were now twelve years of age, quite old as sea otters go.

In other spots, too, their tribe had been gradually increasing. Certain factors had contributed to this increase after the species had been considered as virtually doomed to extinction. With the risks attendant upon the smuggling of sea-otter pelts the outside buyers had refused to pay more than two hundred dollars a skin at the maximum. Now, too, the sale of a pelt in the United States was absolutely taboo, so the customers who were willing to risk confiscation of their furs were few. Also, sea otters had become so rare that a hunter might cruise for an entire season without so much as sighting one. Most of the poachers had quit the game. So, gradually, the few remaining pods and scattered pairs had increased. McDonald now estimated the number of sea otters in the waters of Western Alaska as well in excess of two hundred individuals, and his hope of seeing the coasts and islands once more abundantly populated with them revived somewhat.

But this very increase was, in a way, a menace. Rumors of the increase led former poachers to believe that there might now be opportunity to make a profit from engaging again in the traffic. Still, the restriction against marketing skins in America and the consequently small price that would accrue to local hunters and traders were deterring factors. Then Karendoff set about devising some means to eliminate these troublesome obstacles. He studied long, and eventually came forth with a plausible argument.

It was well known that during severe winter storms some sea otters became afflicted with frozen noses and perished from the effects, also that the carcasses of some of these unfortunates occasionally were washed ashore. In the old days when the animals had been abundant it had been the practice of the natives to follow the shore line in bidarkas after particularly severe storms to search for such prizes as might have been washed up by the waves. Now the possession of a sea-otter skin was a punishable offense. Natives, being forced to live largely upon the natural resources of the region, had been accorded certain privileges in matters of hunting and fishing that were denied to the whites. Why, then, deprive them of this perfectly harmless source of revenue to be derived from salvaging the skins of animals that were already dead? No harm in that. The arguments were plausibly put.

McDonald tried to block this regulation. In order to prevent the alleged waste of the few possible sea-otter skins that might be salvaged from dead animals, it would actually operate to legalize the slaughter of sea otters, he insisted. What was there to prevent every native from making affidavit that the sea-otter skins in his possession were retrieved from animals found dead when actually he had slain them? What to hinder a white poacher or trader from bribing a native to make affidavit to cover any skin, no matter how obtained? But his arguments were unavailing, and so the matter stood. Traders could now send sea-otter skins openly to market and secure good prices for them if each pelt was accompanied by an affidavit from some native to the effect that the animal had been found dead.

That year some forty-odd skins were salvaged from dead sea otters, according to the affidavits, even though the winter had been particularly mild and open. Karendoff handled at least half of the skins, marketed them at prices ranging up to fifteen hundred dollars apiece and profited enormously.

"So much better this way," he sighed. "The poor natives of my district can now realize on such dead animals as they find. It has eliminated all the waste."

McDonald grunted.

"And how is the pod of sea otters offshore from your post—in Cormorant Reefs?" Karendoff inquired. "Flourishing, I hear."

"You hear wrong!" McDonald growled.

And Karendoff smiled.

Shortly thereafter a native of Kalitak desired to take to wife a young Aleut girl of the village and he haunted the barabara of her parents. But the Aleut girl favored the suit of one from a neighboring settlement. The love-lorn Aleut consulted Karendoff, who listened, calculating meanwhile as to possible profit.

"Most difficult," he said reflectively. "I will see what can be done. It might be arranged. With your skill, it will be not too difficult for you to find two sea otters that have died and washed ashore. When you come to me with two perfect skins I will use my influence with the girl to see that she favors the suit of so worthy a hunter as yourself."

The Aleut nodded.

"I have heard the Cormorant Reefs harbor many sea otters that have grown tame from lack of hunting," Karendoff said reflectively.

The native nodded his understanding. He, too, knew of the sea otters of the Cormorant Reefs—and why it was a dangerous matter to hunt them. If he showed himself among the Cormorant Reefs in the light of day and shot a sea otter the trader McDonald would be most certain to apprehend him. And it was impossible to shoot at night.

But in the early days of sea-otter hunting the Aleuts had employed other methods as effective as the surround. For three nights the native worked secretly in his barabara and on the fourth he put to sea in his single-hatch bidarka. For two days he paddled along the shore toward McDonald's stronghold. Then, by night, he put off for Cormorant Reefs, cached his bidarka and concealed himself on a flat island from which he could spy upon the action of the otters.

He saw Kobi and Katalli swim the length of a shallow inlet and haul out upon the rocks at their favorite landing spot, accompanied by a three-month infant. Both were large old otters. The sea otter, in fact, is the largest of the world's fur bearers—excepting bears. Kobi's pelt would stretch a good seven feet in length from tip to tip.

After perhaps an hour or two of romping among the rocks the sea-otter family took to the water again and swam in leisurely fashion out of the inlet, dived for sea eggs and then posted off to visit with their neighbors. The distant observer waited until night fell again, then set out in his bidarka for the narrow inlet. Some distance back from its mouth he stretched the sea-otter net that he had constructed in the privacy of his barabara.

The floats attached to its upper edge held it suspended, the weights along its opposite extremity drew its lower edge deep in the water. The two ends he attached to opposite shores by means of light rawhide ropes, securing them but slightly so that a tug of any proportions would release them. The loose net would belly with the current, in with flow tide, out with ebb. When everything had been arranged to his satisfaction the native retired to a point of vantage and settled patiently to wait. He was supplied with food and water to last ten days if necessary.

For two days and nights he waited without results. Then, just at dusk, Kobi, Katalli and their infant son swam into the narrow inlet. The native watched anxiously. The net had been so constructed that it sagged slightly between the floats. Kobi pressed down and passed over one of these sagging spots, followed by Katalli and the young sea otter. The family hauled out on the flat rocks at the head of the inlet and played about.

Still the Aleut waited with exceeding patience. The tide was going out, which would belly the net in the right direction. He waited until the ebb tide was running strong, and looked toward the shore to make sure that it was sufficiently dark so that his movements could not be observed by that grim watcher on the distant headland. Then he put off in his bidarka.

Kobi, lazily content, romped in the shallow water with his infant son, who rode him about in much the same gleeful fashion in which the human infant bestrides the back of his parent. When Kobi hauled out, the youngster likewise emerged to gallop proudly about the rocks to show off his gait to his admiring elders. Katalli dived for a fish and came up with it flashing in her jaws. Then she crawled out on the rocks and joined Kobi. She nosed his face affectionately, a trait exhibited in somewhat lesser degree by female sea lions toward their lords and masters. These two, once the prey of constant terror, had for years lived without fear. Then, suddenly, as if a horror out of the past, the dreaded man scent drifted strong and rank to Kobi's nostrils.

With the terror of past experience crowding upon him, he took to the water just as a wild hunting cry such as he had known in the old days of the surround smote his ears. He dived instantly, with Katalli, her baby clasped to her, speeding beside him some six feet under water. They struck the center of the net at top speed. Kobi, believing the yielding strands to be seaweed, forged ahead, squeezing through a coarse mesh and into a pocket.

Katalli had performed a similar feat some ten feet farther along the net. The speed with which they had struck the net had loosed the mooring cords and the two ends floated together. Their struggles still further enmeshed them.

The native, having left the rocks, now rounded the point in his bidarka and headed into the inlet. The floats of the net were now tangled. There was no further movement and he was well content.

A week later McDonald cruised down the coast to Kalitak. Soon after landing there Karendoff escorted him to his fur loft and showed him two beautiful sea-otter pelts.

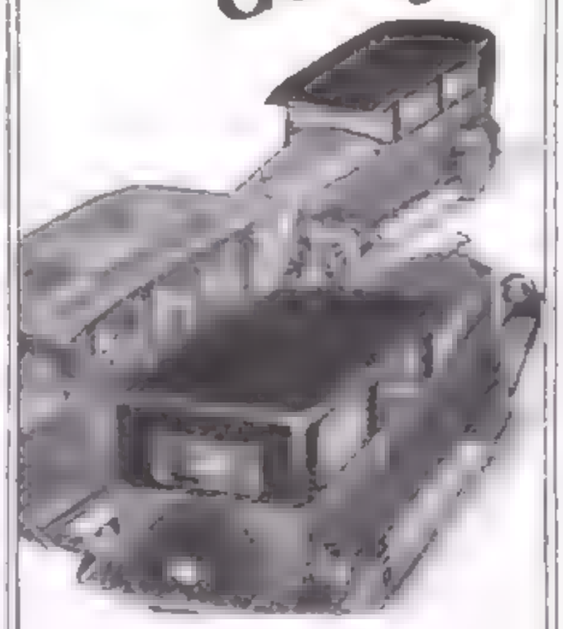
They represented the two color phases of the sea-otter tribe. The fur of each was rich and dark throughout. The difference in the color rested only upon the scattered guard hairs that peeped out. In one the guard hairs were white, lending to the skin a slight silvery overtone, so slight as to be scarcely noticeable except in certain lights, rivaling the beauty of the pelt of a silver fox and many times the size. In the other pelt, slightly the smaller of the two, the sprinkled guard hairs were of golden hue.

McDonald stroked the big pelt with guard hairs of white. It was one of the largest that he had ever seen, stretching over seven feet from tip to tip; a rare beauty even in the old days of abundant pelts, almost a miracle now. Then he saw the diagonal streak of white fur across the breast, an old wound. He had known the old dog otter with the white scar for many years now. The other, the gold-tipped pelt, would be that of his mate. They would have been swimming together. He knew their favorite hauling-out place on the flat rocks at the head of that narrow inlet—an ideal place for a sea-otter net. He cursed under his breath.

"Two most wonderful pelts," Karendoff purred, stroking them. "A gold-tip and a silver-tip, each of exceeding beauty. They

(Continued on Page 173)

Watch the Tops Go By!



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Every auto top should be re-dressed once or twice a year. *Whiz Top Dressing* will restore its original appearance and at the same time waterproof and preserve the fabric.

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You may resent this, but try it anyhow:

Sometime, when you are in a dreamy mood, go over your own character and see how many things you are lazy about.

It won't be so hard to find them as you think, and if you have any trouble just ask your wife—or your husband.

You needn't be ashamed of being lazy. All of us show that trait in one way or another. Usually it is in the little tasks of life which we avoid, put off, or neglect entirely.

Take tooth brushing, for example. You dodged it in childhood, and if you are like most of us, you probably dodge it now occasionally.

Recognizing this human weakness we set about to create a dentifrice to meet it—a dentifrice for busy people, for tired people —even for lazy people.

Now greater speed

A dentifrice to clean teeth quicker than ever before. And clean them whiter.

Our chemists created formula after formula. Three were selected. Each was tried by thousands. The result was noted. Then the most perfect of the three was chosen.

Minimum Brushing

Now we offer it to you under the name, Listerine Tooth Paste. It provides a maximum of cleansing* with a minimum of brushing. The job's over in a minute. But that clean fresh feeling in the mouth lasts a long time.

And only 25c

Compare this dentifrice with any paste at any price. Once you use it, we will wager you'll be delighted with its results —and its economy. *Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

P. S.

By the way, the 25c tube of Listerine Tooth Paste is a large one.

* *This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure enamel.*

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts tooth decay.

LISTERINE

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"—even for lazy people"

TOOTH PASTE

— — over in a minute

BIGGER than the Weather

"Caterpillar" Tractors hold to their tasks in dust or mud. Hardened steels resist the bite of gritty soil...ample traction grips the ground... the motor neither sulks at heat nor balks at cold.

Contractors owning "Caterpillars" have fewer shut downs . . . *Farmers* are less dependent on rainfall... *Loggers* lengthen their season ...*Roadbuilders* cut their costs!

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(Continued from Page 169)

will fetch fifteen hundred apiece, now that they can be marketed legally. The otters were found dead sometime after last winter's storms."

"Yes. A long time after the winter storms," McDonald growled. "I saw that white-scarred otter among Cormorant Reefs less than two months ago."

"Impossible," Karendoff suavely murmured. "You must have mistaken it. You saw another white-scarred one perhaps, but not the equal of this. There could not be two such pelts. And this pair of skins has been in my loft since February. I have the affidavits of the native who found them dead."

"Yes! Dead in a sea-otter net on Cormorant Reefs," McDonald said.

His newborn hope that sea otters would once more populate the waters of Western Alaska in goodly numbers died within him. He knew that Karendoff lied. But what could he do so long as any native could make such affidavits?

Karendoff smiled after him. And shortly thereafter the Russian shipped eight sea-otter skins, among which were the lovely pelts of Kobi and Katalli, and attached to each one was an affidavit to the effect that some native had found its original wearer dead along the shore after a severe winter storm.

THE NEW MONEY POWER

(Continued from Page 19

Contiguous to the city of Cleveland are Bratenahl, Cleveland Heights, Shaker Heights, Euclid, Lakewood and eight or ten other towns and cities, one of these places ranging up to more than 60,000 population, but all constituting the real Cleveland and forming its metropolitan area.

Boston is a still more striking example, for it is immediately surrounded by nearly forty towns and cities, the two very large ones, Somerville and Cambridge, being only about two miles north of its city hall, while one must travel ten miles south of the city hall before reaching the city limits. Yet, paradoxically, Somerville and Cambridge are outside the city of Boston!

It frequently happens that many of the business customers of the big city banks live in the very communities where the city banks are not allowed to have branches. Indeed, officers of the branch banks in the cities are themselves frequently residents of the suburbs where no branches are permitted.

New York City banks are permitted branches in Asia, but cannot have them across the street which separates Bronx County from Westchester County. In other words, the basis upon which branch banking is legally restricted is precisely the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

The whole question of branches has been threshed out for years, both among the bankers themselves and before Congress, in what was known as the McFadden Bill, which became part of the national banking act in February of this year. For the first time national banks are given statutory permission to operate branches in states where the state banks are given that privilege by their own legislatures. Heretofore national banks could operate branches only by means of a variety of subterfuges.

The Personal Touch

On the other hand, the new law seeks to prevent the spread of state-wide banking in California or anywhere else by providing that national banks and state members of the Federal Reserve can have no branches in cities of less than 25,000 population and a very limited number in cities of less than 100,000.

Finally, the law is extremely vague as to whether in the larger cities branches can be started only within the corporate limits or in the metropolitan area.

Although one reason for the more rapid growth of state than national banks is the greater freedom heretofore accorded the state concerns in the matter of branches, there are many state bankers violently opposed to such a practice. On the other hand there are national banks which favor it and others which oppose. Nor do all big banks want to open branches; some do and others most decidedly do not. Therefore no clear-cut issue presents itself. Among the bankers themselves it is evident that the split runs at least six ways.

There is nothing in the new national banking act to prevent state legislatures from doing as they please, granting such powers as they choose to banks of their own creation, which can in turn exercise these powers if they are not members, as the majority are not, of the Federal Reserve.

According to the last available compilation, seventeen states prohibit branch banking by law, six are silent as to statute but prohibit it by rulings of the attorney-general or banking superintendent, five are silent as to statute and rulings but have no branches, nine permit branches but only in the city of the head office, two permit it within county boundaries and nine within state boundaries.

There is nothing, as far as the writer can learn, to prevent chain banking, a sort of bootleg form of conducting branches, in either national or state laws. Nor is there anything to prevent national and state member banks from affiliating themselves with nonmember state banks and trust companies, and thus in effect opening as many branches as they please, provided the state laws so permit.

In other words, we can find no light whatever on the subject in the laws, either state or national, which bear upon it. They merely serve to confuse and confound the issue. It is necessary therefore to go directly to the heart of the subject—namely, to the question of whether branch banking is, economically speaking, actually an evil or a benefit.

In a single speech at a convention of the American Bankers Association the branch practice was described in terms such as the following: "Evil," "fire," "conflagration," "virus," "contagion," "hoof-and-mouth disease" and "smallpox." Journalistic requirements make it necessary for me to be more modest than that and to take in less territory.

By far the gravest accusation against branch banking, and quite the most definite, is that because of the absentee element, the local community loses one of its greatest assets. In other words, branch banking is said to be a bad thing for the average community because the control of its credit is in outside and unsympathetic hands.

Specifically, it is alleged that the intimate relationship that should exist between customer and banker is lost in the branch system; that a man who wants to borrow money can't go down to an old friend who knows him well and regards him favorably.

The local banker is said to be usually a permanent resident, while the branch manager may stay only a short time and thus fail to get the local viewpoint. Even if he fully understands local conditions, the head office may not agree with him. If he enthusiastically advocates his community's needs to the head office, he may be regarded there as too zealous.

The head officials have a hundred other communities to consider and have no greater personal interest in one than in another. The branch manager wishes to stand well with the big bosses and does not dare carry his local pleadings to a point that annoys his superiors.

How can a hired manager or a group of busy financiers in a distant city analyze the financial requirements of Mr. Smith, hardware merchant of Northville, in as satisfactory a manner as a local board of directors consisting of men who have grown up in the town?

It is always easy to turn down strangers, and that is what practically every community must be to a head office with many branches. Banks are trustees for the funds of a community, and in the case of a branch bank the trustees in ultimate authority are not residents. Former Comptroller Dawes has said: "They are not influenced by the community's desires and necessities as is the case where the officers and owners are residents and the product of the community they serve."

"If you asked me if I could run a bank successfully in Oakland and Berkeley as well as in San Francisco, I would tell you yes," said an official of one of the large nonbranch banks of San Francisco to a committee of Congress. "But if you asked me if I could give an uninfluenced decision for the good of Oakland or Berkeley as I can for San Francisco when it comes to matters of development and prosperity, I would answer no. I would be prejudiced in favor of our home city at all times."

High-Priced Efficiency

Howard Whipple, president of an independent country bank in California, has said: "Character, personal appeal in vital matters and local interest can never be telegraphed to distant headquarters. Credit being itself a man-made creation, it is extended most usefully through the most intimate and personal relations. The closer the contact between creditor and debtor, the more certainly will the human element in the transaction receive consideration. The personal problems of those at a distance can never be so poignant to one who is called upon to judge as the problems of those close at hand. The extension of credit is not a bloodless pawnbroking. It is vital and human, the opposite of machine-like. Yet branch banking is essentially and always ultimately machine-like."

It is asserted that the price paid for the efficiency of branch banking is too great, for the tendency of a branch is always to become perfunctory. In a big organization there must be rigid rules and regulations, a stricter accountability all around, and less elasticity in the method of meeting local requirements. From the necessity of the case, these regulations are drawn up in the head office, in a city distant from the many communities to which they apply.

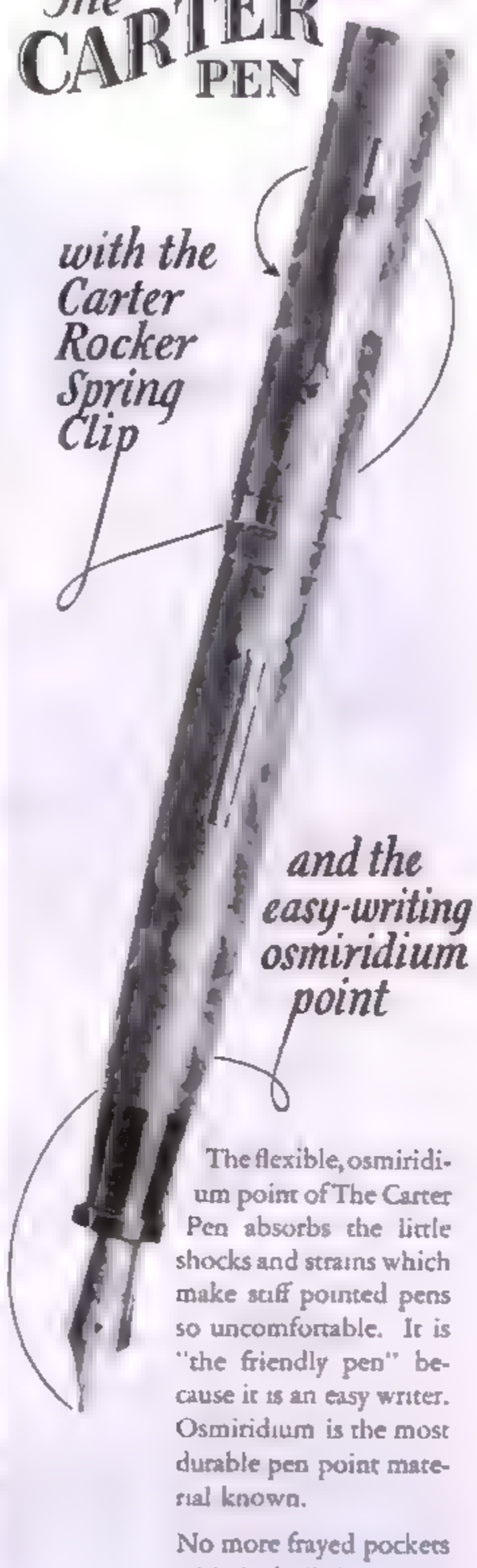
When a bank sells out to a branch system, so it is said, the banker first loses his individuality, then the bank, and finally the community lose theirs.

"Every time the least thing goes wrong in the branch across the street," said an independent banker in addressing a convention of his fellows, "any request unmet, any little delay, any inattention, no matter how far removed from that bank's relation as a branch, your stock will go up. The customers at the branch have no great loyalty to it. They have a chip on their shoulder.

"They may stay for a time on account of friendship for the deposed executive who still wears the trappings of authority. But at the first occasion they will come to you. Be aggressive in proclaiming your independence and your adherence to the home idea. The public likes it and resents the branch as an intruder. Our citizens do not take kindly to the evasions and delays incident to branches."

In a small city in which there has been war for some years between independents and branches, the president of the largest independent showed me a long list of loans which he had taken away from the most aggressive of the branches. There were

The CARTER PEN



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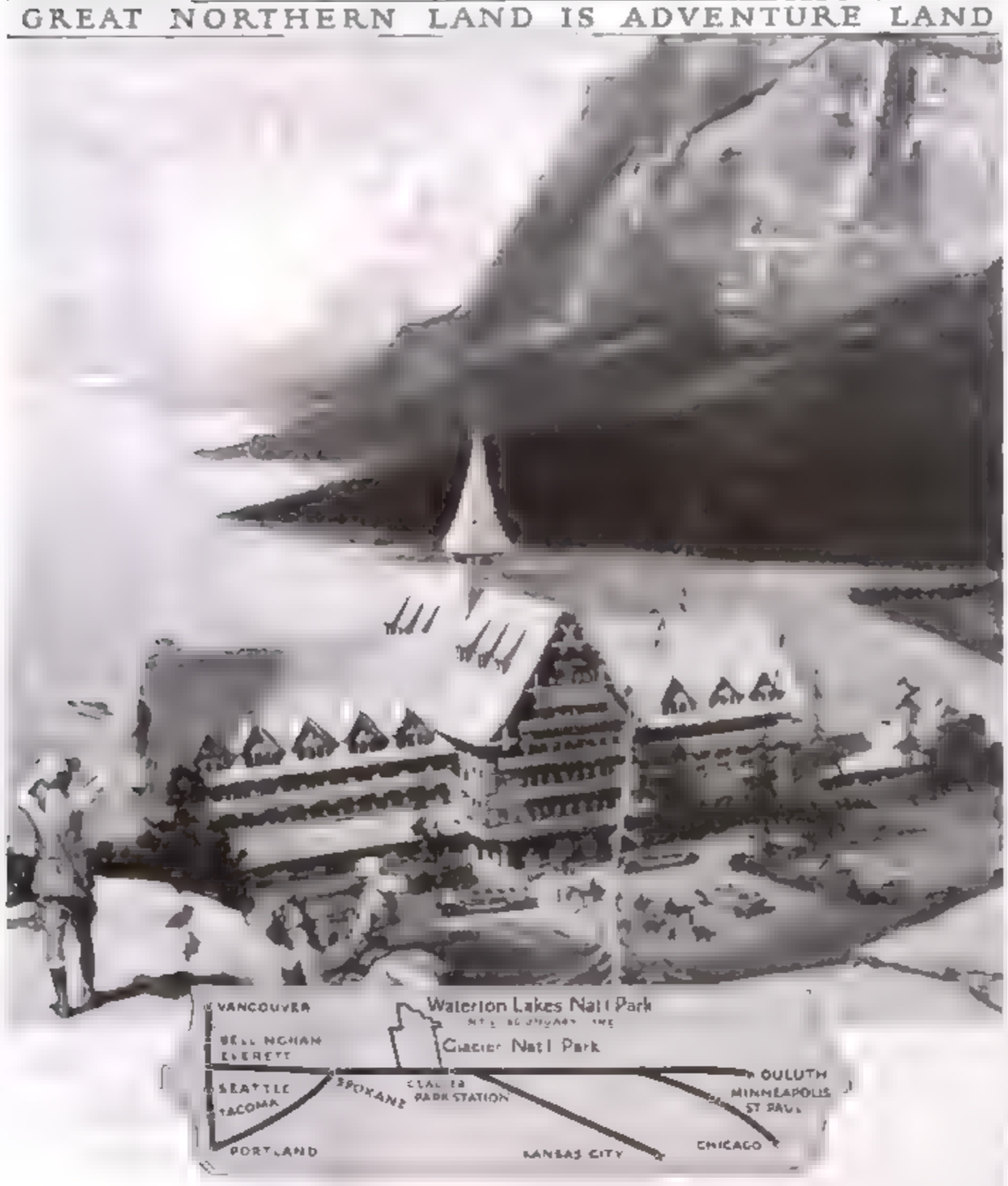

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some fifteen or twenty of these accounts transferred from branch to independent because the customers had been made angry by some little technicality which had delayed the making of the loan or added red tape, such perhaps as an added signature.

"All these loans were safe without these technicalities," said the independent, "and the manager of the branch knew it just as well as I. On the other hand, detailed requirements are necessary for a bank run from another place, and the manager didn't dare make the loans without every condition being complied with. I admit that most of the borrowers were very unreasonable in refusing to comply, but they are rich men and we are glad to get their business."

But the more common charge made against the branch bank is that it skims the cream of the smaller community, leaving the milk to the independent. The small unit bank does the pioneering, it is said, and then the branch comes in and takes the larger and better accounts away.

The unit bank nurses the small business enterprise along, and when the big city institution sees that there is assured business in the town it places a branch there. The branch institution merely buys out a good community bank that is serving a useful purpose after the pioneering has been done.

Then, too, it is alleged that branches are used to draw money out of a community, perhaps to be used in a distant city. Branches are only absorbing stations, say their enemies. What is to prevent a big city bank from soaking up in this way large sums to be used in Wall Street speculation or to underwrite big security issues?

"It is a particularly aggravated and offensive form of outside interference," says former Comptroller Dawes, "because the resources which the community itself creates in the form of deposits are disbursed and controlled by nonresidents"—a right which he says is bitterly denied by any American community.

"Your city has a right to the accumulated credit of its banks," said a California independent in addressing his fellows, "and should not have to depend on the decision of some distant corporation as to whether enough has been allocated you for the season. Some other district may need money, and may have more favorable consideration than yours."

Growth Without Growing Pains

Mr. Dawes has said that branch banking will forever end the financial independence of the small community.

"They may lend plenty of money now," said an independent banker in an attempt to prove to me the evils inherent in the system. "There are not many of them yet and they still have lots of competition. Of course, they have to be good now. But wait until new managers come along. Or better yet, wait until a crisis develops. Wait until money is tight. Then how will human nature operate? Will the big city bank take care of its own industrial and harbor developments, or will it look out for these distant rural communities?"

In California, where branch banking is most developed in this country, it has been quite common practice to retain the presidents of banks bought out as branch managers and the boards of directors as local advisory boards. But this is a mere temporary expedient, say opponents of the system, pure camouflage.

The idea is expressed by James Macdonnell, former president of the California League of Independent Bankers and director of the Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco:

"Branch banking in its real guise is not yet being practiced in California. By this I mean we are still watching the process of setting up the organization. Acquisition of new banks must be at first on a sort of generous scheme of partnership or coöperation. Sensibilities and susceptibilities must be most tenderly handled. By all means, any popular outcry which might incite attention from our legislators at Sacramento is to be avoided.

"It would not be good business to set one neighborhood by the ears while negotiations are being carried on with prospective victims in surrounding towns. Our friends can better afford to absorb temporarily losses in overhead than, by the use of these natural economies which all the world over pertain to their system, to frighten off the prey not yet taken.

"Likewise it is politics so far to refrain from too sudden or obvious an assumption of the control which passes to the parent bank as each new unit is added. . . . These listening boards—advisory boards—go through the mummery of reading minutes; their only really onerous duties are in acquainting themselves with the regulations from the head office.

"Another fiction is the independence of the branch manager. To bolster up this piece of camouflage, branch officers are still being paid salaries which properly belong only to head executives. Even sinecures and duplication of office is winked at for the time being; and every attaché of the bought bank is apparently indispensable in the fatherly love of the new all-embracing and all-protecting power.

"There is always one head to any institution, no matter how large, and it is well to remember that however elaborate the surroundings, however impressive the structure, and however comprehensive the prestige, some one individual dominates."

Pioneers in a New Field

Who, indeed, is wise enough to say whether the branch system results from a deliberately chosen banking theory or is merely the consequence of personal ambition of a few very powerful men? Former Comptroller Dawes has already been quoted as emphasizing the second alternative, which is also well expressed by Mr. Whipple, one of the independent California bankers:

"A very few men have found branch banking a virgin field whose fertility has not yet been completely appropriated. Like miners in a rush to a newly discovered gold field, they are engaged in appropriating to themselves the choice locations."

After all, it takes a bold type of man, not too thin-skinned in respect to the barbs of criticism, to pioneer in any line. Bankers as a rule are extremely conservative and are opposed to innovations. In addition, the great majority operate on a very small scale. It takes an ambitious type to break away from the fear of innovation or to do big things.

Then, too, all of us habitually deceive ourselves in regard to our own motives. We act because of our inheritance and environment, because of our physical condition, age, cultural background, loves, hates, jealousies, friendships, race, nationality, social position and a score of other very intimate human and personal reasons. But we are loath to admit them, and proceed to erect elaborate and impersonal theories of economics to explain and defend our actions.

We act first and then rationalize afterward. An occasional banker opens a hundred branches because he is a dominant pioneering type. True, he may sense a real social and economic need, but it is more unconscious than explicit with him, and the explanations of how he has always considered branch banking to be the correct theory comes later.

Anyone familiar with the history of some of the largest national banks in New York City will smile at formal denials that ambition and competition for power have nothing to do with the amazing expansion of these institutions, although I am not denying that a desire to be of service also plays a part.

Though branch banking in Cleveland began before that very remarkable administrator, banker and thinker, the late Frederick H. Goff, was president of one of

(Continued on Page 176)

The Pure Juice *of* Ripe Grapes

Refreshing—Healthful as the Fresh Fruit

IT will pick you up and carry you through the toughest day. That four-in-the-afternoon feeling vanishes with a glass of Welch's Grape Juice.

If you want to know why, ask the food experts. They'll tell you the natural fruit sugar quickly develops energy for you.

And every time you drink Welch's Grape Juice you are building health.

Because Welch's is pure fruit juice; and it gives you all the healthful qualities of the fresh fruit — the vitamins, laxative properties and mineral salts, and the elements that help to prevent acidity.

SEE if it's not great for breakfast. All the best hotels serve Welch's for the breakfast fruit juice, just as they do orange juice.

Men who tried it as a change in the morning fruit juice now make it a regular thing.

You'll find Welch's on the dining cars of *de luxe* trains like the Broadway Limited and the 20th Century, and on luxurious trans-Atlantic liners like the Leviathan and the George Washington of the U. S. Lines.

Welch's is fruit juice all ready squeezed for breakfast or for refreshing drinks between meals. Keep several bottles in your ice-box. Your grocer, druggist and confectioner have it in quarts, pints and four ounces. Some of the ways to serve it are on every label.

Free: Booklet of popular drinks and the story of Welch's for health. Write for it. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. P-36, Westfield, N. Y. Makers of Welch's Grape Juice, Grapelade, Grape Jelly and other Preserve Products. Canadian plant, St. Catharines, Ontario.

Leading Hotels from coast to coast serve Welch's Grape Juice for the breakfast fruit juice. Among them:

Hotel Pennsylvania	*New York City*
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The Copley-Plaza	*Boston*
The Palace Hotel	*San Francisco*
The Raleigh	*Washington, D. C.*
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El Encanto Hotel	*Santa Barbara*
The Olympic	*Seattle*
Davenport Hotel	*Spokane*
Hotel Statler	*Buffalo*
The Claridge	*Memphis*
The Breakers	*Atlantic City*
Grand Hotel	*Mackinac Island*
The Greenbrier	*White Sulphur Spr.*
Hollywood Hotel	*Hollywood, Fla.*
Mt. Royal Hotel	*Montreal, Can*
The Clifton	*Niagara Falls, Can.*
The Prince Edward Hotel	*Windsor, Can.*
Admiral Beatty	*St. John, Can.*
Alexander Young Hotel	*Honolulu, T. H*

WELCH'S WITH GINGER ALE: *A mighty refreshing drink to have at home or at the club. Take a bottle of Welch's Grape Juice and a bottle of ginger ale, well chilled. Fill glasses one-third to one-half with Welch's and fill with ginger ale.*

With sandwiches serve WELCH MANHATTAN CUP: *Blend 1 pint of Welch's and 1 pint of cider and chill thoroughly. Just before serving add 1 pint of charged water.*

Add Welch's to iced tea and lemonade. It points up the flavor.

Clubs and country clubs find this a popular drink, and it's an oasis on a dusty ride in the Pullman—

WELCH'S SPARKLING: *Partly fill tall glasses with Welch's Grape Juice, add a spoon of cracked ice, and fill with charged water.*

AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN *ask for a Welch"ade"—it's a long drink made like lemonade—pure fruit juice, syrup and water. Have it for lunch or for a pick-up in the afternoon.*

Or ask for Welch's Grape Juice straight.

There's "plus value" in every glass of Welch's—all the health-building qualities of the fresh fruit in a satisfactory cooling drink.

YOU'LL walk away with a jaunty air the day you step into Bostonians. A treat for the critical eye—so distinctive, so individually styled. And as a million other men, you will welcome their comfort no less than their good looks. *Mostly $7 to $10 the pair.*

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BOSTONIANS
Shoes for Men

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WALK into the store that shows this sign. It marks a friendly Bostonian Dealer—a specialist in shoes and style.

A HELPFUL counsellor is the new Bostonian Style Booklet. May we send it to you? A post card brings a copy.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY
WHITMAN, MASSACHUSETTS

(Continued from Page 174)

its largest trust companies, much of the expansion took place under his régime.

When we come to California, the personal human situation is if anything even more striking than in New York City. A. P. Giannini, now chairman of the Bank of Italy, began a good many years ago to pioneer in branch banking. Though he talks a great deal about retiring, he is still under sixty, and has nearly 300 branches already. It took the other banks quite a while to get under way, but anyone who has met the guiding spirits of these other institutions knows perfectly well that they are not the type of men to let Mr. Giannini absorb the whole field to himself.

Only the Italian group have covered the entire state, but Mr. Drum has 100 branches in the north, while Mr. Robinson, better known throughout the East for his membership of the Dawes and numerous other European commissions, together with his associate, Mr. Stern, has about the same number in the south. Mr. Sartori and Mr. Chaffey have each built up a system of about fifty branches in the Los Angeles metropolitan area, and the Hellman group also have a large number of branches in the south.

Mr. Sartori, the veteran banker among these half dozen dominant personalities, preaches the doctrine of proving the advantages of metropolitan branches before venturing further, but it is doubtful whether either he or Mr. Robinson actually disbelieves in state-wide branches.

A witness before the House Committee on Banking and Currency told how one of the big institutions asked permission to open six branches in Pasadena. The state superintendent came down to look the ground over to see where they could all be put. At a conference of interested men the president of a rival bank exclaimed: "This is all foolishness, putting six branches in Pasadena; but if they are going to do it, I am going to do it too. I want six branches in Pasadena."

Expensive Expansion

In one instance a great branch concern in California brought suit against the state superintendent in the supreme court for a writ of mandate seeking to compel him to grant two permits to open branches in Los Angeles *de novo*—that is, without buying out existing unit banks. In his reply the superintendent of banks said that the city at the time—March, 1925—was overbanked, that four banks there were then imperiled and that his duty was to protect those already in existence rather than to grant new branches.

One result of the craze for size and power is a curious willingness displayed by some branch organizations to pay what seems to others excessive prices in the process of expansion. Not only are fancy prices paid for the stock but often the president is kept on at an even fancier salary. In other words, the big concern poisons the little one with money.

Speaking of a former independent who is said to have sold out at a profit to himself of $500,000, another independent said: "A man has got to like running something of his own awfully well to refuse $500,000."

James Macdonnell, speaking for the California independents, told the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency last year that it was a wonder and mystification to the ordinary garden variety of banker what becomes of all the premiums paid in connection with purchases: "Presumably, as in the case of the heavy eater, the stomach enlarges with the elasticity provided by Nature, but one cannot help a sort of interest in what complications might be found were the subject to be taken with acute indigestion."

It is only fair to say that not all branch organizations pay exorbitant prices for new units; nor do all of them hand out excessive salaries.

I was assured by the president of one of these great concerns that he had turned down twice as many opportunities to buy out independents as had been bought by even the most aggressive of his competitors, either because the price was too high or because the banks offered to him did not fit into the branch scheme which he and his associates were attempting to work out.

Salvage Work

There are stories of coercion and pressure told in connection with the expansion of branch banking, just as were related in earlier days of the great industrial trusts in course of making. In a matter like this the truth is not easy to discover. The independent is not always virtuous merely because he is small. He may rave against the octopus before a convention of his fellows one day, and the next morning secretly call upon the president of a branch-bank organization in an effort to sell out at a nice profit to himself.

Then, too, many a small bank is taken over not for purposes of aggrandizement at all, but merely to save a weak institution. There is just as much salvage work at times as there is ambition in branch banking, and in consequence the profits are not always so large as they might be.

On the other hand, how are we to know for certain that branch organizations may not be instrumental in forming small and seemingly independent banks merely to be taken over or sold out to them? Mr. Macdonnell in pointing out that the Comptroller of the Currency and the state banking superintendent haven't much discretion in the matter of granting charters, pointedly remarks: "He cannot be quite sure these days in California whether he has officiated at the birth of a boy or a girl. He can only hope and pray that it will not turn out to be twins or better."

It is certainly a serious question, worth delving into, whether branch banking in its essential effects looks toward monopoly.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in an early issue

The Olokele Canyon on the Island of Kauai, in the Hawaiian Group

NO TOE OR HEEL
LIKE THE
TOE AND HEEL OF

Interwoven
REG U.S. PAT OFF
Socks

ENTIRE TOE AND *ENTIRE*
HEEL OF THE GREATEST
WEAR-RESISTING
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Choose the Right YALE for Your Flashlight Need

EACH of these rugged YALE lights meets a definite flashlight need. To have *both* is to place at your command a light for *every* emergency! The Spreadlight, No. 2103, for lighting wide areas at close range. The Spot Light, No. 2201, that throws a powerful beam of light over 300 feet. *Now* priced at $1.50 each, complete with 2 YALE Mono-Cells and Edison Mazda Lamp. *The world's greatest flashlight values!*

Improvements exclusively the creation of YALE are in these lights. Among them is the Shock Absorber that cradles the batteries and protects the bulb—the Candle Light feature that makes each YALE a *two-purpose* Light—the Safety Lock Contact Switch that prevents power wastage;—all notable points of YALE Flashlight superiority—*leadership!*

Focusing Spot Light No. 2201
Its brilliant beam will pick out in bold relief objects over 300 feet away.

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Spreads an evenly diffused light over a wide area.

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"There's a YALE Battery for Every Battery Need"

INSUFFICIENT FUN

(Continued from Page 29)

Mr. De Void explained his mission. "Lawyer Chew," said he, "I comes to you confidential "

"Of co'se. Suttinly you do. All of my clients is confidential, an' you is the most confidentialest of all, *ipso facto*."

"Y-y-yas-suh." Jasper blinked. "You know that ring Florian Slappey wears?"

"Yeh. I is extremely 'quainted with same."

"Well, I craves to buy it. Ise willin' to pay fo' hund'ed dollars cash money."

The attorney frowned. "Then why don't you notifry him of that fack? I happen to know he'd be glad to sell it fo' that amount."

Jasper shook his head. "Not to me he woul'n't. Maybe to somebody else, but he sort of figgers I got plenty of money an' so he hol's out fo' a larger price. Now, Lawyer Chew, I ain't aimin' to do my friend Florian out of nothin', but also I don't crave to git done by him. So I asks that you 'proach Brother Slappey an' tell him you got a client which yearns to buy his ring fo' four hund'ed dollars cash money. He don't have to sell it if he don't want to. An' if he does want, you just git the cash offen me, buy the ring, an' then ev'ybody is happy."

Lawyer Chew paced the room. He cogitated for several minutes, then turned back to his visitor. "I has been thinkin' over my code of ethics an' also my Precepts of Practice, an' I can discern nothin' in the situation which forbids or prohibits my doin' as you requesses. Therefore an' immediately hereafter, I will approach Mr. Slappey as hereinbefore stated by you. Is that satisfactory?"

"Uh-huh, Lawyer Chew. Leastways, it soun's so."

Two days later the attorney met Florian Slappey. He caused the meeting to appear accidental and casual. For several minutes they chatted and suddenly Lawyer Chew's eyes brightened.

"By the way, Florian," he asked, "does you still aim to barter, sell, or otherwise dispose of that ring you boughten while us was in France?"

Florian grimaced. "I been tryin' to sell it, Evans. But the po' fish I was tryin' to sell it to won't pay no mo' than a fair price, an' he won't even do that in a fair way."

"No-o? Then I fancy it has become a white elephant on yo' hand."

"Tha's the most truth you ever talked in one short sentence."

"Hmph! Now I have a client, Florian ——"

"Who?"

"Nemmin' who. I never 'scusses clients' identities with no outsiders. Anyhow this client craves yo' ring. An' he is willin' to buy same fo' a cash consideration."

Florian brightened. "How much?"

"I ain't shuah." The attorney was a crafty dealer. "Maybe th'ee hund'ed dollars."

"Oh, golly! Man, I need money pow'ful bad, but I honest cain't sell fo' that."

"Th'ee fifty?"

Mr. Slappey hesitated. "No-o-o," he said uncertainly.

Lawyer Chew shrugged. "I ain't shuah 'bout that client payin' no mo', Florian."

The fashion plate was in a quandary. "Does yo' client aim to pay cash?"

"Yeh."

"Absolute cash?"

"Ev'y cent."

Florian restrained the impulse to accept immediately. "When does he have to know?"

"Oh, no hurry. The mo' haste the less hasty, you know. Week, two weeks—anythin' you like."

"Tell you what Ise willin' to do, Lawyer Chew. You tell yo' client that if he'll pay me fo' hund'ed dollars cash money fo' that ring, he can have it."

"I tells him, Florian. But I ain't shuah ——"

That evening Lawyer Chew reported progress to Jasper De Void. Mr. De Void seemed particularly unenthusiastic. "Tell the truth, Lawyer Chew, I been thinkin' things over, an' maybe buyin' such of a ring would be too 'stravagant fo' me. Ise a po' man, an ——"

"You mean you don't want it?"

"No-o. An' I don't mean I does."

"Well"—testily—"how soon is you gwine know does you does or does you don't?"

"I dunno. Cain't we hol' off fo' a week or so?"

"Sholy. But you said ——"

"Uh-huh. An' now I has gotten myself all full of doubts."

Steadfastly withholding the name of his client, Lawyer Chew reported to Florian Slappey. It seemed that the client had lost some of his eagerness to possess Florian's ring. Mr. Slappey was worried. He had been counting those four hundred dollars as already in hand. He begged the attorney to exert his influence, and Lawyer Chew promised. Meanwhile Florian used his fast-growing intimacy with Jasper De Void to awaken Jasper's desire for the ring. But it seemed that the colored person from Dothan had become decidedly lukewarm.

"What would a feller like me do with such a swell di'mind, Florian? It'd just be sillment."

But even though it appeared that Florian could not sell the ring to Jasper, Mr. De Void seemed willing to have Florian as his constant guest at various suppers in Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. Also, Florian undertook to show Jasper the essentials of Kelly pool, an art which the gentleman from Dothan did not readily acquire. But one night Jasper joined his friend with no smile on his countenance. Every once in a while he appeared to slip into a trance. Florian questioned and Jasper shook his head.

"Ise worried," he confessed.

"'Bout which "

"It's thisaway, Florian. Feller up in Chattanooga named Jim Billing owes me mo' than a hund'ed dollars. An' he written to me that he'll pay it if either I come fo' it or send somebody after it. I ast him to mail me the thing by a money order, but he says no. It don't make sense."

"It shuah don't. But why is you worryin'?"

"'Cause I don't crave to go to Chattanooga. Ise got business heah in Burmingham an' ain't wile to leave town."

Florian shook his head in amazement. "You don't crave to take no trip?"

"Nope. I suttinly don't. Trips is the most things I hate."

"Chattanooga is a good town."

"Maybe so. But I ain't yearnin' to visit it."

"Gosh! Now I know you ain't got a lick of sense."

Jasper smiled at his smaller, slenderer friend. "Always you says funny things, Brother Slappey."

"'Tain't funny to want a trip to Chattanooga. I like that place."

"Then whyn't you go there?"

"Who?"

"You."

"Don't talk foolishment. How can I go on a trip when I ain't got ary spare dime?"

"Easy enough," proffered Jasper. "I pays yo' espenses!"

"You whiches?"

"I pays all yo' espenses: Train an' hotel an' meals. I gives you a note to Jim Billing sayin' he's to give you that money fo' me."

"You ain't se'ious?"

"I never was mo' se'iouser in my whole life. It won't cos' me much an' it'll save some vallible time. Co'se, I cain't pay you no sal'ry ——"

"Boy, I don't need no pay fo' that. I goes, an' any time else you craves me to

(Continued on Page 181)

It costs more to fix this one warped door

than any extra price for *Laminex* doors throughout

ANY carpenter will tell you it is almost impossible to straighten a warped door properly—that it will cost you more to rehang and refinish one warped door than the small extra price you might have had to pay for Laminex doors throughout the house.

Dampness and changes of temperature damage ordinary doors, but cannot possibly make a Laminex door warp or stick because the stiles and cross-rails are built on a core of stress-balancing blocks. Any attempt of one block to warp, shrink or swell is immediately counterbalanced by forces in the opposite direction exerted by neighboring blocks.

All parts, including the plywood panels, are held together firmly by Laminex cement, which is absolutely waterproof and actually stronger than wood. You could, and retail dealers frequently do, soak a Laminex door in water for weeks at a time to prove that no amount of dampness can make it warp or come apart.

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You can buy popular styles of Laminex doors from the ample stocks of progressive millwork and lumber dealers. Our replacement guarantee label and the word "LAMINEX" are on the bottom of genuine Laminex doors. Mail the coupon for valuable information and a sample of Laminex wood.

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"Tough as a Rhino"

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CUPPLES COMPANY · SAINT LOUIS
A National Institution Since 1851

Cupples

TIRES TUBES

(Continued from Page 179)

trip fo' you, just say the word. Tha's my idea of an easy job."

And so it was arranged. The following morning Jasper purchased for Florian one return ticket to Chattanooga over the Alabama Great Southern. He intrusted that gentleman with fifteen dollars expense money. Florian was in fine fettle. He gave particular attention to his sartorial arrangement, planning to stun the dusky natives of the Tennessee city. He was profusely grateful to his lengthy friend. But before departing from Birmingham Mr. Slappey bethought himself of his own business. He called upon Lawyer Evans Chew and spoke secretively and portentously of an important mission which was carrying him to Chattanooga for a few days.

"About that ring of mine now, Lawyer Chew; I hope that when I gits back to Bumminham yo' client will of made up his mind to gimme fo' hund'ed cash dollars fo' it."

"Hope so, Florian. But Ise got a hunch that maybe you better leave the ring with me. S'posin' he shows up to buy it while you is gone."

Mr. Slappey hesitated. "I hate to bust in on them Chattanoogats without my ring, Evans."

"I reelize that. But also you might be doin' yo'se'f out of a cash sale."

Reluctantly Florian stripped the glittering jewel from his finger. "Here 'tis, Lawyer Chew. But remember, you sells that fo' cash only. No checks!"

The attorney smiled. "I promise, Florian. I takes nothin' but cash."

Thoroughly satisfied, Florian descended in the elevator to the ground floor, moved down Eighteenth Street to Bud Peaglar's place, where he partook of two luscious barbecue sandwiches, and moved thence to the Cozy Home Hotel, where he found Jasper De Void. Mr. De Void exhibited the note to Jim Billing of Chattanooga. He also gave Mr. Slappey a formal receipt, with instructions to turn it over to Mr. Billing only upon the payment of one hundred dollars in cash. Florian nodded and promised to use his most persuasive arguments upon Mr. Billing.

"You won't have no trouble, Brother Slappey. If he's half as willin' to pay as he says —"

"'Sall right, Jasper. Collectin' money is the fondest thing I is of."

They walked up Fifth Avenue together and lounged around the Terminal Station until Florian's train rolled under the huge shed. Mr. Slappey bade his friend good-by and strutted through with the stream of northbound passengers. The four-hour journey to Chattanooga was a delight to Mr. Slappey, who was an insatiate traveler. He moved grandiloquently up and down the aisle of the car, he made the acquaintance of, and a profound impression on, a fair young colored damsel. He posed as a man of very important affairs and made no secret of his high estate in Birmingham colored society.

Arriving in Chattanooga, he sought a modest hotel and made himself comfortable. Then, considering it entirely too late at night to hunt up Mr. Billing, he went in search of the city's best pool room, where he horned into a game of Kelly pool and played until midnight with highly satisfactory results. He then ate lightly, went to bed and slept contentedly.

The following morning he started out seriously to attend the mission with which he had been intrusted. He went to the address given him by Jasper De Void and most pointedly found no Jim Billing. In fact, it seemed that nobody in the neighborhood had ever heard of such a person. Florian became peeved and positive. He was certain there was such a man. There was no question of the fact that he did his very best for Jasper. All morning long he searched through Chattanooga's Darktown, but no Mr. Billing materialized. Much perturbed at the necessity of reporting failure to Jasper, Florian boarded the night train and returned to Birmingham. He went to bed at Sis Callie Fluker's boarding house.

The following morning he rose early and walked downtown to the Cozy Home Hotel. The ample Sally Crouch, who operated that eminently respectable hostelry, was busy with her early morning labors. She informed Florian that Jasper had not yet risen. Florian strolled into Jasper's room. A long, sleepy figure peered at him from beneath the sheets.

"Mawnin', Florian."

"Mawnin', Jasper."

"You look kinder mis'able, Brother Slappey."

"I is. Honest to goodness, Jasper, I walked my foots off tryin' to find that feller Billing. Not on'y he ain't there, but also nobody ever seems to of heard tell of him."

Jasper shook his head. "Ain't that queer?" He t'chkd commiseratingly. "But don't you let that worry you, Brother Slappey. I reckon you done yo' best, an' I ain't kickin'."

Florian was amazed. Jasper's placid acceptance of his bad report was altogether too matter-of-fact. It was all very well for the man to be a good sport, but Jasper appeared neither interested nor surprised. Florian frowned. Then he ceased to frown. His eyes became large and round. He was staring —

Jasper De Void made a motion to rise from his bed. His left hand dropped idly outside the coverlets. From the fourth finger of that hand something caught the rays of the morning sun and fairly dazzled Florian with its splendor. Mr. Slappey gasped. He felt himself grow cold all over. His eyes started from their sockets, and Mr. Slappey rose from his seat. He pointed a shaking finger at the ring.

"Wh-where did you git that ring at?"

"This?" Mr. De Void looked down affectionately at the lavish jewel. "I boughten it."

"You bought it? When?"

"Yestiddy."

Mr. Slappey was gripped by a premonition that something had happened to him. "Off who?"

"Lawyer Chew sol' it to me, Florian." Jasper seemed very innocent. "It looks ezackly like that ring of yourn I craved."

Florian compressed his lips. He wanted to ask a question but was terrified. Finally he summoned the courage:

"Y-y-you didn't pay fo' that ring with a check, did you, Jasper?"

Mr. De Void looked up brightly. "I should say not!" he declared with pride. "I give Lawyer Evans Chew four hundred dollars cash money fo' this ring!"

"Hot dawg!" Florian leaped to his feet and started for the door.

"Where you goin', Florian?" called Mr. De Void.

"Out, Jasper—way out!"

"Whaffo'?"

"I suddenly remembered some impawtant business," declared Mr. Slappey with enthusiasm. "Somethin' terrible impawtant."

A few seconds later Eighteenth Street discerned a dark streak negotiating the distance between the Cozy Home Hotel and the Penny Prudential Bank Building. Florian attained the latter structure, crowded into the elevator and was hoisted to the floor where Lawyer Chew had his suite of offices. He burst through to the inner sanctum and confronted the begoggled and dignified attorney.

"Gimme my money," gasped the visitor.

The attorney frowned disapprovingly. "Which money?"

"My money what you got off Jasper De Void fo' my ring."

"Oh, that?" Lawyer Chew nodded understandingly. "You ain't got no worries 'bout that money, Florian."

Mr. Slappey seated himself abruptly. "Jasper paid you cash?"

"Yas-suh. He suttinly did."

"Oh, boy!" Mr. Slappey exhaled with relief. "Fo' just about ten minutes, Lawyer Chew, I gotten the worse scare of my life.

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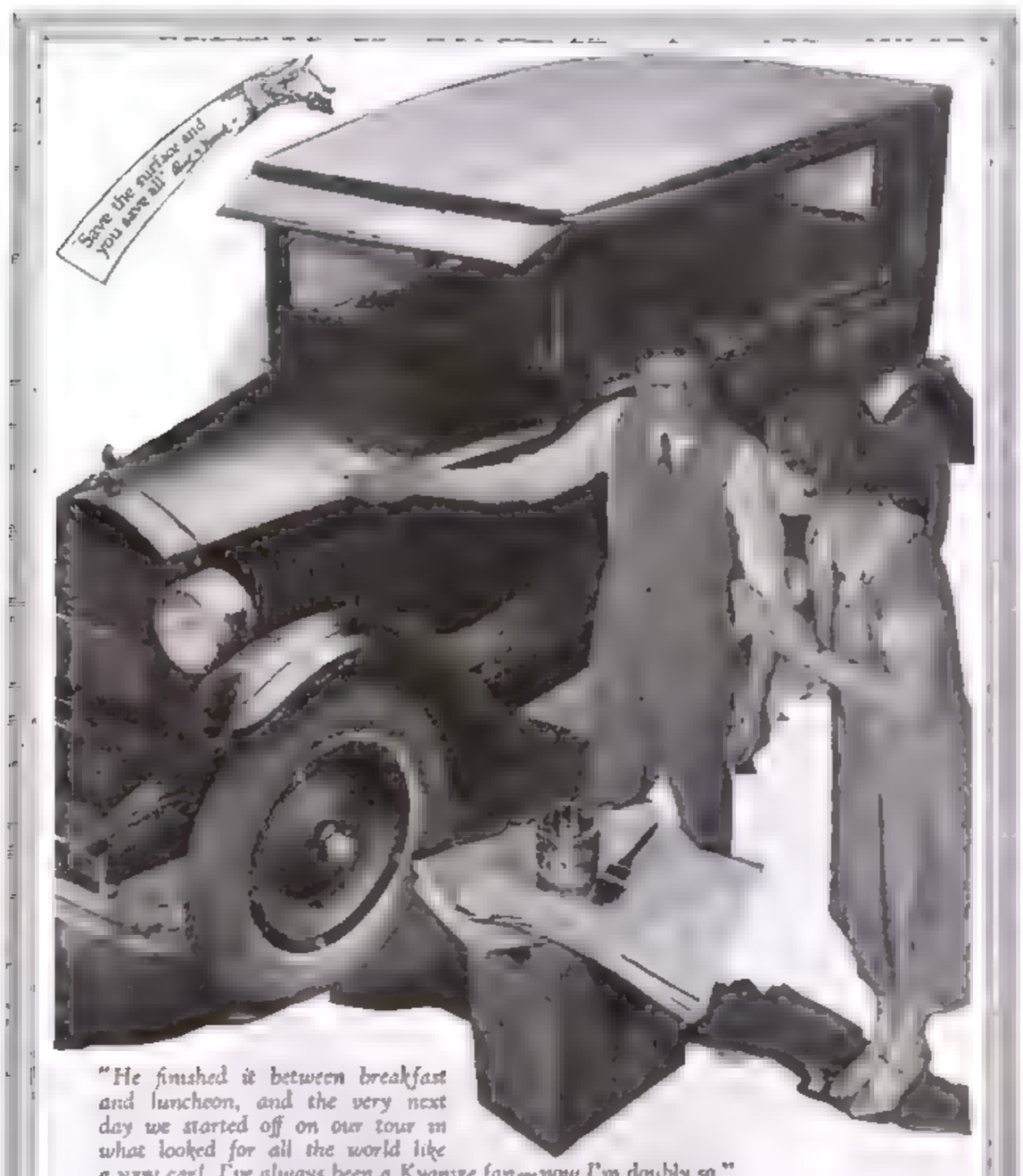

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I was thinkin' ——" He grinned into the face of his friend and adviser. "I guess I made out pretty good at that—sellin' that ring fo' four hund'ed dollars cash money."

"You shuah did, Florian. Ain't many cullud folks in Bumminham could pay that much fo' no jool."

"Right you is, Evans. Now gimme the money."

Lawyer Chew looked up in surprise. "Golly, Florian, I don't ca'y that much cash aroun' with me."

"You ain't got it?"

"Co'se not. You reckon Ise gwine walk aroun' with four hund'ed dollars in my pocket?"

The slender little man bent forward. "Where is it?"

"In the bank."

"Then gimme a check—quick."

"Shuh, Florian, I don't do business that way." The attorney smiled broadly. "I deposited that four hund'ed dollars to your credick in the First National."

For a second Florian refused to believe the evidence of his senses. Then he emitted a wail of terror. "Y-y-you whiched?"

"It was yo' money, so I deposited it to yo' account in the bank. . . . Heah! Wait a minute. Where you departing for in such a hurry?"

From the door Florian threw back a word of explanation, "Ise on my way to meet Ol' Man Disaster face to face—tha's where Ise goin'."

Florian was the personification of velocity as he moved up Third Avenue to Twentieth Street and thence to the First National Bank. Things were beginning to clarify in his mind, and the clearer they grew the more abysmal became Florian's disgust with himself and the world.

Somehow his brain kept reverting to the Chattanooga jaunt. Nobody knew anything about Jim Billing, and now Florian found himself possessed of severe doubts that any such person ever existed. Yet he found it hard to credit Jasper De Void with that much shrewdness. He dashed into the bank and to the window of a paying teller, whom he had known for years.

"Cap'n," he gasped pleadingly, "please, suh, tell me quick how much is my bank balance?"

The white gentleman obliged and returned in two minutes with the dreadful news. "One dollar and forty cents," he announced. "There were four hundred dollars deposited to your credit yesterday morning, but two checks—one for three hundred and another for one hundred—were immediately cashed against it."

Mr. Florian Slappey staggered from the bank. The day had turned dark and dreary. All the world was wrong and Florian deemed himself the most wronged thing in it.

He realized all too keenly what had happened to him. Once more he had been flattened out and trampled upon by Mr. Jasper De Void of Dothan, Alabama.

He saw it all now, clear as crystal. Jasper had never been interested in the ring as a ring. To the tall person from South Alabama that ring merely represented the only property belonging to Florian Slappey which could be converted into money. From the first Jasper had been working to make Florian's bad checks good; and he had succeeded.

Florian took stock of the situation as he mourned down the street. He had given Jasper an extra hundred dollars, by check, to satisfy his resentment over the worthlessness of the original three-hundred-dollar draft. Florian had not expected to make good either of these checks and felt as though he had been robbed of four hundred dollars. But more awful than this was the fact that Jasper now owned Florian's ring. Florian reflected upon the matter until his head ached. It appeared to him that the little transaction had cost him the ring plus four hundred dollars. Jasper possessed the ring, and certainly had a clear profit of one hundred dollars, even regarding the three-hundred-dollar poker debt as a legitimate obligation.

Mr. Slappey wandered disconsolately into the office of Lawyer Evans Chew. He was unutterably miserable. With tears in his eyes he chided the attorney. "You - you never should of done that, Lawyer Chew. You never should of deposited that four hundred dollars to my credick."

"Why, Florian, you talks crazy. It was the same as payin' the money to you."

"Hmph! If you only knowed what I know ——"

"Well," snapped Lawyer Chew, "I done the best I could for you. And, as a matter of fack, it wasn't even my own idea about depositing that money to yo' credick."

A sickening thought smote Florian. He looked up pitifully. "Who was it suggested that, Evans?"

And the attorney's answer caused Florian's cup of bitterness to overflow. "Jasper De Void," he explained. "It was his idea entirely!"

STUDENT GOVERNMENT FOR THE COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 5)

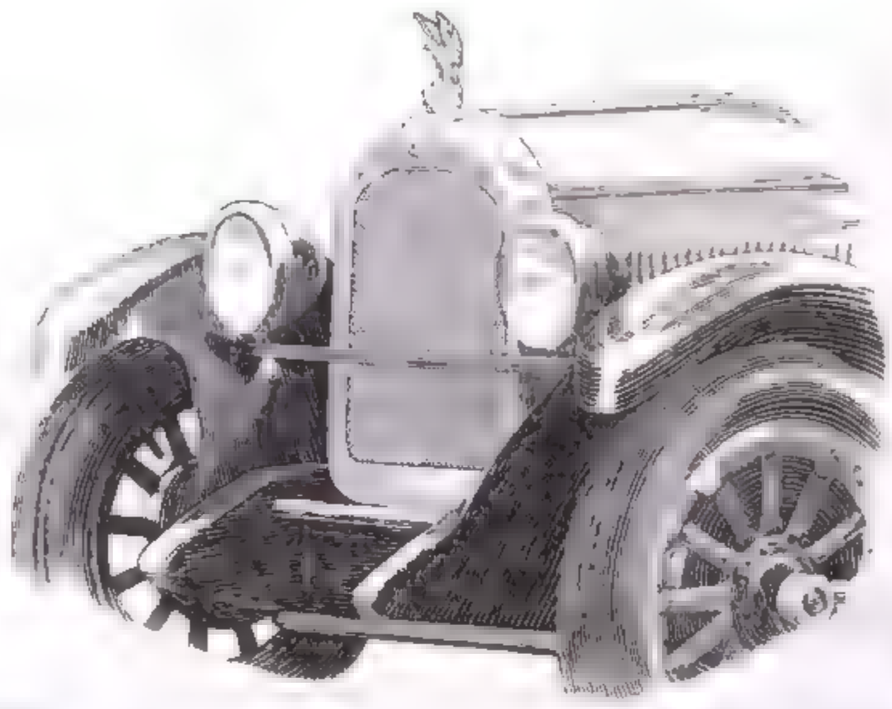
privately to create and control the policies of this Government. Their efforts are the more insidious because all of them are students, learned men of one sort or another, and so far as I can make out, not a single one of them could qualify as a practical exponent of public affairs.

They all use the most expensive stationery; they all advise you how to think about some national problem, and exactly what to do about it in order to bring about the reform they desire. You are invited to join every conceivable kind of league, not so much for the good of your own country as for the good of Europe. They are determined to save Europe, no matter what it costs us to do it. Incidentally, they invite you to contribute to the fund for promoting whatever cause they represent. Usually it is peace. And it is amazing the pyramiding of prices they offer you according to your financial ability and vanity to be recognized in their distinguished company.

Some of them give minute instructions about how to proceed, what to write for the magazines, what to do to your United States senator. And in case you are sufficiently presumptuous to write to the President, they are good enough to inclose a copy of the letter you should send him. The copy of a letter I received for this purpose is couched in terms proudly stern.

Now, overlooking the unpardonable impudence of such a letter, which winds up with an explanatory sentence telling him exactly what will follow in case he obeys instructions, as if he might lack the intelligence to grasp such a stupendous sequel, it seems to me futile to address any kind of letter to the President. In the first place, his secretary may get it and thrust it or ten thousand of them in the wastebasket. In the second place, we do not know who Mr. Coolidge's Mr. House is, or even if he keeps one, though most Presidents do. Therefore, taking into consideration his notorious silence, it is not sensible to meddle with that man. My own impression is that he has some kind of very simple, economical, invincible notion of his duties, and that all hell can't change him. One thing is certain—he is no strident meddler. He performs his own duties and leaves the Senate and House of Representatives to attend to theirs. He is a man you cannot crank. It is always a cold morning for him, and no matter how enthusiastically you strive and spin you cannot turn over the motor of his mind. He is a self-starter.

Continued on Page 185



A change is taking place in the Automotive Industry

WITHIN the past few years public demand turned the tide from high pressure to balloon tires—from two-wheel to four-wheel brakes—from five to seven-bearing crankshafts.

Now experienced motorists demand a better type of power plant with freedom from valve and carbon annoyance and less mechanical trouble—a type of motor that is quiet and stays quiet after many thousands of miles. They want unusual performance and activity in a motor that will maintain its efficiency indefinitely.

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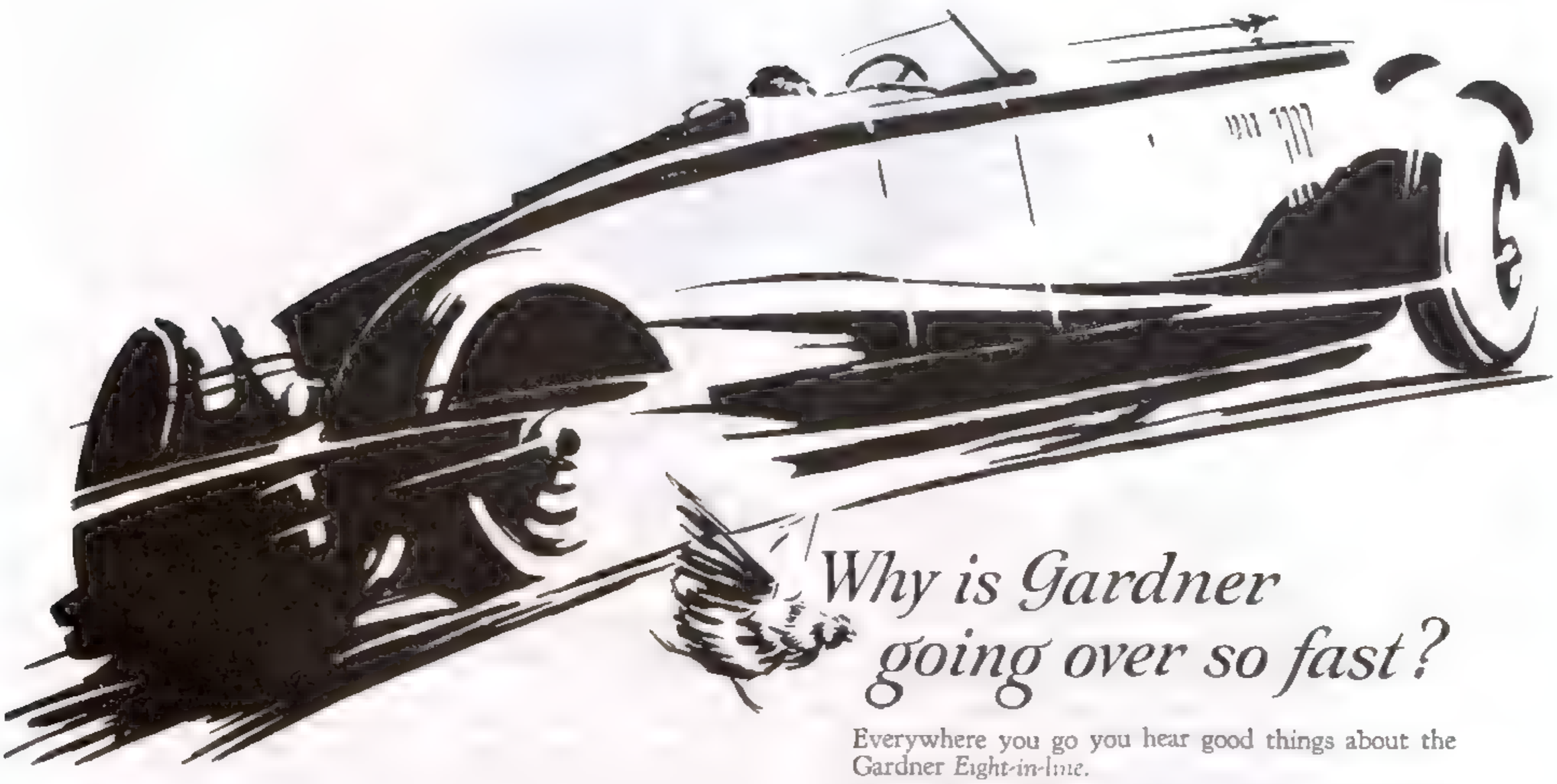

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Everywhere you go you hear good things about the Gardner *Eight-in-line.*

Owners speak of a new thrill in driving—of an aliveness, as though the car thought with them—of a power surplus that defied extension to its limit. They ride pridefully in their sense of the superlative performance and distinction of their car.

Onlookers remark its passage down the street. Its long, low, sweeping foreign lines strike a note of relief from the deadly sameness of most prevailing designs. You know heads are turning to follow you as you go by—in America's first European-type *Eight-in-line.*

And with power and good looks there is the stamina that comes only from honest workmanship and liberal margins in every structural specification—the fruit of Gardner's 50 years' experience in fine vehicle building and our high regard for the reputation the years have given us.

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THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.
Builders of Eight-in-line Exclusively

The GARDNER
EIGHT-IN-LINE

(Continued from Page 182)

The chief object of all this propaganda is to mold public sentiment in the minds of the people. What disturbs me is that they may be doing it, or they could not afford so much fine stationery, such vast sums for postage. And what is even more disturbing is the fact that these various groups of crusaders belong almost exclusively to the sentimental, cultural and merely thinking classes, who are noted for having very little hard-fisted, practical sense.

If we should elect such men to office—if we should choose our senators, for example, from the faculties of some of the universities instead of getting them from the rank and file of the politicians as usual, I tremble to think what would happen. They could not hull out the United States Treasury for the benefit of Europe, as many of them wish to do, but in case they tried it, what would happen? My notion is that a lot of great men would retire hastily from public life. We do need intelligent men of integrity in office, but when a man becomes so learned and so lofty in sentiment that he lives in what the pathologists call the borderland of ideals, he should devote himself to astronomy or some other hypothetical science and leave the government of his country alone.

This writer has what may be called a straight, short-legged ordinary mind, with no sort of world record in thinking. She is touchingly ignorant of the science of politics, according to the rules governing the feminine gender in the former generation, to which she belongs. She was born a Democrat without knowing the reason why, and has remained couchantly faithful to her party, more particularly by observing the unhappy effects of Republican policies upon the fortunes and convictions of the people of the South. She has worried along with the Ten Commandments without ever having been arrested or being obliged to study the recent laws of men to make sure whether she was inside or outside the law in conduct. She does not know for certain what would be good for the country beyond the belief that a more conscientious practice of the instructions set down in these Commandments might be helpful.

The Mentally Unemployed

Nevertheless, she was lately invited to become a member of the advisers' board of one of the innumerable schools of politics now being conducted in so many of our universities. She was assured that her acceptance of the invitation would entail no duties or obligations beyond that of "interest"—to be translated "loyal agreement"—and of calling the attention of prominent people to the functioning of the school. Get that? If she had been suffering from a world-wide complex about international affairs, she might have missed it, but being a plain old person of the common people she declined the honor of rattling like a pea in a gourd.

I would no more join a school of politics than I would matriculate in a school of journalism that teaches parsing and tricks of literary composition. Much less would I become an adviser to the thing with no further obligations than those of a publicity agent. My habit is never to join an organization or corporation where I do not own a majority of the stock and control the output. So I remain an innocent bystander, thus preserving my liberty and freedom of speech.

There is one solution to the problem of the unemployed labor which never fails because it is so incontestably indorsed by Nature: Provide work for workers and eventually they must buckle down to it or starve. But no government has yet discovered an effective method for dealing with the mentally active and unemployed—men in high places or in fortunate circumstances whose mental motors are running at high speed, but out of gear with the machine to which they belong. They are smart people, frequently distinguished, who have learned to think without knowing how to think, removed from the actual facts of life by the vanity of their own minds, harder to educate than heathens because they think they are educated. They belong to the cultured elements of society; rich people, writers, lecturers, university professors—all of them students of one sort or another. We have long been accustomed to regard such people as worthy citizens, or at least ornaments to our civilization. Most of them are frightfully diligent thinkers and many of them are impudent. They are nourished and produced in ever-increasing numbers by the phenomenal prosperity of this country, and by their own uncensored schools of thought.

The Vanity of Youth

Thus it happens that never before in this country has there been so much scrambled and uninformed opinion about everything, from the most private condition of morals to the gravest problems in international politics, with the press, the radio, the mails and the lecture platforms all open to their theories and propaganda. We are being ruled by a seated mob of intellectuals.

From the wealthy and cultured class we get the parlor pinks, languid, lily-handed men and women, who spread radical theories of government for no other reason than that their idleness is endowed, their property and prospects protected by a government founded upon no such sentimental views of human society. Some of the preachers are pacifists who believe in disarmament and "blessed are the meek," but who are now calling loudly for the Army and Navy to protect their missionaries in China.

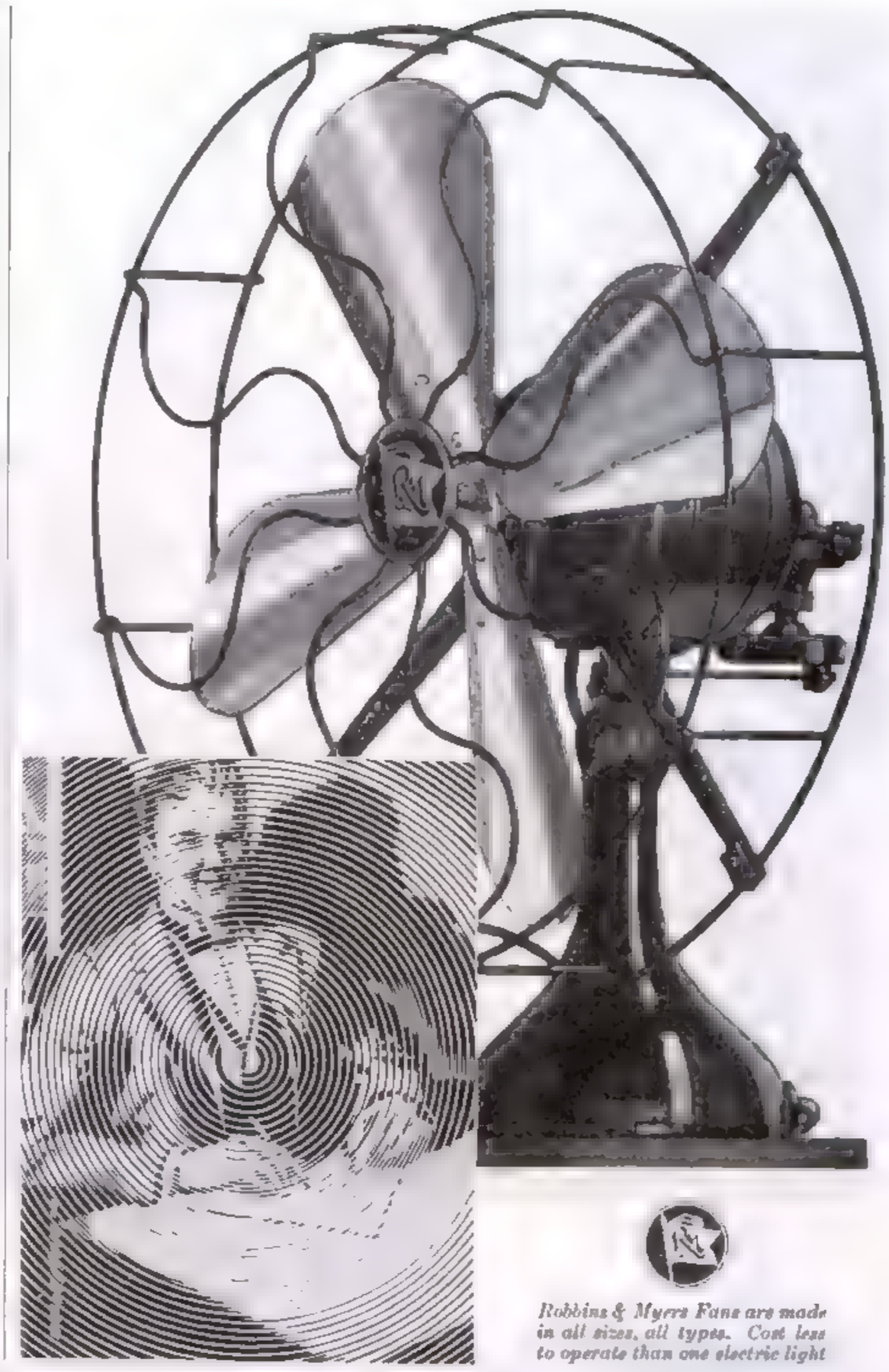
We have a rapidly increasing school of intellectuals who live on their royalties and reputations, and imagine that they earn an honest livelihood while they work indefatigably at the foundations of legitimate spiritual life. They have got themselves the name of rationalists, when really they are the most dangerously irrational of all men, some kind of amateur botanists of human character who make a virtue of delivering their fellow men from the bondage of religion by furnishing incontestable evidence of our lowest physical origin in matter.

By their fruits we ought to know them, but we do not. We keep certain plays off the stage, but every news stand and bookstore in this country is laden with their teachings. The very schools are tainted with it. A number of boys in high schools and colleges have committed suicide during the first three months of this year. These materialists who can teach nothing but the futility of human life and prove nothing but the illusions of all its hopes are stripping youth of its faith, that envelope of romance and ideals which protects it from despair. These boys reach senility in adolescence, and Solomon's wisdom, a bad old man's conclusion, "All is vanity . . . and vexation of spirit." Older men can endure such vicissitudes of mind and carry on because they have formed the habit of living, and justified nobler expectations by experience. But it is murderous to deprive youth of faith in the rewards of virtue and common courage which men have enjoyed in all ages.

The explanation given for these youthful suicides is ill health from overstudy. As a matter of fact, it is not the studying they do. It is what they learn from these studies, whether from books or not, that depresses, degrades and destroys them mentally and morally.

A man is mentally superfluous and always meddlesome the moment he ceases to apply himself to his own job, whatever it is, and begins to agitate concerning affairs already placed in the competent hands of other men duly chosen and elected to solve and settle these matters.

The most notable example of this right now is the activities of certain men in some of the universities in this country. They have duties to perform which should engage all their powers, but they get the notion that they are peculiarly fitted for



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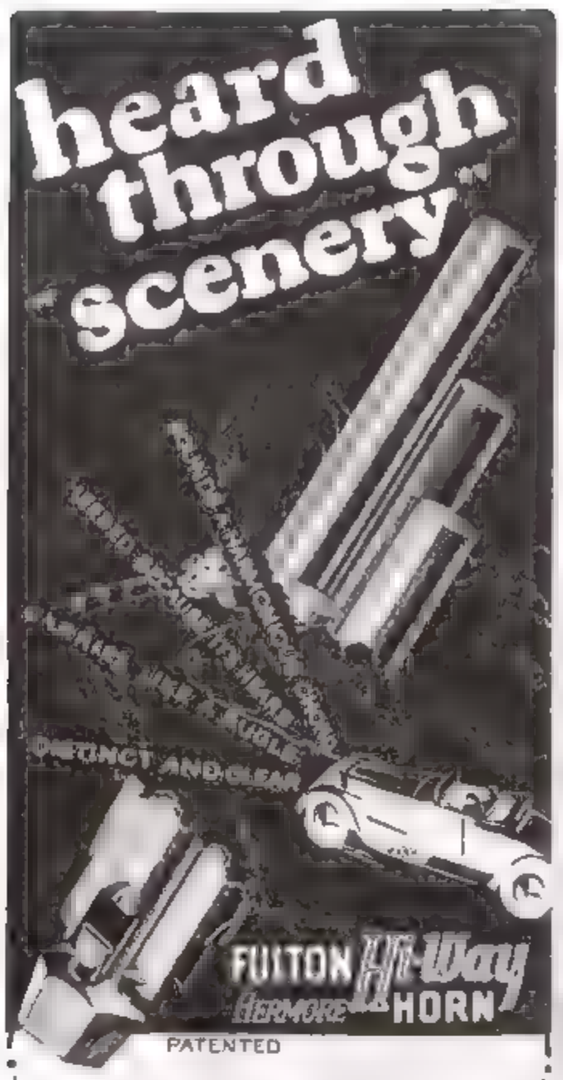

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fields of wider endeavor. They cannot endure the relative obscurity of applying themselves solely to their own duties. The fact is that men of this type often have no talent for duties. They take their salaries and devote a large part of their mental powers to other activities that enhance their reputations as leaders of public opinion.

There is one characteristic of the mentally unemployed, no matter how intelligent they are or how active they are—they find too much that is wrong with the world. And they go about with the Almighty's glove stuck in their helmets like super knights who have taken an inner vow to make it over in their own image and they never accomplish anything.

Placing a Premium on War

A number of university professors are now demanding a "reconsideration" of the debt settlements this Government has made with our former Allies in the Great War. The fact that we have officials at Washington fully informed on this subject, who have already acted upon it according to their best judgment, is of no importance to these professors, compared with the sense they have of their own importance. They feel that way because they are obsessed with an ideal which they believe is a noble ideal.

The prosperity of their own country is a source of the keenest mortification to them so long as we refuse to cancel these war debts. They can take no pride in the fact that we prosper because we are innocent of the mind and sins of these older nations. We must not enjoy the rewards of our virtues or our sacrifices while Europe suffers the consequences of that great crime, war. They are for remitting the penalties and placing a premium on war. It seems to make no difference to them that the Old World, so financed, may at once combine against us or our interests in another war.

Altruism is a disease of the moral sense peculiar to the highest type of professional thinkers and meddlers. Nothing the radicals or Bolshevists have written or shouted in the past ten years has been so injurious to the character and quality of our people as this growth of what looks like charity and sounds like good will to the less fortunate, but which is really an evidence of the loosening of the bonds of justice and righteousness.

It accounts for the growing disposition we have for paroling dangerous criminals because of a little good behavior under prison discipline, for the sentiment against capital punishment for murderers—who believe in it and practice it on their innocent victims. And it also accounts for the patience with which we listen to these academic philanthropists who want the American people to pay the war debts of Europe.

The most important thing to have in government is a just sense of values, and to avoid the far-reaching effects of a false doctrine, no matter how beautiful and true it sounds told in the strophes of noble words. There is too much peculation in thinking done by men whose lives produce no commensurate values in living.

During the whole of my married life I had a secret sin which I never confessed to my husband: I did not believe in foreign missions. And the worst break I ever made as a circuit rider's wife was refusing to help the woman's foreign missionary society in our little village church to send a Bible woman to Siam. I had such a meanly suspicious mind that I never could believe the Lord would call a man to the Hottentot ends of the earth to preach the Gospel when there was so much Gospel needed at home. And I still believe these truly good men dodged the issue, that they craved the distinction of the martyr's crown. There is a lot of vanity in the spiritual life.

Glorified Sentimentality

I was a very young woman when the Boxer Rebellion broke out and all the Christian nations poured troops into China to save their nationals and missionaries, and to enforce their demands for indemnities for those slain and for property destroyed, even as they are doing now. I remember wondering why there was such a to-do about the missionaries. If they were willing to give their lives for the heathen, why not absolve their respective countries from the necessity of protecting them when the heathen demanded of them the supreme sacrifice? Maybe they really did not expect it. Maybe it is the pride and policy of every government to protect its nationals. And I suppose also that it is a matter of common honesty for a government to repay what it borrows from its citizens.

Just so, I am wondering now by what brilliant circuitous route of thinking do these professors reach the conclusion that America should cancel the war debts she holds against Europe, when she borrowed the money for these loans from her own people with the promise to redeem her bonds in so many and so many years. Do they expect our Government to cheat us and force us to pay them by taxation, thus requiring us to pay for them twice, with interest?

That is what I am telling you about student government for the country. These learned men and professors won't do. They are misled by a fallacious and glorified sentimentality. They are splendid and unreliable. We do not want such people meddling with our national affairs.

They lack practical sense. Once they succeeded in getting these war debts canceled, they would dispose of war with a gesture, nothing else. They believe in arbitration. Most people do, but do we see belligerents arbitrating?

Blinded by Their Vision

We see five nations sending troops and navies to protect their nationals in China, all of them members of the League except the United States. But we may as well ask Russia to arbitrate as China. Russia might be glad to do it for the sake of the attendant publicity for advertising communism, but what would arbitration amount to in either case? Once in so often your fine old heathen nation will rise on its dewclaws and attempt to expel the foreigner and assert itself. Nobody likes to have guests all the time, especially such expensive guests. And who would dare accept the peace pledges of a nation like Russia?

Arbitration is an ideal as splendid as the bright posteriors of the Almighty Moses imagined he saw. The difference is that Moses sensibly shaded his eyes against the vision, while these students persist in staring themselves blind at what they think they see. They might call it an International Police Force, but it would really require a vaster army than this world has ever seen, rotting from age to age in barracks all over the world, to enforce arbitration and insure peace.

We may as well accept the risks along with the blessings of being human beings and go ahead, do the best we can according to our natures and necessities, and take what comes. Though I do think, as I said before, we should pay more attention to the Ten Commandments, especially in our dealings with other nations, and we ought to indulge in considerable military training. These are old-fashioned measures for insuring peace with good morals and good guns.

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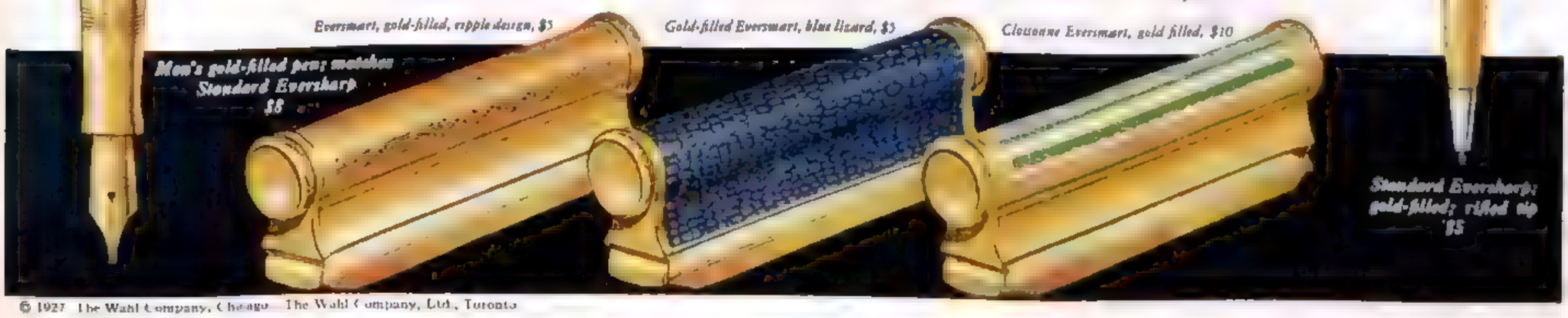
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CROOKED

(Continued from Page 33

uneasy. But why? Surely she and Charley no longer had need to care about such cattle as Hodge and his wife.

She took a second peep at Hodge. He was a short, stoutish man; and though he wore evening clothes, the very nature of the clothes was a give-away, a patent advertisement of his vulgarity. Had he worn a necktie threaded through a ring, he could not have looked more common. But Charley was not like that. Even in his well-worn dinner coat, a relic of college days, he looked as if he were somebody.

She felt Charley nudge her. "Don't," he mumbled.

Bertha glanced at him inquiringly. "Don't what, Charley?"

He indicated the Hodges, telling her to stop looking at them, and Bertha tossed her head. "Pshaw!" she said lightly. She was again smiling and insouciant when a waiter, his air eloquently impressive, wheeled into view a small table set on wheels. On the table were the hors d'œuvres—a dozen delightful, appetizing varieties.

The dinner, the throng of smart, well-dressed people at the tables, the food and all else, with its sense of richness and ease, suffused her with a sense of fulfillment, intoxicating in its gratification. The sordid memories of the past few days were gone. She was convinced now, if never before, that she had been right in every step she'd taken. For one thing, she had roused her husband out of his inertia. For another, she had made him see how easy it was to succeed, once he was disposed to see. That was, in fact, the chief satisfaction in her achievement. Only she ever would know the distress, not to say despair, she had suffered when first she had suspected Charley Maddox was doomed to remain a clerk, a hired man; that the man she had married was a failure. She had been wrong in that, of course. As now she knew the bitter taunt she had flung at him had been unjust, though she hardly regretted it. The taunt had at least borne fruit. Whatever else was to be said, it had goaded him into showing his real self, his ability; and, pride conscious in her eyes, Bertha glanced up at him, her lips parted. Afterward, as consciously, she glanced across the room at Hodge and Hodge's wife. Thank heaven, Charley was not like him!

Thank heaven, yes. With that, Bertha wiped Hodge and all Hodge suggested out of her mind. It happened, though, that they were not yet done with Hodge and Mrs. Hodge this evening.

The waiter served the filet. With it were green peas, the peas fresh, though it was late November. For an instant Bertha paused in her enjoyment of them. "Why—why aren't you eating?" she exclaimed.

Charley, in fact, wasn't. So far he merely had picked at his food. He had been silent, too, his mood absorbed, and her brows puckering, she peered at him curiously.

Charley laid down his knife and fork and sat back with a little shrug of indifference, a movement of weariness. "I'm not hungry," he mumbled. Watching, she saw his eyes wander evasively across the room. Hodge again was glaring at them, and Charley's eyes dropped.

In the cab, while driving down to the restaurant, Bertha had been conscious vaguely of that same feeling of unrest and disquiet he now displayed. Why? She reflected it must be the reaction from the day's excitement. So far she had learned nothing really definite of the way he had managed to land this coup, its fruits the sixteen thousand dollars. She knew that in a way it had something to do with what Charley called an option. He had bought the option, paying for it a thousand dollars, but where he got the thousand Charley hadn't said. She knew little about business details. But what had seemed queer even to her was that almost as soon as he bought it, he had sold back the option to the man from whom he had bought it.

She knew his name—Baronov. He was the man who owned the property. However, all this was of little real interest to Bertha. The main fact was the sixteen thousand dollars. Charley had made it; they had the money in their possession; so why think of anything else? Having finished with the filet and salad, Bertha ordered an ice for herself.

The dinner check was seventeen dollars and forty cents. Ordinarily the amount would have fed them for a week, perhaps longer, and she saw a sardonic light steal into Charley's eyes as he scanned the check, then gave the man a twenty-dollar bill. Bertha had her eye on her husband when the waiter returned with the change.

The change was a dime, a fifty-cent piece and two one-dollar bills. Instinctively, Charley put out a hand to take it, but as he did so Bertha nudged him under the table. "That's his tip—all," she murmured.

With a nod to the waiter, she signified he was to put the money in his pocket.

"*Merci*, madame," said the waiter.

Bertha rose. She would have liked to linger, to dawdle a while at the table, to see and to be seen. It was late, however, if they meant to get to the theater before the curtain went up. Across the room the Hodges, too, had risen, and Bertha smiled to herself. She was not vindictive, in any way the least spiteful, but there was a subtle satisfaction in showing that woman the indifference and quiet contempt for her. "Come along, Charley," she murmured.

Charley had not risen. He had picked up a glass and was drinking from it slowly. "Wait," he mumbled. He set down the glass and dabbed his lips with his napkin, his eyes furtively wandering toward the Hodges. Bertha's face hardened irritably as she caught the significance of the glance. "Don't be silly!" she said sharply.

Silly, indeed! The idea that he should be embarrassed to face his one-time employer, even though Hodge had discharged him, seemed clownish. It was a time, instead, to triumph; and, her chin tilted, a faint smile in her eyes, Bertha walked indolently toward the door, conscious as she passed the other tables of the looks directed toward her. As if Hodge—Hodge's wife, either—meant anything now!

In the hall, though, Hodge stood waiting. She had sailed past him, ignoring the man and the sharp look he flung at her; and still indolent, she was slipping into the coat the woman attendant held out for her when a sharp, rasping voice spoke abruptly. "Say, you, Maddox!" it said. "I want a word with you!" Bertha turned swiftly. Hodge stood facing Charley. His jaw was set, his face menacing.

Charley looked down at his former employer. He was smiling unconcernedly, or rather the smile seemed unconcerned. Before he could speak, however, Hodge's sneering mouth curved itself into a snarl. "You think you sneaked one over on us, don't you!" snapped Hodge.

Bertha watched, breathless. A flash of anger shot through her, its heat instinctive at the effrontery of Hodge in daring to speak so to her husband. She had not grasped Hodge's meaning; she heard only the insinuation in that one word "sneaked." Then on the heels of that her heart leaped with another sudden surge. This time it was in admiration of Charley.

Though he had turned white, the color fleeting under his skin, he curled his lip in a quiet smile. "There are women here, Hodge," said Charley; "don't play the cad if you can help it."

Hodge's face was convulsed. "Cad?" he repeated furiously. "Cad?" Then his fury got the better of him. "Don't you give me any of your lip, you dirty swindler!" he blurted; adding, in a splutter, "I know all about that bogus check you gave today!"

Charley made no reply. What happened then was swift. Frightened now, Bertha was watching when she saw Charley make a sudden movement. Swift as it was, though, Hodge was swifter. He leaped back, alarm in his face. "Don't you touch me! Don't you dare lay a hand on me!" he shrilled.

Charley didn't. With a laugh, the laugh contemptuous, he turned on his heel. "Get your coat, Bertha," he directed.

She already had it on. He slipped into his own coat then, and as they went out at the door the last they saw of Hodge was Hodge still spluttering and mumbling, a group of grinning waiters looking on from the background. In the street a cab was waiting, and giving the driver the direction, Charley helped Bertha to get in.

He still was white. She could feel him quiver, too, as the cab got under way. "What was it, Charley?" she asked.

Charley was lighting himself a cigarette. "What was what, Bertha?"

"What Hodge said," she answered.

"Oh, that!" He shrugged idly. At the same time he blew out the lighted match. "It was just Hodge's talk, Bertha. He's sore because I put over on him the same trick he played on his own employers once."

Yes, of course. She knew the story. It was how Hodge, too, had bought in for himself an option his one-time employers had hired him to get. That was business, naturally—being clever. But what had Hodge meant by his allusion to that check?

Charley blew out a cloud of smoke. "Just talk, too, Bertha. You don't need to bother with anything he said," laughed Charley. Then he gave her hand a pat. "Sorry to get you mixed up in business, little girl. I want you to have a good time—that's all that matters."

Bertha snuggled closer to his shoulder. She looked up at him a moment later, her eyes shining. "The cabman's not looking," she whispered, though Charley did not at first understand. He seemed to have lapsed again into another reverie, but when she made her meaning clear, "Kiss me, stupid," she whispered, she hardly was prepared for the response. Once again he crushed her to him, his lips pressed hotly to hers, so that she gave a muffled murmur.

Then, to her added surprise, when he released her she saw his eyes all at once were moist. "Why, Charley!" she said.

A half-heard murmur came from Charley. "I—I thought"—she had to bend closer to hear it—"I thought I'd lost you—once."

"Please!" begged Bertha.

They must not let any such memory mar their new happiness. All that was now in the past. The future, so bright, rose like the dawn before them. In the cab, on their way home, she already had begun to plan.

XIII

SIXTEEN thousand dollars! The wonder of it, though, was not the amount. Neither was it the possibilities the amount evoked. It was the marvel that out of the air, so to speak, so many dollars might be snatched as if at will. Once she came to think of it, Bertha herself was, in fact, astonished. It gave her somehow a new and deeper respect for Charley Maddox.

Even though it had been herself who had urged, not to say goaded, him to the point where he had gone to get the money, the fact that he had succeeded was not to be forgotten. Had it been another man, he might have failed. Another man, besides, might not have listened to her goading. However, though she felt so prideful for her husband, Bertha cherished few illusions. Charley was Charley, she must not lose sight of that; added to which she had, of course, that feeling which seems instinctive in so many women, wives—the sense that they are the real hands at the helm, the guiding impulse of the family destinies. For the first few days, though, Bertha willingly let things drift. As it looked, too, Charley seemed equally willing. He was so much so that she finally saw he was; the discovery vaguely irritating her.

(Continued on Page 190)

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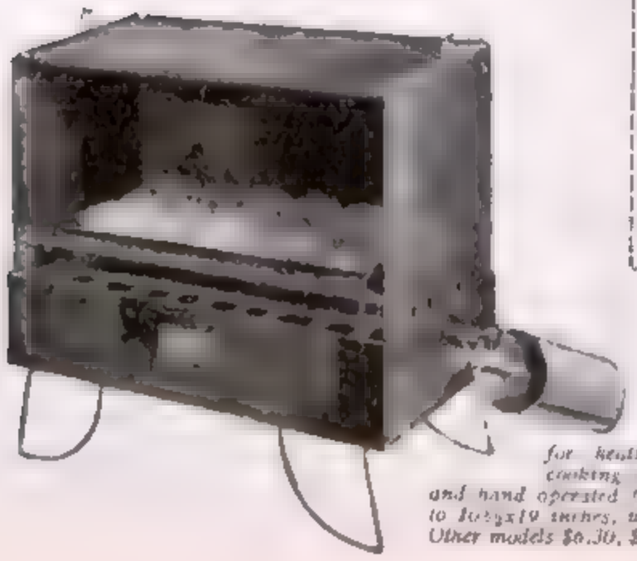

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(Continued from Page 188)

Instead of faring forth on his own affairs, Charley seemed only to wish to stay at home, to hover about her, to keep her always in his sight. His company, constant as it might be, was not what might be called diverting. She herself was gay, filled with spirits. The relief, the revulsion, from her former feeling of defeat—not to say despair—still was like wine. Charley, however, seemed plunged in continual reveries.

"Don't be silly!" she said finally.

She knew the story now—or so she thought—the way he had made that sixteen thousand all in a lump. Charley, of course, had turned a neat trick on his former employers, that was all. The humor of it, too, was that it was exactly the same trick Hodge had once played on his own employers; so why not laugh? Why sit and moon? "That's like you, though!" laughed Bertha. "You're so painfully upright you lean over backward."

She laughed again. She did not see the quick glance he gave her. Bertha, however, had too much to employ her nowadays to let Charley's thin-skinned sensitiveness, as she called it, worry her for long.

"You get to work at your packing," she directed, adding that he must get up the trunks at once from the basement. They were to move from the flat the week following.

A great deal was happening these few days. One was the moving. That first night, on her way home in the cab, Bertha had decided on this—the flat house with its dingy entrance, its threadbare stair carpet and the dingy, battered papering on the walls a vital anticlimax to the evening's gayety and splendor; though when she made her announcement Charley had demurred. It had nettled her, frankly, to hear him. In fact, he had seemed astonished that she wished to move.

"What? Stay here?" exclaimed Bertha.

Charley, however, hadn't laughed. "I don't see why not," he had replied. After a glance about the scanty living room and its cheap huddle of furniture, he looked back at her. "It's awful homy, Bee. I've been happy here, you know."

Bertha had laughed again. "But can't you see, Charley?" Patiently she tried to make it clear to him. "A man of your position now, Charley, must have a home in keeping with it."

Charley gave her another glance. "Position? Do you mean my job?"

Bertha shook her head, still patient. By "position" she had referred to it only in the abstract. As yet, in fact, he hadn't tried to find himself another place, nor had Bertha urged him to do so. She had felt, to be frank, that in a new environment, one more suitable to them, the environment would help complete her task of wringing out of him any further traces of his complex, the feeling of inferiority all the clerk class seem to have. Thus the thought of living on in a cubby-hole like this made her smile. Live there when he had proved himself so successful? Ridiculous! She made it clear even to him a moment afterward.

"Mrs. Reade called up again yesterday," she said.

Charley started eagerly. "Ben Reade's wife?" he exclaimed.

Bertha nodded. "I had to put her off once more," she said quietly; and when Charley again exclaimed, his voice rueful, Bertha frankly told him the truth. "I can't ask people like the Reades to a place like this, Charley."

He, too, seemed to see it then. "Very well, Bertha," he said heavily.

The next day Bertha found exactly the place suited to them. The place, in brief, was an attractive, dainty suite in an apartment hotel, the hotel itself smart and up-to-date. Three rooms comprised the suite—a living room and two bedrooms, one for herself and one for Charley; then a bath. There was, of course, no kitchen; but that was the point. In all those smart places one naturally dined out each night; or if not, dinner was served in a dining room downstairs; and as Bertha realized, all this would mean a great change for her from the monotonous round of housekeeping she'd had for years. It would mean also an opportunity equally great. At all events, all along Bertha had felt, as so many women feel, the deadening, the undermining, effect of a mere housewife's existence. Minnie Harnett and Sophie Gershon, for example, already had freed themselves from sordid domestic drudgery; so why shouldn't she? True, intellectually she had little in common with either Minnie or Sophie; but their leisure did appeal. It gave, for one thing, a chance for cultivation—music, the theater, and so forth. But though all this was projective—that is, largely in the future—the fact of the apartment was real enough. The rent was three hundred and fifty dollars a month.

"Oh, I say!" protested Charley. Bertha looked at him. What now? "But that's just double what we're paying, Bertha!"

It was, as a fact, more than double. As it happened, too, she had deliberately calculated the fact. In brief, she had been quick to see that a doubled rent would be a doubled spur to one like Charley Maddox. Charley, however, had not protested for long—though why should he? He had the money, hadn't he? More than that, he had proved his ability to make money. It showed he could go on making it. Frankly, Bertha had no worries now on this score.

She had no worries, either, on the score of what use he meant to make of the money he now had. It was on the day they moved to the new apartment that this point, to her relief, was settled. What is more, it was settled in a way that left no doubt of its finality.

One might stop here for a moment. One might pause to reflect on the matter of sudden money and its effect on those who get it. That trite, commonplace phrase, "there's more where this came from," aptly expresses it; but though in this case it was so, and the sixteen thousand dollars, as it happens, was only the beginning of the flood of dollars that were to fall into Charley Maddox's hands, why moralize? It was along toward six o'clock, the day they moved, when for the last time Bertha climbed the stairs to the third-floor flat.

The two vans had left long before. One had taken to the new apartment the things Bertha wished to save, the other had wended its way to the auction room with the bulk of the furniture. She had been glad to get rid of it. Charley had, of course, demurred; but as much for his sake as anyone's, Bertha had ruthlessly gone through the last of their shabby, forlorn belongings, discarding any that were not absolutely needed and selling the others for what they would bring. She was determined, in fact, that little if anything should be left to remind them, Charley in particular, of the shoddy, shabby past. And that was right. Who could doubt? Along toward four, when she had the rugs down and the new furniture in place in the new apartment, she clapped her hands in impulsive delight.

Charley had not come yet. She had not seen him since early that morning. It was before the movers came; and though she had warned him they were dining out, then going to the theater and a night club afterward, and that he must get home in time to dress, he had not even telephoned. So much had had to be done, too—rugs laid, pictures hung, furniture set in place. Added to that, someone must go back to the old flat to see that nothing had been left and to turn over the keys to Larsen, the Swede janitor. The result was that after waiting vainly till half-past five, Bertha herself had to go uptown.

Her vexation was justified perhaps. She had worked like a squirrel all day, laying the rugs and hanging the pictures herself, and even the pleasurable excitement of her new home and its new surroundings had not kept off the feeling of fatigue. Nor did the drive uptown restore her. Usually a trip in a taxi was a pleasure, but this afternoon she somehow could not

(Continued on Page 193)

Take Warning

You Golfers

who have one *favorite club in the bag*

HAVE you a favorite club? One that inspires your absolute confidence? One with which you *know* you can always hit the ball fairly?

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These irons have an exact relation of lie to lie. An exact graduation in the pitches of the blades. The torsion and resilience of the shafts are matched. And the relation of balance is so perfect, that a line drawn through the centers of balance of all the clubs parallels the tops of the shafts. See illustration number one.

NUMBER ONE

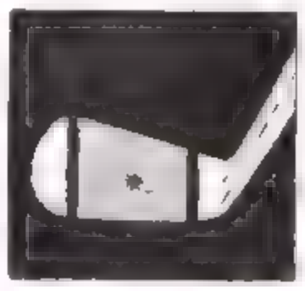
A similar comparison made with the average set of clubs usually looks like illustration number two.

Such accurate relationship gives all the Spalding Irons exactly the same swinging weight — that is, you can time your swing exactly the same for all of them.

NUMBER TWO

Imagine the tremendous advantage of such uniformity. You do not have to humor each club. You don't have to bring one clubhead through faster than another to compensate for a difference in weight and balance. You do not have to master different swings for different clubs. You can perfect *one* swing for all of them.

Another advantage—the "Sweet Spot"



The "Sweet Spot" is the one spot on the face of the club that gives greatest distance to the ball, and the sweetest feel to the impact. Every golf club has one. It remained for Spalding, however, to so plan the distribution of metal that the "Sweet Spot" could be located in the same position on every club face. And Spalding has marked it there for you to see

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Each group consists of a No. 1 iron (driving iron), No. 2 (mid-iron), No. 3 (mid mashie), No. 4 (mashie iron), No. 5 (mashie), and No. 6 (mashie niblick). The Kro-Flite Related Irons are $6 50 each. Kro-Flite Related Woods Driver, Brassie and Spoon—are $12 50 each

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Each of these sets is stamped with a number which is registered with Spalding. Should a club ever be lost or broken, it can be exactly duplicated by sending the set number and club number to Spalding

Have your professional outfit you—either one at a time with Kro-Flite Related Clubs, or all at once with a Registered Set. Spalding dealers also carry these clubs, and of course all Spalding Stores

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Spalding

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Mother

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—Every Day

ON CHILD'S TEETH

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Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

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IN a film that forms on teeth, science has discovered what is believed to be a chief enemy both of sound teeth and of healthy gums—a viscous, stubborn film that ordinary brushing alone has often failed to effectively combat.

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For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing alone was often found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

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Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time, it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.

In daily practice, Pepsodent is urged by dentists for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualities.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

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Please Accept Pepsodent Test

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PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

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get her eye away from the meter. It was as if it were glued there, and each time another five cents clicked into view on the dial she was vulgarly conscious of it. It was vulgar; she knew that. She must learn to rid herself of the habit, the conscious way she kept watching the meter. Then, as the cab finally drew up before the flat-house door and she got out and paid the driver, the place and its familiar drab dinginess once more struck her like a blow. Thank heaven, she would not have to see it again!

The feeling of commingled distaste and satisfaction still was strong as she climbed the stairs through the stairway's varied stages of dowdy meanness and disrepair. There was the same battered wall papering, the same threadbare carpet on the treads. The handrail, as was its wont, felt greasy to the touch, and on each floor were the accustomed sounds, the accustomed smells besides—cabbage—if not cabbage, soup. From the top of the house came a child's voice, vociferating angrily. Hurriedly, as if to escape it, Bertha opened the door of the flat, then shut it behind her hastily.

It was dim inside. The dusk already had fallen; and she remembered she had ordered the electric-light people to turn off the current. However, she could see well enough for what she wished to see. The flat was bare. Here and there lay a disorderly heap of papers and excelsior, and up and down the hall and in the living room the movers had tracked lines of dirt. Bertha shrugged at the sight of it. Its meanness was made more than ever evident now, and turning away, she was about to hurry down the empty hall when a sound startled her.

It came from the bedroom. A broken box had been left in there by the movers—and on it sat Charley Maddox. His chin was on his hand and his eyes were roaming dully over the room's dusty vacancy.

"For heaven's sake!" said Bertha.

"Hullo, dear," he answered aimlessly.

He got up slowly, picking up his hat, which he had dropped on the floor, and for a moment she hardly knew whether to laugh or be vexed. Then the humor of it—Charley's sitting there in the empty flat—struck her all at once. It was like an old print she remembered, one she had owned as a child. The Dead Canary, it was called, the picture representing a figure seated in a chair, chin on hand and looking down at a bird lying there. The bird, she remembered, had its feet in the air; and Bertha laughed.

She had no sooner laughed, though, than her heart twanged contritely. Charley's mouth was drawn, his face lugubrious, and impulsively she laid a hand on his arm. "Why, Charley, dear! What is it, boy?" she said hastily.

Charley shook his head. He smiled as he did it. "Nothing, Bee; not much anyway. I kind of hate, though, to leave here."

For a moment she was bewildered. Hate to leave that place? It dawned on Bertha it was so. He regretted the move, even when it had been made for his sake most of all. But why? She wondered whether he wished to lapse back into their old humdrum existence. Then she had another thought—a shrewd one, she considered.

"Charley, you're not thinking of the money, are you?" she asked.

"The money?" It was his turn to start. "What do you mean?" he asked.

Bertha gave his arm a reassuring pat. "You don't have to worry. We mustn't be silly, of course—I mean, waste what we have; but after all, Charley, for a man of your success, what you are spending now is moderate." As she pointed out, it was less, quite a little less, in fact, than either Harnett or Gershon spent.

All this was going over old ground, of course. That was the trouble, though—Charley's nature. It took constant iteration to make him see things that, to a woman, were so elemental. She saw, however, she must be patient. She must not mar her success with him by being irritable; and she had the wish, too—the same wish so many women have of desiring to please. She wished to have him like all she did for him. "You like the new flat, don't you? apartment, I mean."

He looked as if he hadn't heard her. It was as if he hadn't been listening. She had to repeat what she'd said, in fact.

"Oh—the apartment?" He nodded absently. "If you like it, it's all I ask, Bertha."

Bertha kissed him. She knew again that she needed only to be patient and gentle with him to bring Charley around to her way of thinking. He was like all men—all husbands, at any rate; though, in handling Charley, she assured herself she never would sink to such methods as Minnie Harnett and Sophie Gershon used in getting what they wished. If Minnie wished to get anything, for a week, say, she was deliberately cold and distant to Harnett, not deigning at times to speak to him. Sophie, on the other hand, would be calculatingly irritable, not to say insulting. Then, when they considered the moment suitable, each would suddenly become tender and endearing, lavishing kisses and attention on their husbands.

"I got a diamond-and-emerald bracelet out of Harnett the last time," bragged Minnie, and Sophie tittered in echo. "I got a mink coat," she bragged.

It had made Bertha cold. Fur coats and jeweled bracelets—fancy! She wondered that any woman could barter her conscience against such merely material ends. Though, of course, she liked such things—loved them, to be frank—she felt she would have to sink far to practice any trick like that. If Charley gave her a bracelet she would love it. If he gave her a mink coat she would love that too. Besides, she would wear the coat or the bracelet with an added pleasure, the satisfaction she would feel in displaying them as badges, as guerdons, of Charley's success, his ability to buy them for her. She never would swindle him out of them, however. At the thought she slipped her hand into Charley's arm and drew him closer.

They were out in the street now. She had managed to get him out of the deserted, desolate flat, Charley hanging back reluctantly even when she had opened the door to the stairway and while she stood waiting. She had to call out, "Come along, Charley," before he seemed to awake. As it was, they would have to hurry if they meant to get to the theater on time; though fortunately, as it happened, they had walked only to the corner when a cab hove in sight. Bertha at once signaled to it, and it was in the cab, driving down to the new apartment, that the other matter was settled—the question of their future.

They had gone only a block or two when Charley spoke. "The Subway would have been quicker," he said, adding then—"cheaper too."

Bertha laughed. With her quick facility for reading her husband, she had been waiting to hear him say it. It would, of course, have been cheaper; it would have been quicker, too, perhaps; yet in taking the cab she had not been led merely by a whim.

"Silly, can't you see what the hotel people would think of you if you walked in with a bundle?" Smiling, she gave his arm another squeeze.

Charley had a bundle, in fact. It was a battered chafing dish, the source of his famous rabbits; and Bertha had thrown it into a barrel with the other useless things she had discarded.

"Where have you been all day?" she asked. He had been downtown. "All day, Charley?"

He nodded absently, and for a moment she was silent. She wondered swiftly whether he had been downtown to hunt himself a place. As it proved, though, he had not gone downtown for that purpose. It was to invest his money.

"Invest it?" Bertha echoed hastily.

"Why not?" asked Charley.

Bertha drew her arm out of his.

She had not thought of this. Did it mean he had tied up all their resources? Of course, she knew little about business, but she remembered his former investments—the baby bonds he had bought and which he had so steadfastly refused to sell even when she had been so hard pressed for ready money. In spite, though, of her uneasiness, Bertha managed to laugh. "Don't tell me you bought bonds—not that!"

Charley's eyes lighted. A gleam of interest shot into them. "You're right—I did, Bee!" he exclaimed. "I bought fourteen of them, all gilt-edged!" Then, more soberly, Charley added: "If anything happens to me now you'll have something to live on."

The poor dear! She hardly knew whether to laugh or what; and silent, she leaned and listened to Charley while he rattled on. He was saying something about "5 per cent," "security," "rainy days," and so on, terms she already had heard before; but a swift mental calculation gave her exactly the real facts of it. Invested, as he called it, at 5 per cent, the fourteen thousand dollars would bring them in exactly seven hundred dollars a year.

Said Bertha quietly, "That's the rent for just two months, Charley."

It stopped him for a moment. He seemed for the first time to get the weight of what she meant to show him. "Yes, I know," he said, after a thought; "but you have that extra thousand I gave you."

It was true, she had. It was the first thing he'd done, once he had deposited the check, but out of it she already had paid the first month's rent and the bills for the furniture needed in the apartment. Charley gaped when she had to point this out.

"You don't mean it's almost gone!"

As much as she disliked to do it, Bertha had to be frank with him. "You'll have to realize, Charley," she said gently, "your sixteen thousand dollars is not going to last forever—though that's not the point. It's sweet of you, of course, to have thought of me; to try, you know, to put away something for my sake; but you mustn't think of that. I thought you'd see it too."

If he had, Charley didn't show it. He was looking at her bewilderedly, his eyes widened. "Do you mean spend it, Bertha?" It was exactly what she meant. "What?" said Charley.

Bertha put her hand on his. "Spend it to get on, Charley. You must use the money to get on your feet, can't you understand?"

Again she felt tired and *ennuyée*. She had reason for her fatigue, too, after all she had done that day. In spite of that, however, she knew she must go on with this and not leave it up in the air. The way he had tied up most of their ready money was characteristic, in fact, of her husband's outlook—the wage earner's usual terror of the future. To her relief, though, he seemed to have caught, in a way, what she wished to make clear.

Charley, too, looked relieved. "I see what you mean, Bee." He laughed briefly. "I thought you meant we were to go on blowing it in, but instead you want me to buy a business for myself. That's it, isn't it?"

Bertha nodded. It wasn't exactly what she had meant, though it would do well enough until she'd had time to think more; and at her nod Charley's face lighted again. He had heard of such a business, it seemed. It was a real-estate and insurance concern uptown somewhere in Third Avenue, and as he named the locality, an obscure business neighborhood, and enlarged on the nature of the business—at the best, limited—Bertha listened intently. One of the partners wished to retire and he could be bought out for four thousand dollars cash. As Charley seemed sure, the business could clear that much for him inside of a year.

"Four thousand—a year?" Bertha echoed.

Charley nodded eagerly. It might not do it the first year, of course, but he felt sure that in a couple of years, when he got to going, it would do much better. The district was growing, and in time he might knock out even double or triple the amount.

(Continued on Page 195)

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.....

(Continued from Page 193)

"You mean eight thousand, Charley—eight thousand a year?"

"Possibly."

Bertha stirred uncomfortably. She wished it might have been at another time, one when she was less fagged and listless after all she'd had to do that day. There was nothing else to be done, though; and again she laid a hand on his arm.

"You'll have to listen to me, dear. I don't like to hurt you, but you ought to be able to see things yourself, not expect me always to make them clear. You make it so hard. It's, in fact, as if you'd never learn; and though I'm proud of you, and realize in every way how clever and capable you are, there are times when I'm almost in despair. Eight thousand a year!" exclaimed Bertha helplessly. "Why, can't you see it yourself?"

His face fell. He looked as if he were bewildered. Bertha, in spite of her feeling, had to laugh. "Eight thousand a year is nothing but a clerk's pay," she pointed out.

There was a pause during which Charley seemed to digest it. "Then you wouldn't be satisfied with eight thousand a year?" he asked. Satisfied? Bertha's reply was a weary shrug, and as she sank back against the cushions of the cab, Charley spoke again. "Very well, then," he said, the words slow, his tone conclusive. It was as if he had reached some conclusion, the conclusion final.

At the hotel, while he was paying the cabman, she went on upstairs to the apartment, and it was not until fifteen minutes later that he appeared. He had stopped to telephone Gershon and Harnett, he said.

"Did you?" she murmured indifferently.

"I wanted to see them on business, Bertha. They're coming with us tonight."

Were they? She was too fatigued, though, to ask about it. Another thought had come to her during his absence. If he had invested only fourteen thousand dollars, what had he done with the other thousand?

Charley looked confused for a moment. "Why?" he asked.

She said quietly, "Tell me, Charley."

Charley told her. "We've spent three hundred, Bee, and I gave the other seven hundred to Tebo."

"To Tebo?"

"Yes. He's to be tried shortly, and I lent him the money to get a lawyer."

Bertha had a momentary inclination to throw up her hands in helpless wonder. Whatever would he do next?

At the night club, though, late that night, Bertha learned that what she had said had not been without avail. She was dancing with Harnett, when a little knot of smart, well-dressed people came in, and to her astonishment they greeted Charley gayly. "That's Ben Reade and his wife," said Harnett. "Hope Charley gives us a knockdown to them."

He didn't. Charley, however, took Bertha over to the Reades' table to have her meet them, and she was dancing with Reade when Reade said, "Your husband seems quite intimate with those two fellows, Mrs. Maddox."

Bertha was astonished. Reade's words and his tone gave her a new, not too flattering, impression of him. She wondered whether he was envious of Harnett's success—Gershon's too. "One might think from your tone, Mr. Reade," she remarked, "that you don't quite approve of my husband's friends."

"I don't," Reade said flatly.

Bertha did not continue the topic. She recalled it, though, when she and Charley were in a cab going home. Charley's face was flushed and about him was an air of repressed excitement. "I've taken your advice, Bertha," he said abruptly.

Bertha awoke from the reverie into which she had fallen. The meeting with the Reades had somehow affected her unpleasantly. "My advice?" she echoed.

"Yes, I'm going in with Gershon and Harnett," said Charley; "they've sold me a share in their business."

"Charley!" she exclaimed.

She was a little startled. One hardly could call it alarm; but she wondered for an instant whether there could have been anything sinister in Reade's remarks. She remembered, too, that Charley himself had once hinted that Harnett and Gershon were crooked. The thought, her involuntary trepidation, persisted only for a moment though. As she realized, her uneasiness was due in all probability to the day's fatiguing labor; and convinced of this, she also saw instinctively she must not be swayed by any mere momentary impulse. Then, too, after all she had said and done, it was no time now to raise objections, and satisfied of this, she was thinking how she could put her approval into words, when Charley spoke.

"If it's just money," said Charley, "this ought to fix it." And fix it it did. In not more than a month, in fact, Bertha Maddox once more felt she had reason to congratulate herself on her foresight and resolution. Even she herself was amazed.

XIV

AMAZED, not to say astounded. There were moments, to be blunt, when Bertha Maddox could only catch her breath and gasp.

She had not dreamed it could be so easy. She had not dreamed, much less, its rewards could be so rich. What made her gasp the most, though, was the very narrowness of the chance by which she and her husband almost had let fortune slip through their fingers. The fact is it was nearing midnight that night, the time when she, Charley, the Gershons and the Harnetts had gone to that night club, the place where they had met Ben Reade and his wife, and if they had gone an hour later, if they had not encountered the Reades, and if ——

Chance. It was enough, in fact, to make Bertha gasp. These, however, are the facts: The night club was near Broadway. An awning was set up at the door; and at the curb, now that the theater was out, a stream of cabs and private cars was dropping an increasing number of men and women in evening dress. The place was new to Bertha. Until then—though, of course, this was to change soon enough—she'd had no discrimination in resorts of this sort, the night's public amusement places; and with the Harnetts and the Gershons she had wished to go to another place to dance, a rendezvous of a different kind. The other place, it seemed, was larger and less private, its dance floor wider in extent; and as Minnie Harnett proclaimed, the fun was far zippier. Among its attractions, toy balloons and similar favors were given gratis to the dancers; and, as Minnie pointed out, it was great sport while one was dancing to pop the others' balloons with a lighted cigarette. "Blam! Like that," said Minnie. "Besides," added Minnie, "if you know the ropes, you don't have to dance all night with your tongue hanging out."

In other words, to use a term less abstruse, Minnie meant one could get something to drink.

Charley was watching her while she spoke. In his face Bertha could read a little shadow of distaste. It was a shadow, too, she had seen there more than once of late, and she felt a faint annoyance. Curious, this, that he should suddenly have become critical of their friends—hers, at any rate, since she had known Minnie Harnett long before he had—and her irritation grew when Charley spoke.

"I'm not going to that place!" said Charley flatly.

Minnie, her brows arching, inquired, "Why not?" And Charley told her. He didn't like the place; he didn't like the people, either, who danced there; and as he said so Minnie tittered. "Gettin' swell?" inquired Minnie.

Sophie Gershon chimed in too. "Yeah, you always were kinda stuck-up, kiddo," remarked Sophie.

It was Jud Gershon, though, who settled it. "Shut up, you girls!" directed Jud. Then, taking the cigar from his mouth, he added succinctly, "This ain't any party of yours. Charley's payin' th' freight, so let him do the bossin'."

By "payin' the freight" Gershon meant, of course, Charley was paying the bill; but though Bertha and even Minnie and Sophie were impressed by the new night club and its quieter, less rowdy fun and the better class of dancers they saw there, Bertha could not quite get over her annoyance. She had married Charley shortly after she had first met him, and when he was first out of college; and though he had no near relatives and she had met few of his former friends, there always had been an indistinct feeling in her mind that Charley once had known and associated with people in a sphere different from hers. She still was nettled when Reade and his party came in.

Bertha was dancing with Harnett. Minnie at the moment was gallivanting about the dance floor with Gershon, while Charley and Sophie were seated at their table. Harnett danced vigorously, at the same time clutching Bertha in an embrace that at moments was embarrassing; and as they edged along in the crowd and Harnett swung her past the table, she could hear Sophie complaining over the ginger ale she was sipping. "Yeah, we should of brought something on our hips," said Sophie.

Charley, however, made no reply. A quiet, smartly dressed man of his own age had just come in with a party of men and women; and as he passed Charley's chair he gave him a friendly pat on the arm, a friendly greeting as well. "Why, hello, Ben!" Charley cried delightedly.

He scrambled to his feet, his face flushing with pleasure; but as he grasped Ben Reade's outstretched hand Bertha saw his look change swiftly. Uneasiness replaced his first air of impulsive pleasure, and he glanced down swiftly and uncomfortably at Sophie's lavish, doll-like figure, and then, as swiftly, glanced away again. To Bertha, there was no doubt what the look betrayed. Her husband was ashamed both of Sophie and of being seen with Sophie. Sophie was asking the waiter loudly, "Say, can't you rustle something regular to drink?"

Reade spoke: "Glad to see you again, Charley." Then, his pleasure hearty, Reade added, "Bring Mrs. Maddox over to our table if you get a chance, old man."

Charley again flushed faintly with pleasure. About him, too, was now a look of reviving lively interest, not to call it excitement, that the occasion seemed hardly to warrant. His eyes as well kept roving across the dance floor toward the others of Reade's party. "I see Fanny Harcourt is with you, Ben," he said.

Bertha started consciously. Fanny Harcourt? It was a name she never had heard Charley mention. Still further, she read plainly enough the interest in Charley's face; and her own interest rising swiftly, she waited for Reade's reply.

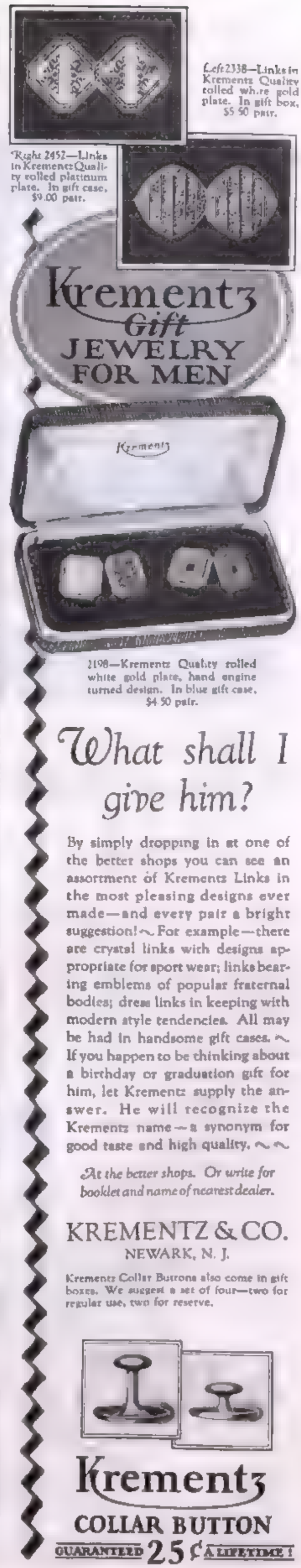
"Same Fanny you used to know so well, Charley," said Reade; then he added, "She'll be glad to see you again, old boy."

Would she? Alert now, Bertha glanced across the room. At a table near the dance floor two women and a man were seating themselves. Both the women were of Bertha's own age. One was fairly tall, with dark eyes and a quiet, pleasant air; and this, Bertha decided, must be Mrs. Reade. She gave her only a momentary glance. The other woman was the one that held her. Slender, gray eyed and brightly animated, she was somehow curiously like Bertha in both her features and figure, as well as in other ways—one of the ways a trick of smiling swiftly just in the way that Bertha had; and as all this—the resemblance in look and manner—dawned on Bertha, she drew in her breath, at the same time glancing swiftly at her husband.

Who was this girl who so much resembled her? What, too, had Charley's interest been in her?

"Hey! Watch your step!" protested Harnett peevishly. Bertha had, in fact, entirely lost time with the music.

She could hardly have described her momentary sensation. She was wondering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and perhaps a little startled. Charley, however, had his back to her, so that she could not see his expression. He was not looking across the room, however, at the girl he once had known; instead he had hitched himself around, his chair directly in front of Sophie Gershon. As Bertha saw, it was as if he sought to obscure Sophie from the view of those other people, the girl among them; and stopping short, Bertha disengaged herself from Harnett's arms. "Let's rest," she said abruptly.

She edged her way out of the crowd, oblivious of Harnett's protests. Her brows were knitted, and there was a thoughtful shadow in her eyes as she drew out her chair. "Atta-boy!" Sophie Gershon loudly exclaimed, though Bertha ignored her too. She suddenly felt tired and irritable. She wished, too, that she was at home. All at once, besides, she was conscious of Sophie's inane and vulgar triviality. It was to the waiter, though, not to Bertha, that Sophie had addressed the vociferous remark. From inside his coat the man had surreptitiously produced a flask of the "something regular" Sophie had so vehemently begged him to produce; but when she gayly proffered the flask to Bertha, Bertha shook her head. "Aw, come on, dearie; don't be a mooch!" protested Sophie. Bertha made no reply.

Minnie and Gershon danced up. Minnie's face was flushed and she was breathing thickly, the way she always breathed when she danced. Like her husband's dancing, Minnie's, too, was vehement; and all at once Bertha had become conscious of this and of the way Minnie clung to her partner, one hand clutching him by the shoulder and an arm wound clear around his neck. In fact, Bertha had the feeling that someone at the other table had seen and commented on Minnie's style; and she flushed consciously when their well-bred smile of amusement gave way to an astonished stare as they saw Minnie seat herself at Charley Maddox's table.

Bertha writhed. She writhed again as Minnie gave Charley a hilarious nudge. "Say, bobo, who are your high-hat friends—the swells you spoke to?" chirped Minnie.

An indistinguishable murmur came from Charley. Harnett, however, answered his wife's question. "The smooth-faced guy is Ben Reade, Charley's friend. The other's Jim Fargo, the big railroad man." Then he, too, gave Charley a nudge.

"Listen, old-timer. If you get a chance, slip us a knockdown, will you, to your friends?" Charley's reply was still another vague mumble.

The music struck into another dance air, again a fox trot; and while Harnett and Gershon were filling their glasses and Minnie was borrowing Sophie Gershon's lipstick in order to repair her ravaged complexion, Bertha felt Charley touch her on the arm. "Let's dance," he said.

She rose listlessly. She did not care particularly to dance; and she knew, too, it was not just for this that Charley had asked her. A moment later, feeling awkward and irritated, Bertha found herself standing at the table across the room.

The two men got up. Reade was smiling, his cordiality open, but as Charley introduced Bertha to Reade as well as to the others, her feeling of being at a disadvantage grew. She knew that she was being inspected. She knew, too, how already they had glanced at her friends in amused disdain. Added to this, as Ben Reade's wife spoke to her Bertha thought she detected in Mrs. Reade's tone a much less open cordiality than she had voiced over the telephone. As for the girl, Fanny Harcourt, after one curious glance at Bertha, she had swung about, and now was chattering vivaciously with Charley. "What fun to see you again! Now tell me everything about yourself! Wherever in the world have you been keeping yourself?"

Where? Yes, Bertha reflected sardonically. Living with her, Bertha, of course. Her awkwardness growing, she was more than ever angry with her husband for having let her in for this. She tried to throw off her irritation by making conversation with Mrs. Reade: "Sorry we had to put you off, Mrs. Reade. We've been moving, you know."

"Indeed?" Reade's wife murmured.

If she felt any interest her display of it was at the best mild. "You lived over near the river, I think," she added.

Bertha wondered if the remark concealed a jab. The Reades lived in the Park Avenue district, the fashionable section of town. However, if any slight were intended, Bertha was resolved not to show she felt it. She laughed lightly. "We're living near you now, Mrs. Reade. We couldn't stand the upper West Side either. Where we are is much nicer, of course—smarter."

Bertha, however, had no sooner uttered the remark than she could have bitten her lip at its naïveté.

"Indeed?" Mrs. Reade again murmured.

After a curious glance at Bertha she changed the topic. "A pity your husband has dropped away from so many of his old friends, Mrs. Maddox. All of us were so fond of him," she said quietly; and Bertha stared. She had not been conscious that Charley had dropped away from any of his friends. She was mildly astonished as well to learn that Mrs. Reade herself once had known Charley well. Charley had not spoken of that either.

Mrs. Reade smiled faintly. "I knew him long before you met him," she said.

Jab. Bertha, at any rate, had the feeling it was. She had no way to divine the reason for this veiled yet at the same time evident hostility. Or if it were not hostility, it seemed in a measure to shape itself in disapproval. She wondered whether her own stiff, defensive manner was the cause. She wondered, too, whether it might not lie in that brief remark of Mrs. Reade's, the suggestion, if not accusation, that she, Bertha, had taken Charley Maddox away from his former friends. Of course they would resent a happening like that comment on it and criticize her for having done it; and at the thought she leaned back on her chair, her face set, her lip curved ironically. If she had not kept up with her husband's one-time friends, people like these Reades, Bertha knew the reason. And was it her fault? She pictured to herself again Mrs. Reade's air if Mrs. Reade ever had seen the inside of that four-room crib, the flat uptown. She pictured, too, Mrs. Reade's expression had Mrs. Reade seen the dowdy pieced-together dresses in which she, Bertha, had once had to deck herself. Fancy, too, Mrs. Reade's impression of people who if asked to dinner came to the dinner via a street-car line or the Subway. But what was the use? Thank the stars, Bertha had left those arid days behind her now. As also, she reflected, thank the stars, she was in a position now where she had neither to ask nor to receive favors from anyone, much less these people, these former friends of her husband.

A sudden burst of talk rose from the other side of the table. The girl over there all at once had thrown back her head with a laugh. "Ridiculous, Jim!" It was to Fargo, the railroad man, she spoke. "Like every other bachelor, you speak from the depths of your ignorance." Then, laughing, she looked over at Mrs. Reade. "We're talking about you, May. Jim wants you to chaperon a party on his house boat down at Miami; and when I told him you wouldn't go, and why, he said he didn't believe it. That isn't all he said either." Turning back to Fargo, she waved an airy hand at him. "Speak your piece now, James," she directed.

Fargo grinned. "I said that domestic animal, the housewife, appeared to be extinct, Mrs. Reade," he drawled; and Mrs. Reade smiled.

"A few of us still survive," she remarked; and when Fargo asked her, "You won't accept?" she shook her head.

"Couldn't, thank you. I'd love to, but I mustn't think of it."

Bertha listened curiously. She had not paid much attention to the talk across the

table. Once Charley and the girl had let Reade and Fargo join in on it, she had lost interest in the topics they chose, such things especially as dogs, horses and other outdoor affairs; though now, of course, this topic they were on was different. She had never been on a house boat, naturally. Naturally, too, she never had been in Florida; but every Sunday she had read in the newspapers of the doings there, and the pictures of the beaches and the hotels and what people wore there always had been fascinating. However, that was not the point. What, one may imagine, were Bertha's sensations when she heard Mrs. Reade's reasons for declining the invitation—her household, her humdrum home affairs?

It was something to think about. It was, in a way, astonishing to believe that with all her husband's money, this was all Mrs. Reade got out of it. It made Bertha wonder. Then all at once she felt an inclination to laugh. As she saw at a glance, what had fooled her was the glamour surrounding the wealth the Reades possessed. That she, Bertha, should feel stiff and awkward in the presence of a woman so commonplace and uninspired was ridiculous.

Reade bent toward her. "Care to dance, Mrs. Maddox?" asked Reade.

Bertha nodded. She was in command of herself now; and, as she reflected later, it was as well she was.

Reade led her out on the floor. It was jammed now; and he had taken only a step or two when he proved himself an indifferent dancer, his labored, almost perfunctory methods lacking entirely Harnett's enthusiasm or Jud Gershon's showy effectiveness. However, as Bertha learned soon enough, it was not just to dance that she had been taken out on the floor. "I hear your husband's given up his position," Reade said presently. Bertha stiffened. Reade's tone was casual. Beneath its note, though, of affected idleness Bertha could detect a curious interest. "Has he had anything offered yet?" asked Reade.

Offered? Bertha, in fact, might be pardoned for her feeling of momentary resentment. Was her husband still dependent on offers? Was that what they still considered him? It was, in short, as if Charley were still a sort of hired man; but though she naturally was irritated, Bertha, of course, controlled herself. "Charley has gone into business for himself," she answered quietly.

"Really!" exclaimed Reade. To be blunt, the exclamation was so impulsive that again Bertha felt her annoyance rise.

"Yes, really," she returned, her voice mocking.

Reade seemed to ponder it. He spoke presently, his tone subdued: "Well, I hope he picks the right thing, Mrs. Maddox. I hope, too, the people he goes in with will be all right besides. You know, Charley himself is so straight and conscientious that he may not see that others are—well, not quite so straight, so conscientious." Then Reade added: "It would take a good deal, though, to make Charley do any wrong. He could only be pushed into it by his devotion to someone. In college, you know, we used to call him Old Squaretoes."

"Indeed," murmured Bertha.

She felt again a shadowy resentment. The tenor of Reade's remarks was once more, to put it plainly, as if Charley Maddox were not quite up to a full standard of shrewdness and capability. No woman, in fact, cares to hear her husband, whatever his attainments may or may not be, minimized by another. And what Reade had said was as much as if he had patted Charley on the head, saying, "Nice little boy! So good, so honest!"

In short, Bertha sensed something she had sensed before. It was the implication that in her husband's familiar name for honesty and integrity there might be something disparaging—the suggestion, say, that he lacked strength of character.

Mrs. Hodge had phrased it. "Boobs—easy marks," Mrs. Hodge had termed such men; and it was on top of this, while Bertha still was digesting it, that Reade made his other unforgettable remark, the one about Charley's friendship for Gershon and Harnett.

"I don't approve of either of them," said Reade.

The music at that point stopped. It was well, too, that it did. The Gershons and Harnetts were her friends; and naturally she could not listen tamely to an attack like that. However, while she still was framing an adequate rebuke Reade spoke again. He had a place open in his office, said Reade. He wondered whether Charley would consider taking it. If so he would like to make the offer.

Bertha hardly listened. "Take me to my table, please," she said coldly.

Reade seemed astonished. "I beg pardon?" he replied, as if he had not understood.

She repeated her request: "Take me to my table, please."

In short, if Reade's estimate of her husband was as he, Reade, seemed to have made clear, there was one thing on which Bertha was determined. It was that Charley Maddox should not be thrust back into the obscurity of any clerk's job out of which she had with such difficulty rescued him.

"You won't join Mrs. Reade?" asked Reade. Bertha briefly shook her head.

As she reached her table and Reade drew out her chair, Gershon and Harnett scrambled to their feet. Their smiles were effusive; but though the two obviously wished and expected an introduction to Reade, there was no opportunity. With a brief bow, Reade departed hurriedly.

"Say, Bertha, your friend seemed in kind of a hurry," commented Jud Gershon disgustedly.

Bertha made no reply. She still was inexplicably annoyed, not to say angered. It was as if the night's happenings—the meeting with the Reades, Mrs. Reade's manner and Reade's air of tolerant superiority—all had been expressly conceived to irritate her. It was, in fact, not until she was in the cab with Charley and driving home that she saw the providential nature of the night's ordeal.

In his corner of the cab, Charley sat silent and absorbed.

"Who is that girl?" Bertha said abruptly.

Charley awoke with a start. "What girl?"

"You know the girl I mean," returned Bertha, and Charley's mouth tightened.

"If you mean Fanny Harcourt," he replied slowly, "she is an old friend of mine."

Bertha knew as much. A feeling of hurt, though she could not tell why, urged her on. She realized she would regret it, but that didn't halt her now. "She seemed more than a mere friend," she said, and she saw him wince.

"I was once engaged to Fanny," he said slowly.

"A pity you didn't marry her," remarked Bertha. She could have struck herself for her crudity.

"I wanted to," Charley said simply—"it was before I met you, Bertha. She decided, though, that it would be unwise for us to go through with it."

"I see," nodded Bertha—"she turned you down because you hadn't any money."

Charley shook his head gravely. "No, it wasn't just that. She was quite frank and truthful with me. She said that because of the way she had been brought up, she would only make me unhappy unless I was successful within a year or two, and she didn't believe I would be. Her father had been rich once, you know, but he had lost his money; and she thought I was the sort who would take a long time to succeed."

No doubt of that. Bertha's lip curved as she spoke. "I suppose she, too, thought you were too honest."

Charley didn't answer that. "Fanny is going to marry Jim Fargo," he said.

Bertha let it go at that. She was not particularly interested in Fanny Harcourt or Fanny's affairs, especially since she now knew she was to marry Fargo. She laughed lightly when she next spoke. "I haven't

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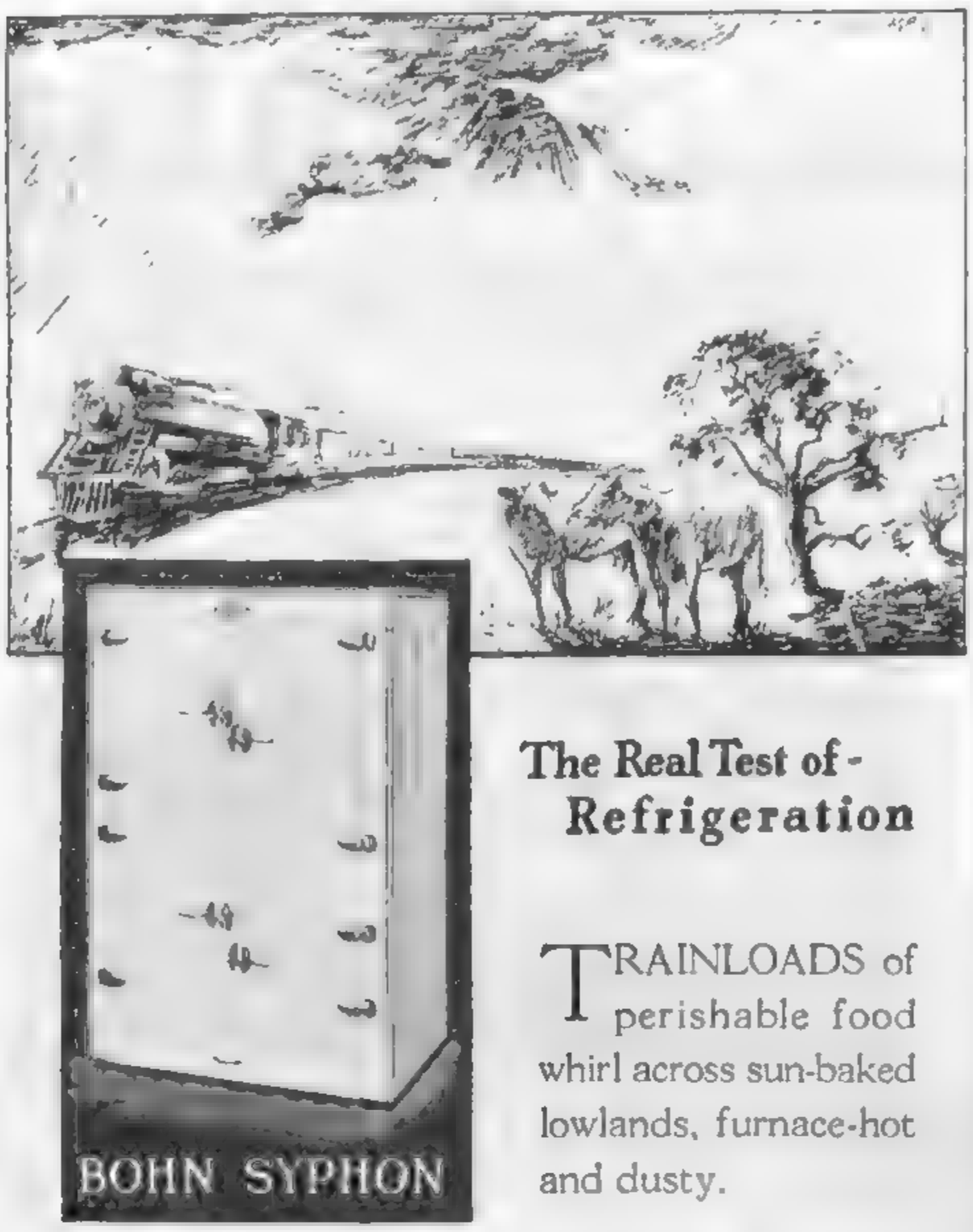

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Charley's face lighted swiftly. He sat up alertly. "What did he say, Bee?" Charley exclaimed eagerly. "I'd like to know."

Bertha's lip curved again. "He had the nerve to say something about offering you a job. It was just as if you were hunting around, your hat in your hand, looking for employment."

Charley gave another exclamation: "But, Bertha ——"

She didn't let him finish. "As if I'd think of it! I wonder what that fellow thinks you are!"

"Fellow?" inquired Charley. "I hope you weren't rude to him. It wouldn't be like you."

She hadn't been rude. If any rudeness had been displayed, it had been on the part of those people themselves, with their slighting, self-assured airs of superiority. Charley watched her anxiously while she spoke, her anger rising that they had dared hold her husband so cheaply. "It isn't too late," said Charley slowly. "I'm not tied up so tight I couldn't get out of it."

"Tied up to what?" demanded Bertha.

Tied up to Gershon and Harnett! Nothing had been signed yet. He still could take Reade's offer, said Charley; and, as he said it, with difficulty Bertha repressed herself. "What? You'd chuck a chance like that? You'd dish Harnett and Gershon to get a job Reade hands you? Keep books? Sit on a stool, your back hunched over a ledger? Drudge away your life in a bank?"

"You mean you wouldn't stand for it?"

"Stand for it!" Bertha laughed scornfully. "I think I'd leave you if you ever were so thick-headed!"

It was then that Charley had said what he'd said: "Very well, Bertha. If it's just the money, that fixes it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A. E. F.

(Continued from Page 31)

This would have required the breaking up of the First American Army, which our commander had fought for so long and just obtained, into several groups, mainly to assist French armies, and it would nullify in part all the vast labor we had done in building roads, railroads and all the other infinite preparations looking toward the supply of our armies on a specified front. General Pershing declined.

Three days later he, Foch and Pétain met at Foch's headquarters in another conference, and Pershing stood his ground until the employment of the American Army as a unit was conceded by the French. At this September second meeting a converging attack by all the Allied forces was mapped out and Pershing was given his choice of two sectors—the Champagne up to the Aisne, or from the Aisne to the Meuse, including the Argonne. He chose the latter because as he said in his final report: "In my opinion, no other Allied troops had the morale or the offensive spirit to overcome successfully the difficulties to be met in the Meuse-Argonne sector, and plans and installations had been prepared for an expansion of operations in that direction." Accordingly, 150 kilometers of the front from the Argonne to Port-sur-Seille, well to the east of St.-Mihiel, was placed under Pershing's command, together with all French divisions then in that zone. The First American Army was to proceed with the St.-Mihiel operation, after which it was to attack between the Meuse and the Argonne not later than September twenty-fifth.

A Well-Known Secret

This decision had far-reaching consequences. As planned on July twenty-fourth, we were to keep going in the St.-Mihiel fight until the enemy stopped us, driving on Metz and the Briey Iron Basin and taking them then or later. Now our objective was limited to the line Vigneulles-Thiaucourt-Regnieville, which meant only pinching out the salient; the number of divisions to be used was reduced and the time shortened. Moreover, two Army Corps headquarters, with their corps troops, virtually all the Army artillery and aviation, and the 1st, 2d and 4th divisions, the first two to have a leading part in the St.-Mihiel battle, were to be withdrawn by the fourth day of the fight and started for the Meuse-Argonne.

About a week before the battle the corps commanders were called to General Pershing's headquarters at Ligny-en-Barrois to decide on the length of the artillery preparation. I and others opposed a bombardment, arguing that the advantages of a complete surprise would outweigh any amount of shell fire. Some preparation was felt to be essential, however. We knew where every enemy division was, and its nearest reserves, and from that we concluded that we would have time for four hours' bombardment and still reach all vital points in the infantry attack before the first enemy reserves could appear.

Although the forthcoming American attack was being talked about on the streets of Paris by even the *midinettes*, and was an open secret in France, England and at home, and despite the further fact that the enemy's observation posts on Montsec and Loupmont commanded the whole area, he was wholly surprised. Ludendorff already had decided to abandon the salient in order to shorten his lines and hoard his reserves, but there had been either indecision in the German high command or delay, and nothing had been done beyond moving a few heavy guns toward the rear, all of which we captured. The German communiques pretended that they had waived the salient with only delaying resistance, but the captures tell the story.

An Example in Logistics

Our divisions, tanks, guns and all supplies were moved in only by night and concealed by day in the woods or by camouflage, so that the appearance of the region, as seen from the air or through high-powered German glasses, changed very little. The new divisions did not enter the front line until the night before the attack, and orders for the attack were not issued until two or three days beforehand. On my First Corps front, the 90th Division, which had been in the line for a month, merely closed in to its right and the 5th Division moved in on its left, the 2d on the left of the 5th, the 90th providing guides for the newcomers. The same system was used on the other corps fronts. The whole was a prettily executed example of what we call logistics.

The First American Army numbered more than 500,000, of whom 50,000 were French. This was not only much the greatest force ever assembled under the American flag until then, and our first field army since the Grand Army passed in review down Pennsylvania Avenue and was disbanded, but the artillery and aviation concentrations were the greatest known up to that time. Nearly 3000 guns spoke in the preliminary bombardment, 831 on the First Corps front. I had lost my able Chief of Corps Artillery, General Lassiter, to the Fourth Corps, a French artilleryman taking his place. My own corps had a greater strength than Meade's and Lee's combined forces at the Wilderness; we mustered 6177 officers, 168,120 men, 831 guns, 57 planes and 4 balloons. All our own air forces, the eighty squadrons of the French independent air force, two squadrons of British Navy night bombers and

(Continued on Page 201)

No need for a torrid kitchen in Canning Time—*Focused* Heat

finishes the work sooner—
keeps your kitchen cooler

CANNING time need not be sweltering time if you have a wickless Florence Oil Range in your kitchen. The Florence cooks with focused heat—a highly scientific method of concentrating *all* the heat on the cooking. There is no useless heat—no waste heat. With focused heat the cooking gets the heat, not the kitchen—an important advantage when you are spending many extra hours over the stove in hot weather.

Note in the pictures how the burners are focused close up to the cooking top—only 2½ inches below. This distance was carefully figured out to make the utensil and flame meet at the hottest point. But that's not all. Florence burners force air *inside* the flame, giving a quick and most intense, clean heat. This focusing principle does two things—puts more speed into cooking, and makes your kitchen cooler.

The Florence burner is a masterpiece of scientific design. The vapor from oil mixes with air, giving a clear gas flame that delivers more heat into the cooking in a given time from a gallon of oil than any other high-power oil range.

Improved oven—improved appearance—giant burner

The Florence oven and mantel form one unit, which is permanently attached to the range. This keeps the oven always in the proper place for the most efficient baking and gives the range beautiful proportions. The built-in oven is the type most highly recommended by leading cooking experts.

Note also the *single giant burner* under the oven. The single giant burner does the work of *two* standard burners and consumes less fuel. It also gives ideal heat control.

More room on the cooking top

Look carefully at the new large-size cooking top of this range. It is an all-grid top just like the top on an up-to-date gas range. No improvement in the design of oil ranges has been more welcome than this one. More room than you find on the ordinary oil range. Room for dishes that are simmering or warming. Room also for cooking over the burners while other dishes are on the top. No danger of spilling, for the grid top is perfectly smooth.

You can see that the Florence is a beautiful range. No wicks. Starts with an asbestos kindler. Heavily enameled in gray and black. Sold by the better hardware, furniture and department stores all over the United States. If you do not know the Florence dealer in your neighborhood, write us for his name.

New Built-In Oven Model—This new model Florence is the outstanding oil range of the year. No other oil range selling at a price as low has as many features for comfort, convenience and cooking efficiency. Note the built-in oven, the type of oven construction most highly recommended by leading domestic science experts. Other important improvements are the new and spacious all-grid cooking top and the single giant burner under the oven. This model in 4-burner size only. Standard Model Florence Ranges with removable oven come in 2-, 3-, and 4-burner sizes.

FLORENCE Burner with outer jacket cut away to show how flame is focused on the cooking vessel. There is no wick, for the Florence operates on the most advanced principle of combustion engineering, mixing the vapor from oil with heated air. This assures complete combustion and intense heat.

See page 204 of this issue of The Saturday Evening Post for a description of the new Florence Thermostat Water Heater, the only oil-burning waterheater on the market that is fully automatic.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY
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FLORENCE Oil Range

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The stove with *Focused Heat*

Howard Watches are priced from sixty dollars upward
The price of the model illustrated is eighty-five dollars.

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KSD	WJAR	WSAI
WEEI	WWJ	WGY

WFI·WLIT WMAQ

The HOWARD Watch is one of life's fine things that you might just as well have. If you are going to live another twenty years, the price of your HOWARD will level down to somewhere between three and ten dollars a year, depending on the model. An extremely small price to pay for a very deep satisfaction.

THE HOWARD WATCH

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE CO · ESTABLISHED 1853 RIVERSIDE NEW JERSEY

(Continued from Page 198)

two squadrons of Italian Caproni night bombers—1480 planes in all—drove the enemy completely out of the skies. I saw no German plane in the whole attack. Besides infantry and planes, the French lent much artillery, tanks, gas and flame troops, some dismounted cavalry, and the British sent tanks. The softness of the ground after a heavy rain prevented the tanks from being of much service to us.

On the night of September eleventh the army deployed into position. My First Corps was farthest to the east, with the 2d, 5th, 82d and 90th divisions in line, the 78th in corps reserve and the 35th in army reserve. On our left was General Dickman's 4th Corps ,with the 1st, 42d and 89th divisions in line and the 3d Division in corps reserve. These two army corps were to deliver the principal attack. The 1st Division, on the left of Dickman's Corps, was charged with the double mission of covering its own flank while advancing twenty kilometers due north, where it was to join up with 5th Corps troops in the heart of the salient and, it was hoped, trap the bulk of the enemy in the sack. General Cameron's 5th Corps had the western face of the salient, with the 26th, 4th and the 15th French Colonial divisions. The 26th was to make the deep advance, joining up with the 1st; the French were only to cover the left of the 26th; and the 4th was to remain where it was. Between the 4th and 5th American Corps lay General Blondlat's 2d French Colonial Corps, which was to follow up the retirement of the enemy from the tip of the salient. The 80th American Division was in army reserve behind Blondlat, and the 91st in army reserve behind the 4th Corps. Against this great force the enemy had seven divisions in line and four in reserve, 80,000 to 100,000 men.

A Message by Carrier Pigeon

The day before I pointed out to the chief of corps artillery on the map some high fortified ground north of Thiaucourt as a proper target for our heaviest guns. I knew if we could get that ground the salient no longer would be tenable for the enemy, since from it we could control all his supply lines.

The 82d, on the right of my corps, was simply to make a demonstration. I appealed to headquarters to change this to an attack, but I was overruled. General Passaga, whose 32d French Corps was across the Moselle River, east and south of the 82d, feared that he was too weak to attempt to keep abreast of such an advance. I desired the 82d to attack, in the hope that we might frighten out or capture a concentration of enemy big guns at Vittonville, due north of us, which I feared might cut us up badly when we reached Thiaucourt. I noticed later that these batteries were not shelling the especially strong position, the Bois le Prêtre, in front of the right of our corps—a labyrinth upon which the French had failed to make any impression in 1915. I deduced from this that the enemy was hidden in force in these woods, and accordingly ordered General Allen not to push his attack with the 90th Division too heavily on the south edge of the woods that day. His flank endangered, the boche scrambled out of the woods during the night of the twelfth-thirteenth, and the 90th went through the next day.

The artillery storm, ranging from the 3-inch caliber of the French 75's to the 7.6 to 13-inch guns of the American railroad artillery, opened at one A. M., in the midst of a heavy rain. The heavy guns reached as far behind the German lines as Metz and upset his communications. The enemy artillery reply was so feeble that it was lost in such a hurricane of shell as this. There was a forbidding tangle of wire everywhere in front of us, though some of it was very old. We had cut our own wire and reconnoitered the enemy wire, finding it was not charged with electricity, as rumored, and no deep ditches dug as tank traps, as reported. For all this, it is still a puzzle to me how our infantry got through that metal brier patch when five o'clock came and the bombardment shifted to a barrage.

By eleven o'clock I got a message by carrier pigeon from the 2d Division that they were in Thiaucourt, with the 5th Division to the southeast of them and connected up, and the 89th to the west in connection. This was the only message during the war that reached me by pigeon, but it was a most important one. I sent back orders for them not to stop until they had the high, fortified ground north of Thiaucourt. With nothing more to do at headquarters, I went out on the line at the Bois le Prêtre, where the left brigade of the 90th Division was attacking the western flank of the woods, and the right brigade, reenforced by a regiment of the 82d, was demonstrating strongly against the south edge. The German was waiting in ambush, as suspected. Escaping during the night, these troops confronted us the next day at Villers-sous-Preny, when the 90th had swept through the vacated woods without infantry hindrance, but under a harassing artillery fire. The batteries that had been silent the first day were vicious the second, and our overwhelming artillery force seemed unable to silence them.

Fifty-Seven Varieties of Germans

Before noon the 2d Division, in contact with the 89th Division of the 4th Corps, had carried the high entrenched ground north of Thiaucourt, and from that moment the salient was done for, and at daylight of the thirteenth, elements of the 1st and 26th Divisions came together near Vigneulles, eighteen kilometers northwest of St.-Mihiel, closing the gates, but there was no such bag of prisoners as hoped for; the bulk of the defenders already had fled. The real action was over on the fourteenth, with the heights of the Meuse cleared of the enemy and the salient wiped out. That day the First Corps took the supposedly impregnable Norroy quarries, the position having been outflanked. When we stopped we were close up on the Michel section of the Hindenburg Line, covering Metz, and any farther advance would have brought us under the guns of the forts of Metz. The army had taken 16,000 prisoners, 443 guns and great stocks of materials. The First Corps alone took 4985 unwounded prisoners from four German divisions, one of which came from reserve and tried to stop the corps advance near Jaulny on the thirteenth by counterattacking. Our losses were less than the number of prisoners taken, and the lay reader should remember that army casualty lists are not altogether what they seem. The least injury, such as a wire scratch, becomes a casualty on the report, if it is treated. The malingerer who hides away in battle, of whom there always are a few in the best of units; the men who go astray into other units in the confusion of battle, all are put down as missing and, therefore, casualties when they fail to answer the roll

One brigade of the 2d Division—the 9th and 23d United States Infantry regiments—made a capture in this fight possibly never outdone by a single brigade. In the taking of Thiaucourt 3000 prisoners, 92 pieces of artillery already loaded on railway cars and about to be removed to the rear, a complete hospital train, a trainload of ammunition, a train of 52 empty goods cars, lumber yards, depots and other supplies fell to these two regiments.

These captures had one serio-comic aspect. When the first check on the prisoners came back to Colonel Williams, our Corps G-3, or chief of intelligence, fifty-seven different German army organizations were found to be represented. This was startling news, in as much as there were not supposed to be that many enemy units within 100 miles of us, and called for hurried investigation. What Williams learned was that the Germans had been holding a machine-gun school at Thiaucourt. As

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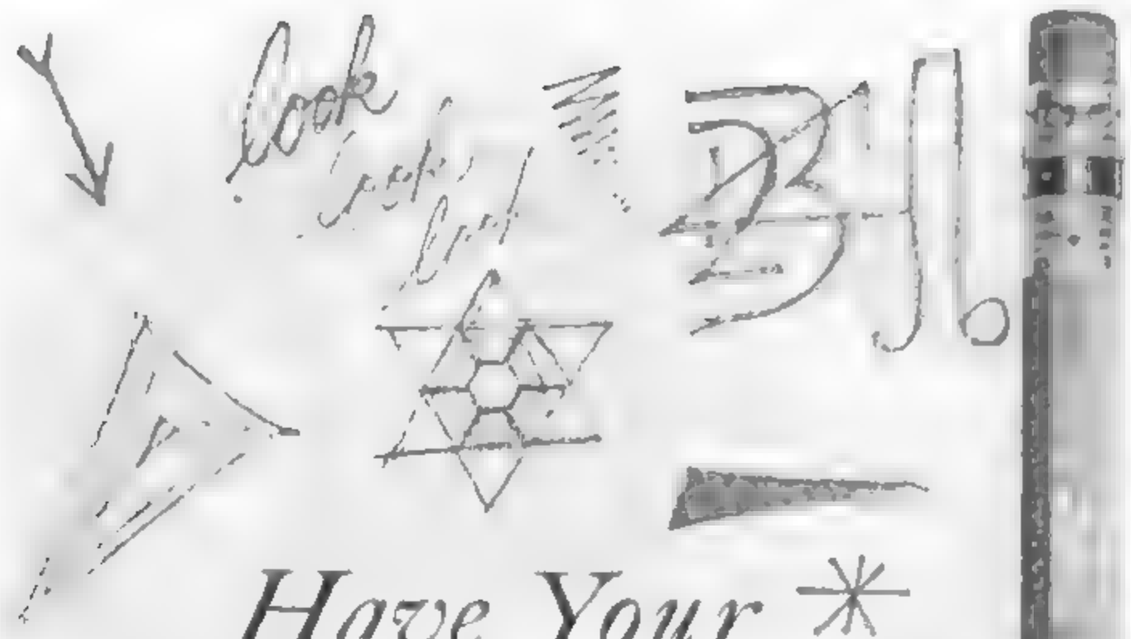

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the American attack came dangerously near, the school was dismissed and the students, gathered from as far away as the Vosges, started for the railroad station, where a train was waiting, when the American artillery laid down a barrage between the town and the station and cut them off by chance.

German prisoners crowded around First Corps headquarters, my first sight of freshly captured boche in numbers. They were a fair-looking lot, some young boys, some middle-aged men, but the most of them of good military age and physique. They were clean, hungry and frankly glad to be done with fighting. Their officers, from whom they kept sharply aloof, showed less philosophical resignation, but were not particularly sullen. We fed them for two days, then sent them south. It was their first good meal in some time, and they needed little guarding where such a table was set. For the first time in the war Austro-Hungarian troops were appearing on the Western Front, and the Yankee Division captured several thousand of them here. The lending had been all the other way among the Central Powers up to now.

A German major marching to the rear at the head of a prisoner column at St.-Mihiel passed a marching column of American infantry. "Those men are all young and fresh and vigorous," he complained. "We can't do it, but I wish I had had a 1914 battalion behind me. You wouldn't have had such a pleasant afternoon."

Reports and comments on the American soldier were found frequently on the bodies of dead enemy officers. At the Marne we found on one a pocket memorandum book in which was written: "Witnessed the attack of 16 Americans—two squads—on a machine-gun position. Ten were knocked down, killed or wounded. The remaining six took the gun and killed the crew. We could not expect our troops to do this." Other captured documents criticized our attacks at the Second Marne and St.-Mihiel as awkward. One praised the power and accuracy of our artillery at St.-Mihiel, credited us with skill in the use of machine guns and great tenacity in holding on.

The German liked his comfort and he had ample time in the St.-Mihiel salient to provide for it. I saw a dugout near Thiaucourt—probably a division commander's headquarters—lined with fine lumber and provided with electricity, running water and all the other specifications of a modern apartment. The host had left in such a hurry that the furnishings had not been disturbed, and it made snug quarters for General McRae, commanding the 78th Division, when his command held the line there for a month or so after the battle.

The Invention of Gas Warfare

The gas officer of the 1st Corps came to me before the attack and asked permission to use skunk gas against the German, as a sort of practical joke. The gas was entirely harmless, but the German wouldn't know that, *mephitis mephitis* being indigenous to North America only. Forewarned, our own forces would ignore the gas in so far as such an odor may be ignored by self-respecting noses, while the boche would couple on his gas masks immediately and be at a disadvantage thereby. I told him to do anything that he thought might help the infantry, and I have forgotten just what came of it.

Gas was an important arm in the war, and will be a greater factor, presumably, in the next, but this particular ingenuity reminded me of the siege of Richmond. During the Civil War the Government at Washington and the commanding generals were bombarded with cranky schemes for winning the war. Probably there was the same onslaught on Washington in this war, but fortunately the army was at a sufficient distance this time to avoid its more eccentric well-wishers. During the siege of Richmond some genius sent Grant the formula for a super snuff. From experiments made on animals and unsuspecting neighbors, the inventor assured the general that if shells filled with the snuff were thrown into the besieged city the enemy would sneeze himself into a state of physical exhaustion that would make the rest easy. Thus, we may claim, I think, to have invented gas warfare. Another serious thinker sent Grant elaborate drawings for a masonry wall which he proposed to build about Richmond to a height greater than the tallest building; then he intended to pump water from the James River into the inclosure until the garrison and residents were drowned out.

Grant at that time laid down a military axiom which time has not weakened. "Some people seem to think," he said, "that an army can be whipped by waiting for rivers to freeze over, exploding powder at a distance, drowning out troops or setting them to sneezing; but it will always be found in the end that the only way to whip an army is to go out and fight it."

The Soft Snap

Secretary Baker visited my headquarters at Saiserais and had lunch with the staff, but I had to be out on the front of the 90th Division that morning, and he had gone when I returned. He, General Pershing and President Poincaré visited the town of St.-Mihiel after its redemption. The French President was a native of this department and had represented it in the Chamber of Deputies. On September fifteenth, Premier Clemenceau and a group of French civil officials called at First Corps headquarters and asked permission to visit Thiaucourt. I pointed out the fact that the boche was ugly and was bombarding the town at irregular intervals day and night, but the Father of Victory went ahead, as I had expected him to.

Few operations in the war were conducted with the neatness and dispatch of St.-Mihiel. An American army of 500,000 men had come from nowhere and in a major engagement planned by our own staff had driven the German pell-mell out of a salient he had held for four years. The American Army, which had been on the road since April of the previous year, now was here; it was what the diplomats call a *fait accompli*. The effect on the enemy, our own and the Allied morale was all that we had hoped for. It was well, however, that in our pride we should not forget that it had been no even fight. In numbers we were overwhelming, for all that we had no need to use a great part of our force. Thanks to our Allies, we had a similarly crushing force of artillery and aircraft. Nor was the enemy at his best, nor his second best. We were to learn quickly enough what a snap we had had in St.-Mihiel.

Writing in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of January twenty-ninth, Mr. Thomas M. Johnson, who was, I understand, the accredited correspondent of the New York Sun with the A. E. F., questioned the wisdom of Marshal Foch in limiting our objectives in this battle. He expressed plausibly a view which had its supporters in the army, but which I cannot share. The German resistance was weakest when we were stopped by orders, he argued. The enemy was inferior, in small force and had no reserves at hand. The Michel Position in front of us was not formidable, he stated, offering as evidence, among other things, that the enemy could be seen from the monastery-dominated heights of Hattonchatel frantically digging new trenches. Patrols of the Rainbow Division advanced several kilometers and encountered no enemy. Ahead was the broad Woëvre plain instead of the pathless Argonne Forest and the difficult Meuse country on which we diverted our attack. The same railroad for which we were driving in the Meuse-Argonne lay ahead of the St.-Mihiel salient. Metz and the Briey Iron Basin were in our path, and the fortifications of Metz were no more adequate to resist our heavy artillery, he continued, than those of Liège and Namur had been to withstand the German

(Continued on Page 205)

Answer, Please!

All day long they keep dropping onto the desk of the business man.

Questions!

What of the future? Will present prosperity last? A cloud over there! Does it mean a slight shower or a disaster?

Is the five-day week really on its way, or is it possible only in a few industries in exceptional conditions?

Great stores join to mass their buying power. How shall I profit and not lose by this movement?

The Federal Trade Commission has a ruling as to what constitutes "mahogany" and "walnut" furniture. ? ? ?

Should partners insure to carry on the business?

Questions! Big ones; little ones; easy ones; hard ones; many of them calling for an immediate yes or no, and the best informed man has the best answer.

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To every man there are many question marks that have familiar faces.

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NATION'S BUSINESS

MERLE THORPE, *Editor*

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

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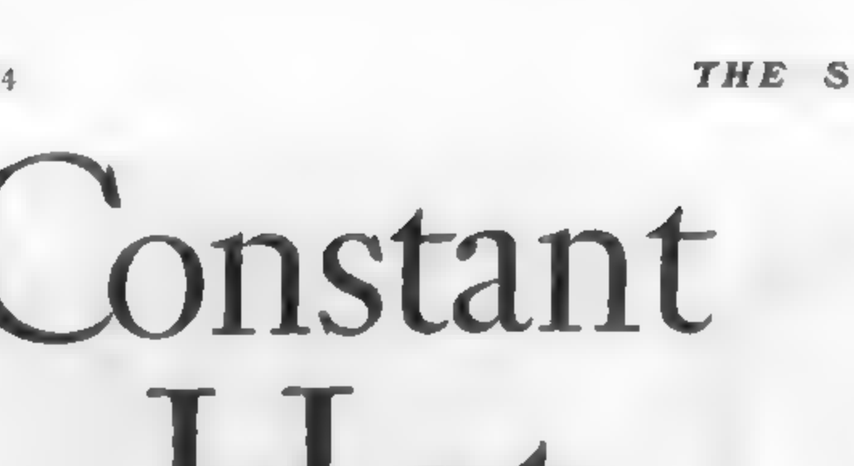


The Florence Automatic Water Heater burns oil and provides a continuous supply of piping hot water at exceptionally low cost

IF you live beyond the city gas mains or plan to spend the summer where you must heat your hot water with coal or wood fires, the Florence Thermostat Water Heater will prove one of the most successful and inexpensive conveniences you ever possessed.

When you install the automatic Florence, there is no longer any hot water problem in your home. At any hour of the day or night you have steaming hot water . . . and plenty of it . . . constantly on tap. Hot water for dishes. Hot water for wash day. And hot water in abundance for the bath requirements of family and guests.

This remarkable heater burns oil (kerosene), which is one of the cheapest fuels. Once the Florence is hooked up to your boiler or hot water tank, all you do is light the pilot flame, and from that moment the heater works automatically. You never have to touch it again except to add fuel and for an occasional cleaning of the asbestos kindler.

Everything works automatically—with the same convenience that you enjoy in using an automatic water heater using city gas. *In fact, the Florence is the only oil-burning water-heater on the market that is fully automatic.*

Thermostat lowers and raises heat

Note the horizontal tube in the rear of the heater pictured here. This contains an ingenious thermostat which controls the heat supply. The water from the intake pipe and from the boiler or tank circulates through this thermostat tube. As the hot water is drawn off, cold water is admitted, and the lowering of the temperature causes the thermostat to increase the heat until the water reaches its previous temperature. When this point is reached, the thermostat lowers the heat to "pilot flame," which is just hot enough to *maintain* the water at the correct temperature.

Automatic shut-off for safety

One of the outstanding features of this heater is the automatic shut-off, which makes it absolutely safe. Should the water for any reason become too hot, the thermostat diaphragm pushes down against a safety spring which raises the burner and disconnects it from the fuel supply, thereby causing the flame to go out.

If you desire, the Florence Thermostat Water Heater can also be operated manually, lighting it and putting it out by hand as required. This is done by switching the control lever in front into a special groove for hand operation. In this way you can heat whatever quantity of water you want and then put out the flame. Thus you use only as much fuel as is required for the amount of water you actually need.

Heated by famous Florence Burner

The burner in this heater is the famous Florence Burner—giant size—which is used on the well-known Florence Oil Range. This burner operates on the most advanced principle of combustion engineering, mixing the vapor from oil with heated air. This assures complete combustion and intense heat, delivering more heat from a gallon of oil in a given time than any other high-power oil burner.

Where to secure it

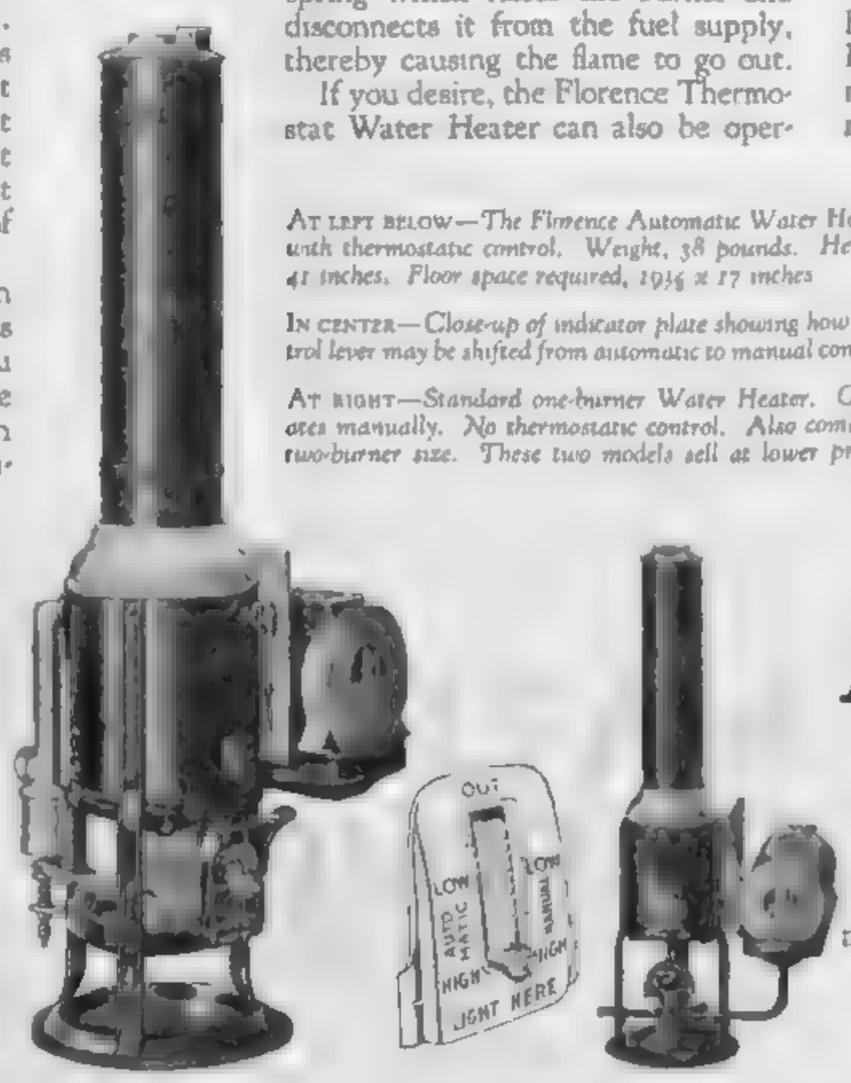
Your local plumber can supply you with the Florence Thermostat Water Heater. He will also install it. Also sold by the better furniture, hardware and department stores. If you cannot secure it from any of these merchants, write direct for descriptive booklets and prices.

In addition to the thermostat model, Florence Oil Burning Water Heaters are made in standard one-burner and two-burner non-automatic models.

AT LEFT BELOW—*The Florence Automatic Water Heater with thermostatic control. Weight, 38 pounds. Height, 41 inches. Floor space required, 19½ x 17 inches*

IN CENTER—*Close-up of indicator plate showing how control lever may be shifted from automatic to manual control*

AT RIGHT—*Standard one-burner Water Heater. Operates manually. No thermostatic control. Also comes in two-burner size. These two models sell at lower prices*



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See page 199 of this issue of The Saturday Evening Post for a complete description of the famous Florence Oil Range—the stove with Focused Heat

(Continued from Page 202)

forty-two-centimeter guns. From all of which Mr. Johnson deduced that it was not unlikely that, had we been given our heads, we might have taken Metz and the Briey mines, severed the railroad and accomplished our purpose of breaking down the German Army in September instead of November, and at a light cost, rather than the 190,000 casualties we paid in the Meuse-Argonne. Or at the least, he felt that we could have got close enough to embarrass the enemy much sooner than we did.

The war was a succession of lost opportunities on both sides, as all great wars have been and will continue to be, but to go behind the returns often is the equivalent of a post-mortem in a card game. Had you, or your partner, only held the king of spades you would have made three no-trump doubled and redoubled, but, perversely, your opponents would hold the king of spades. The possibility of taking Metz and the rest of it, had the battle been fought on the original plan, existed, in my opinion, only on the supposition that our army was a well-oiled, fully coördinated machine, which it was not as yet. If all the divisions had been battle tempered and battle disciplined as were the 1st, 2d and 42d, which again they were not, it might have been worth while for us to make the attempt, despite the fact that the rainy season had begun and although an advance would bring our right under the guns of Metz, our left under the Meuse heights north of Verdun.

The Unforeseen Factors

Under the conditions that existed on September twelfth, I thought then and think now that Marshal Foch was exceedingly wise to limit us to the immediate task of flattening out the salient and protecting our rear for another attack to the westward. I find no support for the theory that so skilled and indefatigable a soldier as the German, with years in which to do it, had neglected his defenses in any section of the Hindenburg Line, or that he was without reserves. The ease and rapidity with which Von der Marwitz threw reserves into the Meuse-Argonne, near at hand and ten days later, answers that, in my judgment. This latter battle was the greater surprise of the two, yet from the third day on they held us up until we paid in blood for every yard we gained. With Verdun in mind, I do not take the defenses of Metz too lightly, and incidentally that section of the great lateral railroad in the Metz region was not as vital as the Montmedy-Sedan-Mézières division. Some Allied army had to draw in the bulk of Ludendorff's reserves and exhaust them before he was whipped, and as the freshest of the Allied armies, the task fell to us. As I see it, the American Army, engaged to its uttermost, would have had an excellent chance of spending the greater part of the winter mired in the mud of the Woëvre, flanked both to the east and the west. There were other such lost opportunities, seen at the time, but waived for the same reasons that made us unable to press our advantage at St.-Mihiel. We may lay the blame, if such exists, for all these wasted chances at the door of our perpetual unpreparedness for war.

Here it is interesting to add that the war could not have been won in 1918, in all likelihood, had not Sir Douglas Haig been willing to take on his own individual shoulders a responsibility which his government refused to accept. The great Allied drive to end the war was to have come in the spring of 1919, but every day of the late summer of 1918 so improved the Allied prospects that by the end of August Marshal Foch was convinced of the strong advisability of an early converging attack with the whole force of the Allied armies, with the possibility of driving the enemy out of France before winter. There was, as I have said, no suggestion from the French or the British governments or high commands that the war could be ended in 1918. There was, instead, much talk of the enemy falling back into Germany and fighting a defensive war on the strong line of the Rhine until the Allies were willing to listen to reason. The unforeseen factors were: First, that the morale of the German people would crack so quickly in defeat; secondly, that Germany's allies would collapse so soon; and thirdly, that the American Army was capable of doing what it did before 1919. All these were hoped for; when I say unforeseen, I mean that they were not to be depended upon. Such hopes had soured too often.

As the summer ended, the German line was marked by a wide bulge starting from the Oise near La Fere and following that river and the Vesle eastward to Rheims, where it straightened out again. Foch planned two great attacks, one on each side of this arc, with other attacks elsewhere. We were to drive between the Meuse and the Argonne on Sedan and the French were to attack from the Argonne to Rheims toward Mézières. On the other side of the bulge, the 1st, 3d and 4th British armies and the 1st French Army were to attack between the Scarpe and the Oise, driving on St. Quentin and Cambrai and toward Maubeuge. A Belgian army, reënforced by a French force under Degoutte and the 2d British Army, was to make a third attack intended to clear the Belgian coast. Troops facing the bulge were to keep the enemy occupied and prevent him from running out. Thus the Meuse-Argonne was one division of a battle too vast for a name.

All this would involve a frontal attack on the terror-inspiring Hindenburg Line. The opposition of the British War Cabinet had its origin in the dread of more such casualty lists as those of the Somme and Passchendaele Ridge, and the Hindenburg Line was more formidable than anything faced in these battles. In the second place, Lloyd George always had been an Easterner in faith—that is, he had despaired of whipping Germany in France and had hoped to defeat her from behind, through her allies, Turkey, Bulgaria and Austria; and the news from these fronts was growing better daily for the Entente. Thirdly, the British Government was dubious about the inexperience of the American Army and anxious to save it from a catastrophe—anxious both for humanity's sake and because of the effect on the Allied cause.

Responsibility Shifted

By holding off the assault until spring, Turkey, Bulgaria and Austria, one or all, might be ready to walk out on their German partnership, and the American Army would have grown to a size and experience that would make Germany think twice and more before continuing to defy such odds. In as much as Turkey, Bulgaria and Austria all did collapse within a few weeks and Germany's will to fight broke soon thereafter, a plausible case may be made out for the Lloyd George theory, but anyone who believes that Germany would have quit had her armies not been smashed back and back by an irresistible foe in October and November has only to read the history of these two months and examine the German attitude after the Armistice. Had her army been intact she would have retired within her borders and bargained indefinitely for terms.

The British Government, however, did not feel warranted in vetoing a plan which had the full support of its own commanding general and of France and the United States. France, for one thing, was bled too white to risk waiting on the "maybes" of spring, and as it turned out, new strategy and new tactics on the Allied side, together with the deterioration of the German soldier, kept the casualty lists low. The eventual decision of the British Cabinet was to pass the buck to Haig. If he thought it wise he could go ahead, but he would be held strictly to account by his government for the result. In the face of this dismaying action, Sir Douglas voted for the Foch plan, aware, as he wrote after the war, that "the probable results of a costly failure, or, indeed, of anything short of a decided success

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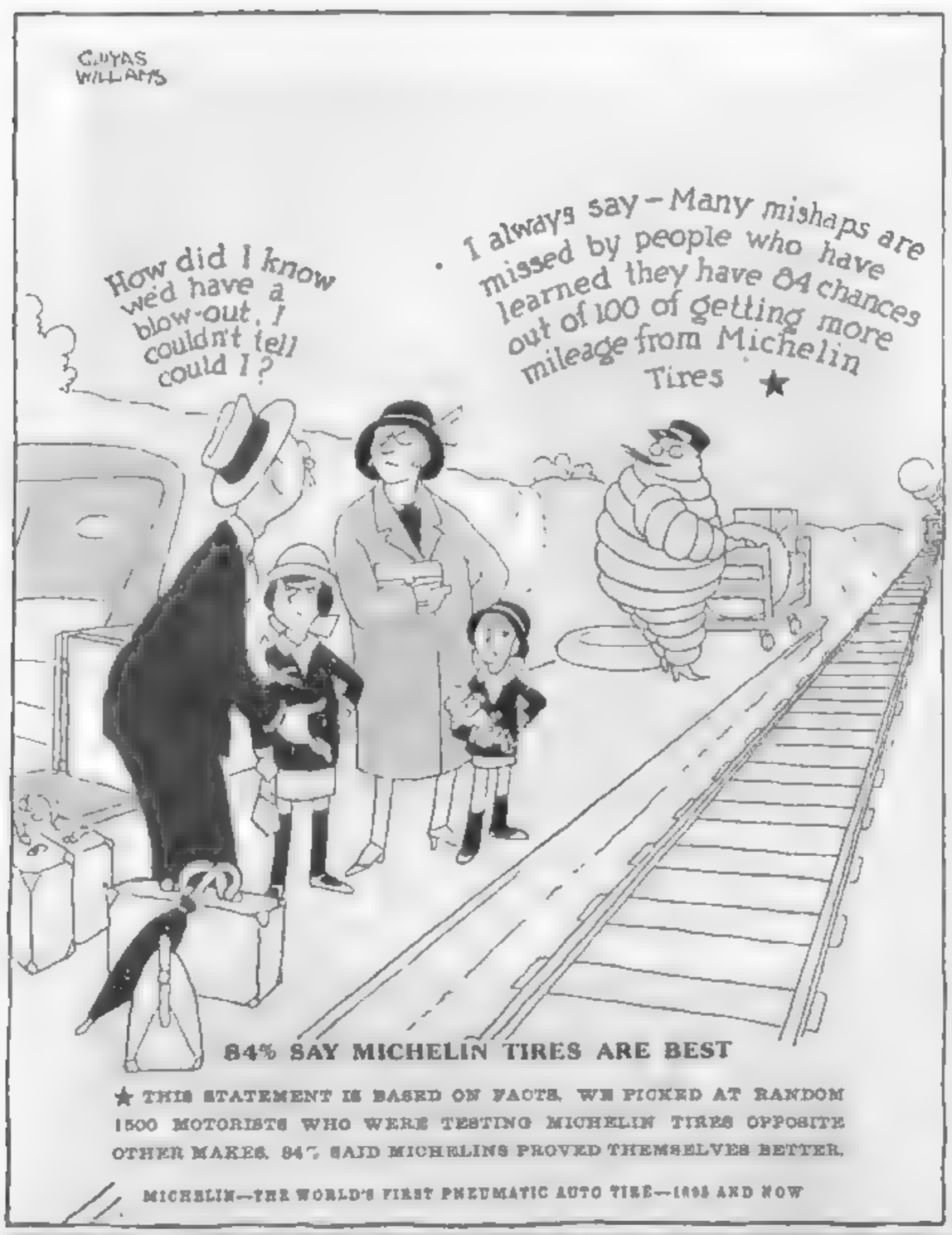
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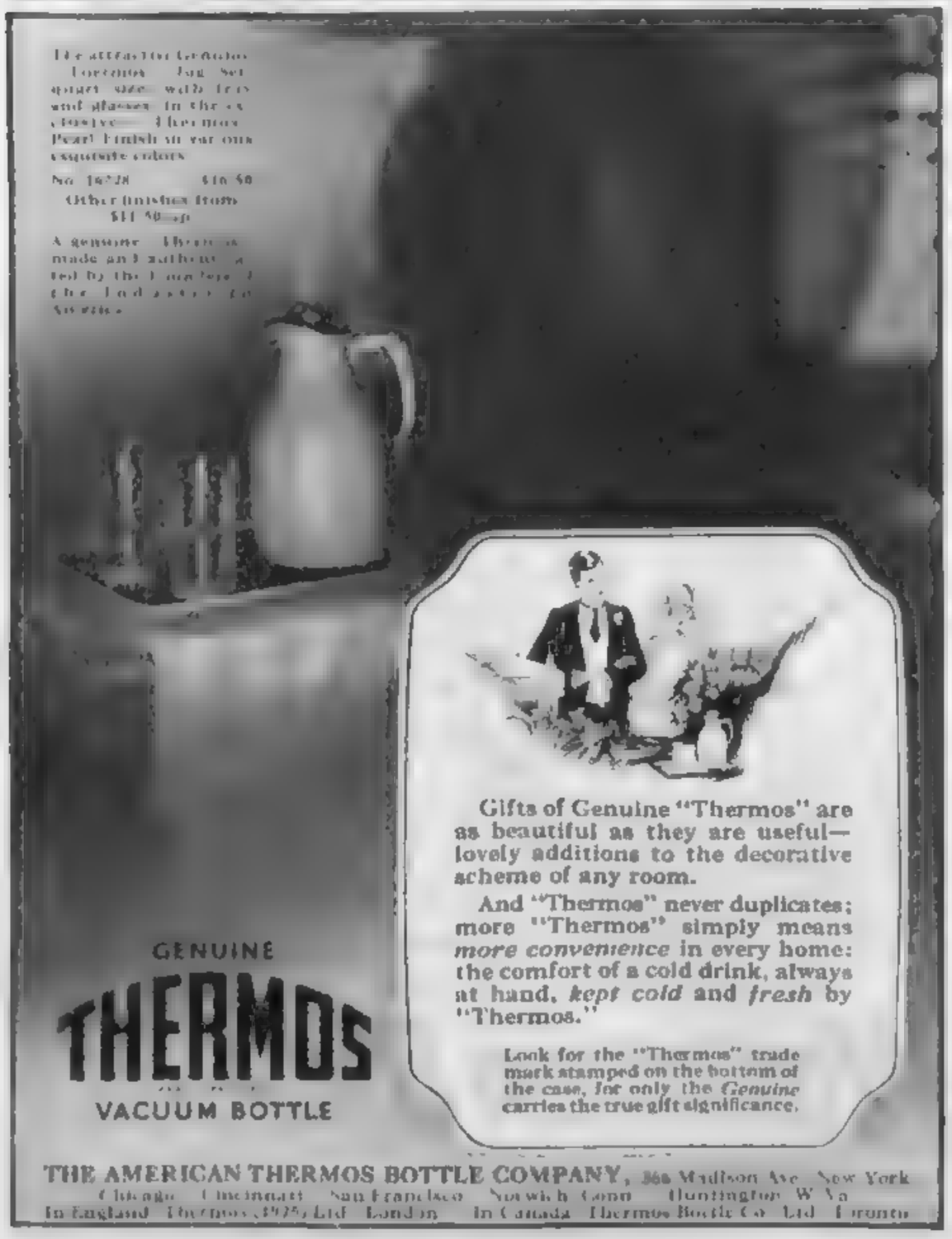
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in any attempt on the main defense of the Hindenburg Line were obvious."

It fell to the First American Army and Gouraud's Fourth French Army to open the great battle, and only fourteen days separated the beginnings of St.-Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne for us. In the eighteen miles between the river and the forest there were only two main roads running in the direction of the attack. The one on my corps front, leading down the Aire Valley, was broken in front of us by a great crater, the aftermath of a French mine exploded in 1914, and the spot was wet, low and under direct observation of the enemy. There was no time to build remotely adequate communications in the front zone. To keep to our schedule we were forced to begin moving our army out of St.-Mihiel while that fight still held, and to bring other divisions from a distance. The 29th was brought from Belfort and other divisions from the Vosges Mountains. The 28th and 77th came from the Vesle, in the opposite direction. The mere moving of a corps headquarters is no simple task. There were 547 officers and 8824 men in the permanent troops of the First Army Corps when we shifted from Saiserais to Rarecourt.

The Argonne Fortress

When an American speaks of the battle that opened on September twenty-fifth, he calls it "the Argonne." In reality, a very small part of our army fought in the Argonne, but the struggle for that terrible wood was so long, so costly and so important to the result as a whole that it overshadowed the rest of the battle in the popular mind. Because my First Corps held the forest flank, I feel warranted in going into detail here. We left Saiserais on the sixth day of the St.-Mihiel battle and took over our corps front in the Argonne on September twenty-first, four days before the new battle. The region had been held lightly for a long time by the French Second Army, which continued to man the front line until the night before the attack. Except around Verdun, there had been no general fighting here since 1914. General Hirschauer, an Alsatian, commanding the 2d Army, knew every inch of the ground and was a great help to us. In the few days I had I cultivated his acquaintance intensively, and my division commanders, Generals Alexander, Muir and Traub, and I studied the ground minutely under this helpful guidance.

The Argonne is a long and narrow wood running roughly north and south, and not unlike, in shape and position, Manhattan Island. The headwaters of the Aisne form its western boundary, the Aire River, a small stream flowing into the Aisne at Grand Pré, its eastern shore. Between the two streams ran a succession of ridges, as much as 750 feet above the river valleys, all heavily wooded and divided by ravines and gulches, the sides of which were too steep for a foothold. The German had been brought to a halt about midway in the forest in 1914 and there the line had hung.

The region was a natural fortress beside which the Virginia Wilderness in which Grant and Lee fought was a park. It was masked and tortuous before the enemy strung his first wire and dug his first trench. The French had burned their fingers on the German half of it in 1914 and let it alone thereafter; the enemy had been content to do the same, but had strengthened his half leisurely in the ensuing years, with all the ingenuity of skilled military engineers. The underbrush had grown up through the German barbed and rabbit wire, interlacing it and concealing it, and machine guns lurked like copperheads in the ambush of shell-fallen trees. Other machine guns were strewn in concrete pill boxes and in defiles. On the offense, tanks could not follow, nor artillery see where it was shooting, while the enemy guns, on the defense, could fire by the map. So easy was the defensive that the German had garrisoned the forest with middle-aged men of a Würtemburg Landwehr division. Patently it would be suicidal to attack such a labyrinth directly; it must be pinched out by attacks on each side.

General Pershing moved his headquarters to Souilly, southwest of Verdun, on September twenty-second, and the next day we received our orders for the attack. We formulated our corps orders at once and I called repeated conferences at my Rarecourt headquarters, where my division commanders and I went over every factor we could foresee, taking up each division front in turn, and making sure not only that each understood his own assignment down to the least particular but that he knew just what to expect from the divisions on his right and left.

The line-up put the First Corps on the western flank, with General Alexander's Liberty—77th—Division deployed with all four regiments in the forest itself, General Muir's 28th Division in columns of brigades on the edge of the woods, and General Traub's 35th Division out in the Aire Valley. As corps reserve we had the 92d—negro—Division. On the right of our corps was Cameron's 5th Corps with the 37th, 79th and 91st divisions in line and the 32d in reserve. Bullard's 3d Corps had the right flank, abutting the Meuse River, with the 4th, 33d and 80th divisions in line, and across the river was Claudel's 17th French Corps. On my left, on the opposite side of the forest, was my old friend, Mondesir and his 38th Corps, who had fought on our right at the Second Marne. Between my 77th Division and the French there was only a liaison detachment of one regiment of French dismounted cavalry and a regiment of our 92d Division. This regiment twice ran away under shell fire in this battle, until the French, for their own safety, had to ask its withdrawal.

I quickly came to the conclusion that it was a grave mistake to operate the two flank attacks on the forest under divided command, and that the left of my corps ought to be extended to the Aisne River, taking in the whole forest. There was room beyond the 77th for another division, and I sent a recommendation to this effect to Souilly. Headquarters replied that there was not enough time remaining to put in another division. The fact that I knew the general who would hold the other handle of the pincers would help some, and partly reconciled me to the decision of army headquarters. Both General Gouraud and General Mondesir visited me at Rarecourt to discuss our arrangements in the forest, but as it turned out, we worked like a balky team, for all our good intentions.

Worrying the German Mouse

That the German believed we were intending to go after Metz and Briey from our new line at St.-Mihiel, or from a new jump-off in Alsace, is demonstrated by a number of factors, and General Pershing comforted him in this delusion by threats to the far east of the Meuse. For one thing, it must have seemed incredible to the German high command that this new American Army with a green staff could be planning so complex a maneuver as to start a battle in one place, stop it at the peak of its success, and open a new and greater fight ten days later at another point. The enemy knew that we had moved our 3d Corps from the Vesle to the Meuse some time before, and he showed some nervousness over this In his raids, however, he caught only French, except for one soldier of the 79th Division, and he learned nothing from that. For all the haste and poor communications, the bringing up of the Army and its material was managed even more secretly than at St.-Mihiel. The greater cover and the aid of the French 2d Army were contributing factors.

On the twenty-third, General Pétain, the French Commander in Chief, called on me at Rarecourt and we studied the map together. Putting his finger on Etain and Conflans, a little west of north of the St.-Mihiel region, he said: "That is where the enemy is holding his heaviest reserves

(Continued on Page 209)

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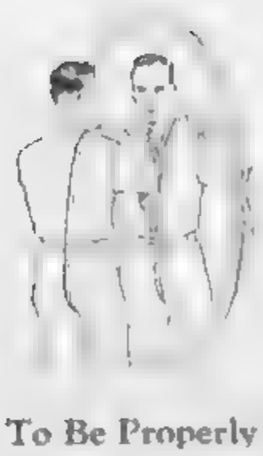

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(Continued from Page 206)

That is where he expects us to attack him. Instead we shall attack almost everywhere but there."

Britain had risen from 53 divisions in July to 58. Pershing had 16 divisions—equal to 32—ready and 9 more almost. While the Germans were losing 16 divisions, the Allies were gaining about 37.

We began the great onset on the morning of September twenty-sixth, the same day Bulgaria flew the white flag before Franchet d'Esperey's Allied Army. The next morning—the twenty-seventh—Byng and Horne attacked toward Cambrai. The third morning—the twenty-eighth—the Belgian Army, Degoutte and Plumer, attacked from Dixmude to Ploegsteert Wood, and simultaneously Mangin and Berthelot struck with two French armies, with Italian support, between the Ailette and the Vesle. Finally, on Sunday morning, the twenty-ninth, Rawlinson, whose British Fourth Army included General Read's 2d American Corps, two corps of the British Third Army and the left wing of Debeney's French First Army, attacked toward St.-Quentin. From the Meuse to the sea the Western Front was roaring with the world's greatest battle. It should be borne in mind that a field army has no fixed size. Our First Army was much the largest on the Western Front at the opening of the great battle, and it reached a strength of 1,100,000 men before the end.

Ludendorff's greatest peril was his left, where his great lateral railroad from Metz through Conflans, Sedan, Mezières to Lille—an absolutely vital line of communication and supply—was nearest the Front. Between Sedan and Mezières there was a gooseneck of traffic where the road was four-tracked. Pershing was only thirty-two miles away as the crow flies, on September twenty-fifth, and pointed straight for it. To have this railroad cut meant for the German losing all Northern and Northeastern France, and his only egress from a dangerous position then would be through Liège. His next greatest danger was at his center, covering this other outlet, against which Haig was driving from a greater distance. Success by Pershing would enforce a general retreat, at the same time cutting one of the two avenues of retreat; success by Haig would destroy the other line of retreat.

A Sedative for Generals

The state of Ludendorff's reserves was such that he had to gamble somewhere and he chose to risk the Flanders front, leaving five divisions to hold the seventeen miles from Ypres to Dixmude. Winter mud in Flanders in the past had been as good defensively as an army corps anyway. So when the Belgians, with French and British support, struck there on the twenty-eighth, they won the Flanders ridges in twenty-four hours. Albert and his queen, who had been cooped up for four years behind the Yser in a little villa within enemy artillery range, and over which boche planes flew daily and nightly, were on their way back to Brussels after the long exile.

The First American Army opened the battle with 15 divisions, 2700 guns, 189 small tanks, most of them American manned, and 821 airplanes, 604 of them American flown. Except for Admiral Plunkett's naval guns and twenty-four 4.7 heavy field guns in General R. P. Davis' brigade of Corps Artillery, serving with the 17th French Corps east of the Meuse, no field piece of American manufacture ever did fire a shot at the Front. With these exceptions, our artillery was purchased from the French, who lent us many batteries of their own as well. The bombardment began at 11:30 o'clock the night before, and we made just as much noise east of the Meuse as west, for the purpose of keeping the enemy reserves in position there.

It was foggy and misty at 5:30 o'clock when the infantry leaped the parapets. Fog is a help to an attack, in screening you from hostile fire to some extent, but in a difficult country and with troops of short or no battle experience, as here, its advantages were more than canceled by the added difficulty of holding direction and keeping liaison.

The hour after an attack begins is a trying time at headquarters. There is nothing for a general officer to do but sit with folded hands, and that is not an occupation that suggests itself to a man who has the responsibility of from 15,000 to 1,000,000 lives on those hands. He has done everything he could before H day, or if he has not it is too late now. He can do nothing more until the first reports come in. To try to follow the infantry is folly; he can see much less than he can on a map at headquarters. The nervous strain is difficult. I have learned to have two packs of cards by me and to lay them out in double solitaire position when an attack has started. That is as good an anodyne as I know. It saves you from nail biting and pacing the floor until your nerves are shot. General Dickman is a fellow addict of this narcotic.

Giving the Boche a Chance

This day the hour of suspense was prolonged horribly. Although we used every known means of communication—airplanes, pigeons, radio, wire, runners and liaison officers—the mist and the nature of the country slowed all, stopped some.

The army orders had directed us to stop on a line set as the corps objective. I thought then, think now, and told General Pershing at my first opportunity, that it was a mistake to stop here until the enemy stopped us. A legitimate fear of isolation and flanking fire lay back of the order, but that is a hazard we should have taken. When the chance came on October fourth, as the second phase of the battle began, for me to develop my views to the commanding general, he authorized me thereafter, on my own authority to go ahead independently of the army order.

As it was, the First Corps reached its objectives at eleven A.M. and we lost six precious hours before we could set the machine going again, giving the boche that much time to rally and reënforce. We could have had an additional mile out of him, at the least. The liaison detachment of American negro infantry and French dismounted cavalry in the forest between us and the French did not move. The 77th had reached its goal in the forest, though it had lost contact with the left of the 28th. The latter Pennsylvanians had taken Hill 263 on the flank of the Argonne, and in conjunction with the 35th had cleared Varennes. The French had warned us that Vauquois, in front of the 35th, was mined with galleries running through the hill, against which the French had stubbed their toe. I ordered General Traub to pass Vauquois on both flanks and mop it up from the rear, which he did. They moved forward four miles, taking not only Vauquois, but Cheppy and the high ground north of Very, driving the First Prussian Guards before them. They could have pressed on with ease, but already they were in advance of the rest of the corps.

This corps advance brought from the commander in chief the first communique of the war in which divisions were specifically identified. It read:

Pennsylvania—28th—Division, Missouri and Kansas—35th—Division troops, serving in General Liggett's corps, stormed Varennes, Montblainville, Vauquois and Cheppy, after stubborn resistance.

The failure to mention the Liberty Division, which had done equally well in the forest, was due to the fact that there were no villages, streams or landmarks by which to point their advance. Word that the folks at home would be reading about them that evening traveled by grapevine to the farthest outpost faster than any message ever came back to headquarters, and bucked the men up enormously. War grows more devilish progressively, but it remained for this one to add anonymity to injury.

The Third Corps on the army's right had gained all its objectives and General Hines' 4th Division had gone beyond Montfaucon.

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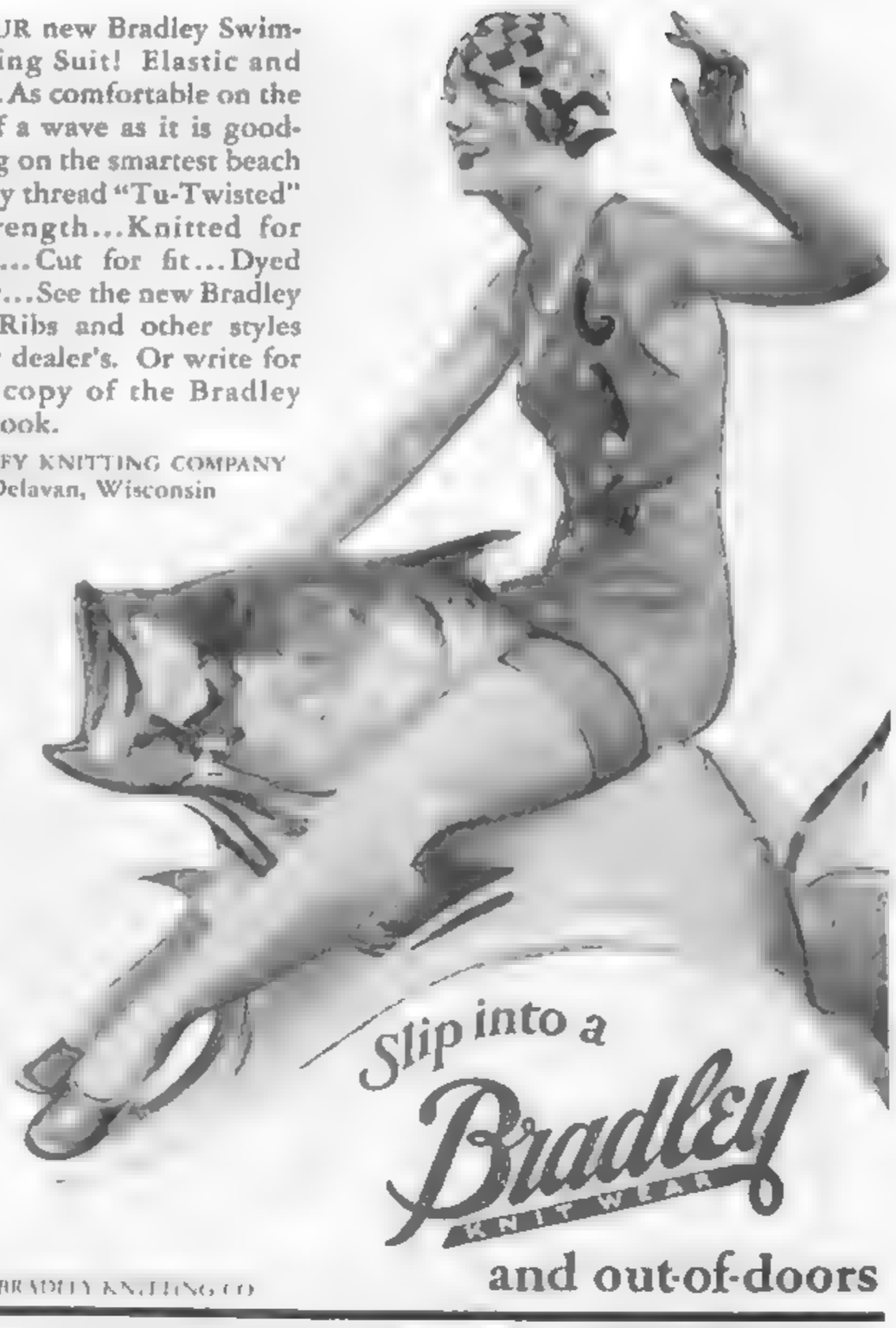

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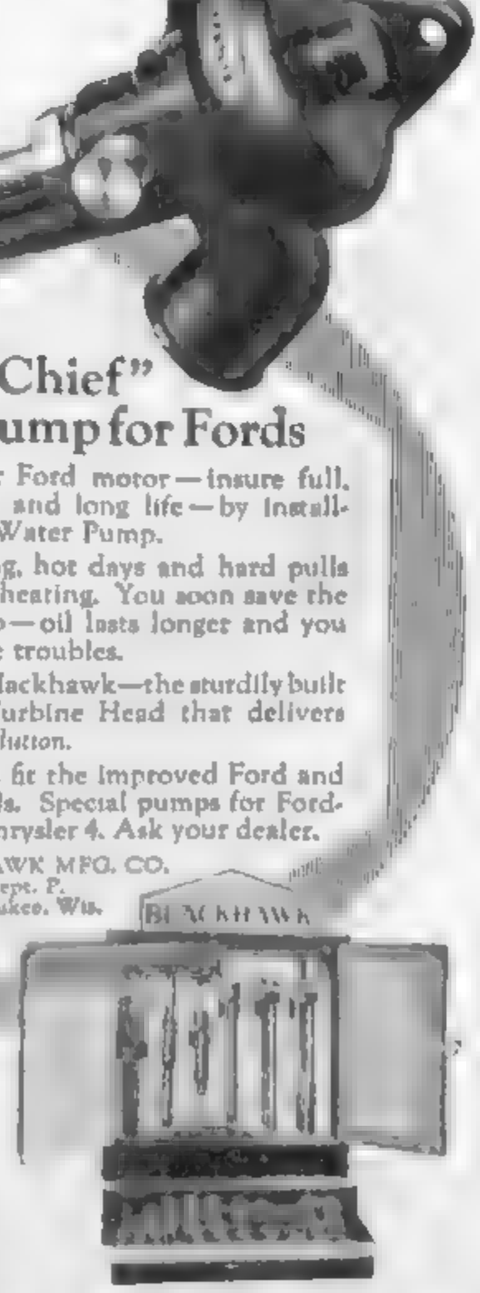

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In the army's center, the left of the 5th Corps had made its yardage, but the center and right were held up in front of Montfaucon until General Kuhn's 79th Division stormed and took it the next day in a gallant and bloody action. Its summit 1100 feet above sea level, Montfaucon dominated the whole region. From here the Crown Prince, nominal head of a German army group, had overseen the great attack on Verdun, the capture of which was to be his special glory, and here he abode in the most magnificent hole ever dug in the ground by man. The enemy defended it accordingly.

That second day the enemy's resistance stiffened sharply. On the 1st Corps front we encountered three new enemy divisions—two reserve units and the 5th Guards—one of their best—who had got in while we marked time for those six hours. The Pennsylvania Division cleared Montblainville and captured Apremont, the Missouri and Kansas guardsmen advanced three miles more, took Charpentry and Baulny, and some of the leading elements got into Montrebeau Woods. The New York City National Army men in the forest got forward their right brigade to the latitude of Montblainville, but still were unable to effect the proper connection with the left of the 28th. The fighting in the forest was bitter, and the enemy was counterattacking the 28th and 35th, particularly the latter at Baulny. This division formed an advance salient and was under flank and even reverse fire coming from the eastern edge of the forest.

Too Busy to Bother

The miserable roads began to have their effect on the second day. As the infantry advanced it lost the proper support of the artillery, which was unable to follow. The engineers and pioneers toiled furiously, but the task was an appalling one. Four years of shell fire had left the spongy soil of No Man's Land a troubled sea. In front of us it was impossible to fill the great mine crater in our only road, but we made makeshift roads around it under the greatest difficulties. The rest of the region—a succession of half-obliterated trenches, water-filled shell holes and tangles of wire—defied transport. And when the artillery did slug its way through, it found itself at a disadvantage, at first, in the blind country.

The battle went on under these difficulties during the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth and thirtieth, with a new first-class enemy division appearing against my corps. In a motor car with several staff officers, I tried to reach Cheppy, the advanced headquarters of the 35th. We found the road from Varennes to Cheppy completely blocked by our artillery. There was another and roundabout route, north to Charpentry and back, southeast, to Cheppy. When we tried this the proximity of enemy machine guns on the southern flank of Montrebeau Woods turned us back, and we learned later that we could not possibly have got through via Charpentry anyway. Though an automobile must have been no commonplace in the vicinity of those woods that day, the German gun crews were so engrossed in the other direction that they did not see us. There was an infernal din going on and 100,000 men were trying to kill each other within clear vision of a normal eye, and yet, as came to be the case often in this war, not a living soul was visible to us.

Reward for Valor

The 35th Division forced its way into Exermont on the last day of September, but lacking support and under enemy counter-attack, it was forced to fall back to the line Baulny-Chaudron and Serieux farms, where it was relieved that night by Summerall's 1st Division. Here was a division making its first battle stand in fog and darkness and baffling terrain, and not too well led, owing to many changes in staff and unit command. As a result its units became mixed and it lost organization to some extent, yet in the face of these handicaps it had driven ahead of the rest of the corps until it encountered even reverse fire. It had suffered accordingly, with particularly heavy losses of officers. It should have been relieved twelve hours earlier, but it was impossible for the army to get up the necessary reserves.

Coming wearily out of an action that would have tried the souls of the best troops in the world and in which they had done magnificently as individuals, this division had the misfortune to come under the eye of an officer of the Inspector General's Department, who reported them to army headquarters as lacking the soldierly bearing demanded of our army, to which was added a comment on the National Guard, an action which later was aired in Congress. The 37th and 79th Divisions already had been relieved by the 32d and 3d Divisions in the 5th Corps, and General Burnham's 82d Division now came in with us as corps reserve. In these opening days of the Meuse-Argonne we were forced to keep divisions in line until their losses reached from 4000 to 5000.

On the first day of October the 77th Division fought its way one kilometer farther in the forest and on the next day the Lost Battalion found itself cut off. The second phase of the battle, which, incidentally, led to the relief of the surrounded force, began on October fourth.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by General Liggett and Mr. Stout. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

DRAWN BY CARL ANDERSON

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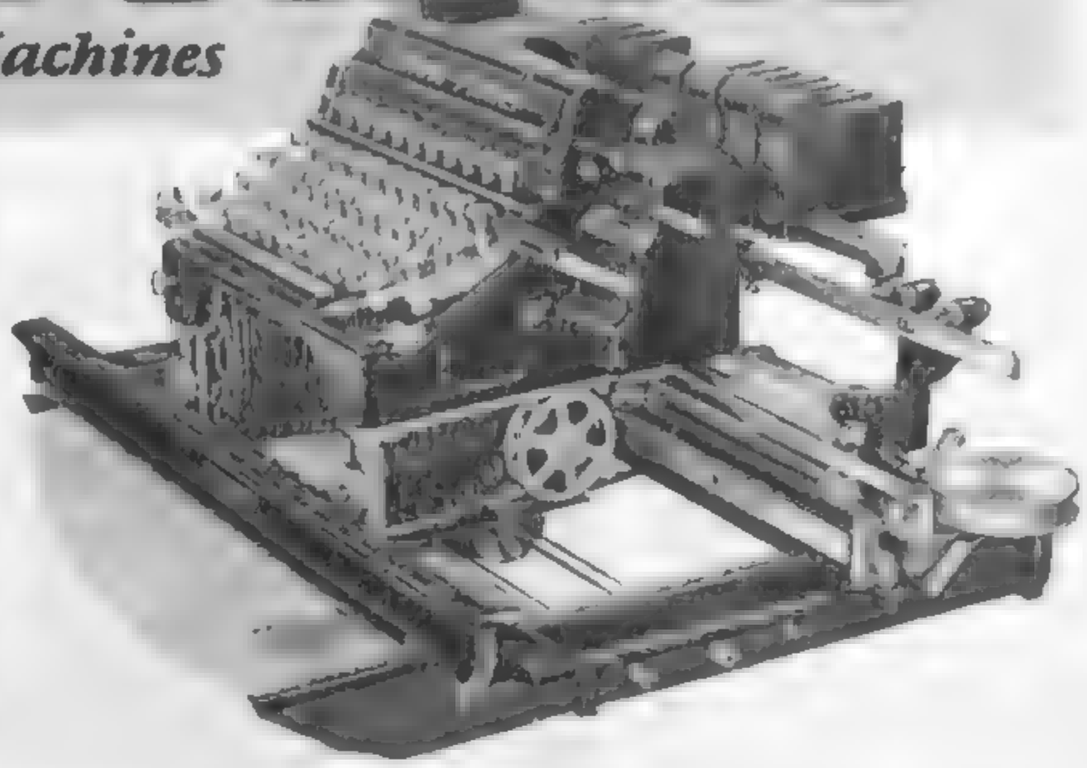

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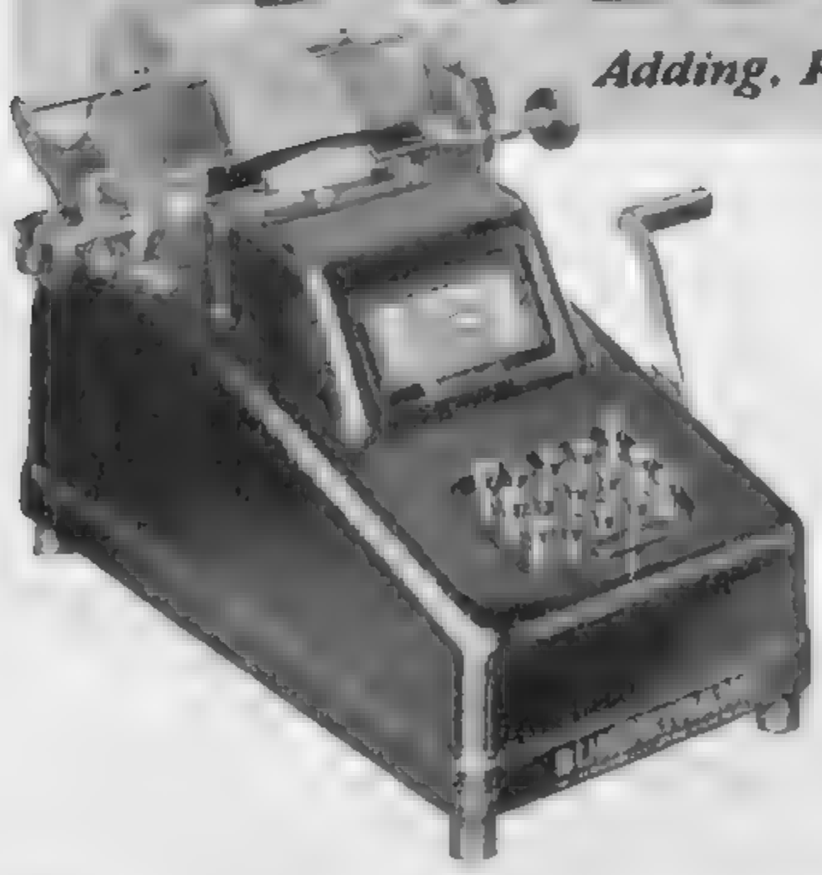

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THE BATTLES OF PHANTOM CITIES

(Continued from Page 47)

should appear before us right here and now, we feel that it would be a pardonable and righteous act to pull the trigger of the death barrel and let it go off."

Much of the picturesque writing for the Jacksonian was done by Ellis S. Garten, a youth of twenty, editor of the paper during the most exciting phases of the contest and later the sole owner. His bold vivid style became a pattern for other Western Kansas editors in their numerous journalistic feuds.

The election was held, with the usual accompaniments of gun play and ballot-box stuffing. The Soule contingent, including the Gilbert Brothers, Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman, Eat-'em-Up Jake and Ben Daniels of Dodge City, held forth in the Merchants' Hotel at Cimarron, which is now the courthouse. But it cannot be assumed that the Cimarron crowd was idle.

As an instance of the effort made to stem the tide of votes, it is recalled that Drew Evans, son of the census taker, who had recently come in from the East, was interested. So was his brother, William H. Evans. They went over into the Logan Township precinct, in the enemy's country, to look after Cimarron interests. Owing to the strained atmosphere there, they kept guns handy and, as they drove away in the evening, Drew sat with his face toward the polling place, with a gun in each hand. The two brothers lived for many years in Cimarron, running a hardware and implement store in the building that served as courthouse in a chapter of the county-seat war. Drew died peacefully in his bed recently, but his brother survives. Both have been leaders in civic and church affairs and the moving spirits in the local band.

All the Roosters Crowing

When the votes were counted, four papers rejoiced. Large roosters flapped on the front pages and the boldest type in the offices was called upon. Both towns claimed to have won. According to the Jacksonian, the vote was 753 to 712 in favor of Cimarron. But the Ingalls forces had District Judge Strang issue a restraining order to prevent the vote being certified. The result of the vote, not only for the county seat but for county officers, hinged upon the vote cast by the Cimarron precinct and the Ingalls precinct. The Ingalls people claimed that the Cimarron vote was vitiated by fraud and the Cimarron people claimed that the Ingalls vote was similarly contaminated. According to the temporary board of county commissioners, who canvassed the vote, Cimarron had won. The final vote of the Cimarron precinct, as given out, was 539, but the Ingalls crowd would have recognized only 438 or less as being legitimate. On this basis Cimarron would have lost. It was pointed out that at the regular election eight days later only 355 votes were cast in the same precinct. It was claimed that the election board had stuffed the ballot box with enough votes to overbalance the scales.

The Topeka Capital of November 8, 1887, said. "According to reports, there is a lively time at Cimarron. Everybody is armed to the teeth."

Perils of Editorship

Ingalls put up a stout contest in the courts and two Cimarron commissioners were deposed. The early spring of 1888 found the county records at Ingalls, as Judge Strang had issued a mandamus ordering the change made. Further litigation followed, and on March fourteenth the Supreme Court issued an alternative writ of mandamus removing the county offices to Cimarron, superseding Judge Strang's orders. But there was a hitch in the execution of the order.

In the yellowed files of newspapers it is possible to read much between the lines. Ellis Garten had temporarily resigned his editorship, and the Jacksonian of April twentieth contains this illuminating item:

"Out of some hard feelings engendered on account of the county-seat fight and some unanswerable articles written by Ellis Garten, formerly editor of the Jacksonian, he was assaulted by a big, burly ruffian imported by the aggressors and backed by a dozen or more tramps, and as the fighting cock did not succeed in his endeavors to 'do' Mr. Garten, he proceeded to batter the countenance of a friend who had accompanied Mr. Garten to Ingalls, but again this would-be slugger was foiled in his game. If Ingalls can't trot out any better men than he, they had better quit. The cowardice displayed in the assault upon Mr. Garten, of twenty or thirty men, all with their guns, too, looks a little small for any mob this side of hell. But we wish to say right here to those low-lived scoundrels, blacklegs and offscourings of the rubbish heap of God's creation, that Garten is like all the Cimarronites, he has the staying qualities. Ingalls, please smoke that in your pipe."

And on April twentieth came the black headline: "All Hail!" and an article beginning: "How supremely grand and refreshing the thought that after weeks of longing for some coveted prize we finally succeed in obtaining that for which we have so untiringly and incessantly worked for!" This was occasioned by some comforting bit of news from the courts. On May eleventh the Jacksonian brought out its crowing

The Old Ingalls Courthouse, Still Standing at Cimarron. It Was Moved From Ingalls to Cimarron When the Boom Burst, in the Nineties

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rooster again, with the huge headline: "Our Rooster Still Screeches," when the state superintendent of public instruction was quoted as saying that the county seat rightfully belonged at Cimarron. In the same issue reference was made to the "verdant fungiverous moesbacks who have but recently been deprived of their lacteal fluid."

The summer wore on, with numerous personal encounters and journalistic hymns of hate. In the political milling there was some shifting of officers. The board of county commissioners, favorable to Cimarron, appointed A. T. Riley to serve as clerk pro tem until after the election. The former clerk had been holding his office in Ingalls, where all the other officers except commissioners were sitting. The location of the county seat seemed to depend principally upon the sympathies of the various officers, and at times it seemed as though there were two county seats. The county treasurer refused to accept Riley's bond until compelled to do so by a peremptory writ of mandamus issued by the Supreme Court, since Riley was a Cimarron man. By a similar writ Riley obtained possession of the records and moved them to Cimarron. And then the Jacksonian trotted out its rooster again, to celebrate the return of the much-traveled records, archives and seals to Cimarron. Cimarron men also had control of the board of county commissioners, clerk of district court and surveyor.

On November 8 and 9, 1888, the papers of both towns blossomed out with vociferous roosters. An election had been held and both towns claimed to have elected their favorite tickets. Again the issue depended upon the method of voting in the two vital precincts. The case was immediately carried to the Supreme Court, which found that N. F. Watson, an Ingalls man, was elected county clerk. J. H. Reynolds, Ingalls candidate for sheriff, was also given office. The Ingalls Union then had a whole page of roosters and other poultry, with the headline: "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Six-Shooter Diplomacy

In December, 1888, Ellis Garten returned to the editorship of the Jacksonian, and Gray County journalism took on a more highly flavored taste. In his issue of January 1, 1889, he addressed the Ingalls Messenger editor in these words:

"By the way, let us remark to you that the Jacksonian is just now enjoying its palmiest day and never will wink out. We have just ordered a new power press and engine, employed three new typos, use upholstered furniture and board at a three-dollar-a-day house. You son of a gun, come down and see us."

The Ingalls people were becoming exceedingly irritated. They wanted their duly elected and qualified clerk, N. F. Watson, to have those precious county records. He was due to take office in a few days, but how could he take office without archives? Or how could he assume his duties in the hated town of Cimarron? Cimarron leaders were well aware of the delicacy of the situation. They knew that if Watson got the records, Ingalls would virtually have the county seat, despite the still uncertain legal aspects of the case.

F. M. Luther was sent to Ingalls as an ambassador to attempt to calm the eager fury of the Ingallsites. He met with the leading citizens in a small room. While he was making his speech of conciliation, someone near him made the loud and irrelevant remark, "Get a rope!" Luther pulled a gun out of his pocket, saying, "When they get the rope this gun will go off." The man subsided, but harbored a bitter personal enmity against Luther until he died, thirty years later, though in the meantime he had moved to Cimarron and occupied a building only a few paces away from Luther's office.

The peace move failed. The board of commissioners claimed that the election of Watson was secured by fraud on the part of Ingalls, saying that there were more names on the Ingalls poll book than there were bona-fide residents of the township. Leaving out the Ingalls returns, M. J. Hopper, the Cimarron candidate, would have been elected.

The intentions of the Cimarron leaders were not entirely clear, but the Ingalls partisans believed that they intended to hold the county records regardless of the election of Watson. It was said afterward that the intention of the Cimarron crowd was to have quo warranto proceedings brought against Watson to prevent his taking office.

The Street Battle

On the morning of January 12, 1889, Fred Singer, one of the most famous of the Dodge City characters, lounged into Cimarron. He called at the courthouse and glanced at the safe where the records were kept. It was closed. Later he called again. At about eleven o'clock the clerk turned the lock, and Singer went outside and ostentatiously flipped his handkerchief. A friend living in the outskirts of the town hung his saddle blanket on the clothesline. Out on the prairie was a watcher to relay the signal. At about 11:30, while the few men on the streets were lazily sunning themselves and enjoying the mild air, a lumber wagon drove into Cimarron from the Ingalls road. It had a high-top box. Lying concealed in the box were a number of armed men. J. H. Reynolds, the sheriff-elect, had deputized these men for the amiable errand of removing the county archives to Ingalls.

The Ingalls force unloaded quickly from the wagon and stood with weapons ready. Four of them went up the stairs that led to the second-story room that was used as a courthouse, while the rest stayed on the street below and overawed the few Cimarron people that were near. But the word was quickly passed around and in a few minutes charges of buckshot, single rifle and revolver bullets and bird shot from guns were spatting against store fronts and kicking up the dust of the street in spurts.

A farmer without any particular training in gun play got out in the middle of the street and opened such a hot fire that the street was cleared of the enemy. All along the block, on both sides of the street, were spurts of flame shooting out from barricaded doors and through windows.

F. M. Luther, who had previously figured in the effort to pacify the fury of the Ingalls crowd, was out in the open when a bullet clipped through his hat and took away a lock of hair. Luther later became mayor of Cimarron and a leader in Western Kansas affairs, becoming quite wealthy. He clung to his home town with a loyalty which was doubtless influenced by the events of that exciting day, and died only a few years ago. Asa Harrington, another Cimarronite, had a thumb shot off. A man named J. W. English, an inoffensive Cimarron citizen, was shot squarely in the forehead and died instantly. Happy Jack and Ed Fairhurst, both Cimarron men, were seriously wounded. Brooks and Brown, of Dodge City, and Bolds and Reicheldeffer, of Ingalls, received severe injuries.

While the stage was being set for this scene another bit of action was taking place. In the few minutes that intervened before the shooting began, four men rushed up the stairs to the office of A. T. Riley, county clerk, and ordered him to throw up his hands.

"I want my office," said Watson, after a pause that was short but painful.

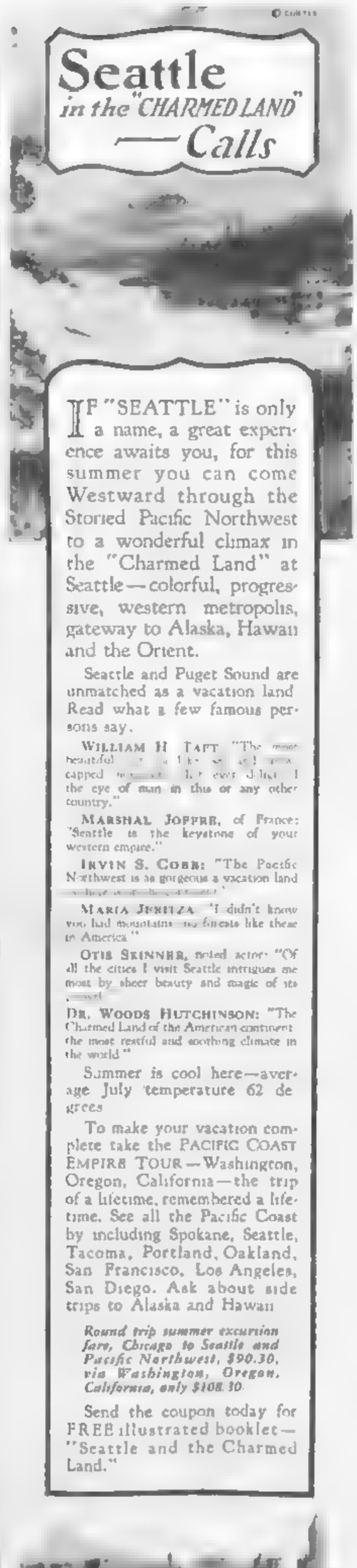
Riley played for time for a while. He had two of his children with him, and he told the men that he wanted to get them out of harm's way.

"It's no use being in a hurry," he said. "Mr. Watson and I can fix this up all right."

"Get around and get those books! Don't stand there!" shouted one of the invaders.

"I want a receipt for those books before you get possession of them."

(Continued on Page 216)



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—FOR ALL TIME—

(Continued from Page 214

"By —— we've got no time to give any receipt," was the answer.

Riley then said he had some private papers that he wanted to sort out, and some time was used up in a parley on this point. The Cimarron man was trying to gain time so as to permit the arousing of the defenders. The Ingalls men were in a hurry to go before they were aroused. But they started carrying out the books. Just as they were loading up the last books the firing began. The Ingalls men at the wagon started off briskly toward home, pausing now and then to pick up books that fell out of the wagon, and firing shots back at the Cimarron men who were pumping lead at them.

A number of the Ingalls men were left on the street to fight it out. In the confusion, some of them were trapped in the courthouse. Riley and others who were on the same floor at the time regained the street, and a general fusillade was directed at this stronghold by the Cimarron men, who were infuriated upon finding that one of their number had been killed and others wounded. The Ingalls stragglers on the street escaped on foot. Shots were fired at the marooned men through the floor from below.

Finally, late in the afternoon, a white flag was seen fluttering from a second-story window and Cimarron men went up the stairway to take the beleaguered men prisoners. They were found roosting on top of a large safe, where they had betaken themselves to avoid the bullets that had frequently come up through the floor. A meeting was hastily called and it was decided to turn the prisoners over to Sheriff J. H. Reynolds, who took them to Ingalls and promptly turned them loose.

Sheriff Reynolds telegraphed Governor Martin:

"While removing the county clerk's office from Cimarron my deputies were fired upon by a mob of about 200 men, and I am unable to suppress the riot. Please send a company of militia at once."

Governor Martin, already wise in the ways of county-seat fights, replied by wire: "By whose authority were you attempting to remove county records from Cimarron? Until I know whether such authority was legal, I shall refuse to place militia under your orders."

Friendly Enemies

General Murray Meyers, of Wichita, who had seen duty in previous disorders of the kind, was instructed to send a company of national guardsmen to Cimarron, but not to take part in the disposal of county records. This was done, and in one sense quiet was restored. It was at this juncture that short-grass journalism of the florid 80's came to its climax. Ellis Garten's paper used ranks and columns of fighting words, discriminately placed so as to produce the most virulent effects. Regretfully he said:

"The Jacksonian advocated the propriety of holding a hemp social over two years ago and we doubt if there is any law-abiding citizen in the county who does not think it would have been the proper thing to do."

"Six of the Ingalls gang were shot," another item said, "but to our utter disappointment all the hellions will recover. If ever we longed to see the business of an undertaker boom and a lot of deep-dyed demons laid to rest beneath the soil, it is now."

Becoming somewhat bombastic, the young editor said:

"The Ingalls boodlers may hide the stars in a nail keg, put the sky to soak in a gourd, hang the Arkansas on a clothesline, unbuckle the bellyband of time and turn the sun and moon out to pasture, but they can never make Ingalls the county seat. The world will again pause and ponder."

Relaxing momentarily from his strained feeling toward the Montezuma paper, he indulged in this amenity: "We had the pleasure of calling on Bro. Hebard, of the Chief, while in Montezuma last Tuesday, and found him in the best of spirits, enjoying good health and a fair patronage. It always does us good to meet Hebard, although we do call him hard names sometimes."

Another rival paper was the Ingalls Union, to which Garten applied the name Windgalls Onion in moments of irritation. In a calmer hour, he said

"The Ingalls Union says the demand upon Kansas City for firearms by Oklahoma tourists has been very great, and that Cimarron has been compelled to return her rented Winchesters in consequence. We want to inform the bleary-eyed, hammer-headed ignoramus who tries to edit the billposter that Cimarron had no rented Winchesters, neither has she returned any. They were bought and paid for, and if necessary they will be used. If he is not satisfied with this statement, let him organize another picnic party and come down. We think the Winchesters would show up all right."

An Acceptable Excuse

Another issue of the Jacksonian contains this mournful confession: "For the past two months the Jacksonian has been published on almost the last day and the last hour of each week, the subscribers sometimes not receiving their papers until Sunday afternoon. Each week we have given some excuse for the delay and this week we again ask for your forbearance and offer an excuse which we have reason to believe all will accept without any kick whatever. THE EDITOR HAS BEEN LICKED, and we have been compelled to put in most of our time at Dodge City."

Elsewhere, in a news story, he describes his experience, in which he went over to Dodge City, "tired of city life with its bustle, confusion and close confinement, and having been under the weather for three or four days, completely exhausted from overwork and summer heat."

While attending the Sells circus there, he was standing on the street, reading a newspaper. "We stood with our face to a brick building, our eyes upon the paper and all unaware of what was going on around us. Suddenly we were dealt a terrific blow on the side of the head. Nearly the whole town of Ingalls was there and they had congregated on the corner to see Garten done up. . . . We took in the situation at a glance and then took the thumping. On every side stood a tough member of the gang, ready at any moment to shoot us down should we offer to defend ourself. He struck us nine licks like a butcher felling a beef and never moved us from our feet. . . . We wish to announce that we are still in the ring and it will take a dozen or more such killers to knock us out." He was arrested for disturbing the peace and was acquitted.

Later on the following notice appeared in Garten's paper: "The party or parties who took the Winchester from the Jacksonian office one day last week would confer a favor by returning the same. We feel that we are doing enough for the town and people gratis without having to whack up twenty dollars to the city for the enjoyment and benefit of someone else. Bring back the gun." And this: "If the low-lived son of a gun who stole our Winchester will call at this office, we will give him a dozen cartridges which he failed to take and for which we have no earthly use."

Relaxing, upon rare occasions, Garten consoled himself and his readers with such rhapsodies as this: "Cimarron, the fairest flower of the far-famed, fascinating, fertile fields of the fruitful West, we shall ever sing her praises. She is sailing smoothly and serenely o'er the sunny seas of steadfast prosperity. Life to her is eternal, and long will she flourish." And this:

"Beautiful Cimarron! The children of coming years will catch the sweeter influence of thy genial clime and mold character in keeping with the purity of thy atmosphere. Here the kiss of the ever-shining sun is sweeter than that of the cooing babe;

Ask Your Favorite Toilet Goods Dealer About Vivani

EXCEPTIONNEL Beauty Aids

Offered by Leading Department and Drug Stores at these Standard Prices:

VIVANI

Face Powder	$1.00	Brilliantine	$ .75
Waterproof Rouge	.75	Perfume	3.75
Skin Lotion	.75	Toilet Crystals	1.35
Tissue Creme	1.00	Bath Crystals	1.00
Facial Astringent	$1.75		

And distributed at rare intervals in complete sets at an astonishingly low price, in order to convince users of their superior merit. *"In Vivani's the Value is IN—not ON—the Package."* Ask your dealer when he will distribute the Vivani Beauty Set.

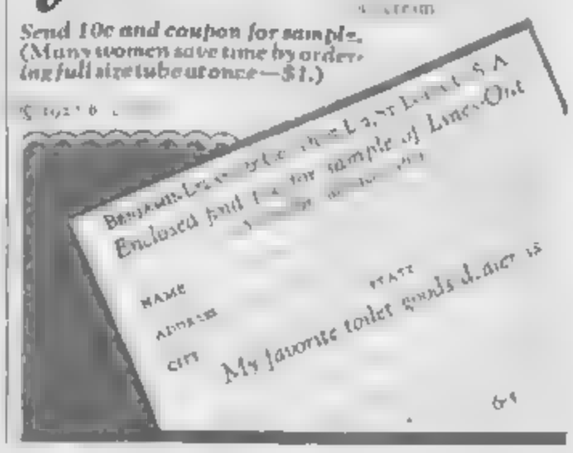
Department and Drug Stores: This remarkably effective method of distributing Vivani Beauty Products known as the Ansell System of Merchandising and Advertising—was originated for and is the exclusive property of Benjamin Leland & Co. All text and literature used in the Ansell System are protected by copyright and dealers are warned against any "system" infringing upon these copyrights. For complete information, write

BENJAMIN LELAND & CO.
DEPT. C, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.
Sole Distributors of Vivani Beauty Aids

and Lines-out

New double-purpose face cream—keeps skin soft and youthful and builds up the tissues. Use it as you would ordinary cream

Send 10c and coupon for sample.
(Many women save time by ordering full size tube at once—$1.)



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MILLIONS of people preserve health and food with ice each day. A good portion of them get their daily ice supply with Weldon, Williams & Lick Coupon Books, as we serve many of the leading ice companies. Tell us *your* numbered printing needs—coupon books, amusement tickets, cafe checks, etc. Let us demonstrate the accuracy and dependability that have won us thousands of customers from all over the United States. Write us.

WELDON, WILLIAMS & LICK
FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS
EST 1890
SPECIALISTS IN NUMBERED PRINTING
TICKETS—COUPON BOOKS—CAFE CHECKS

Towels for
Soft White Hands

Good-looking hands need care. They must be dried quickly, softly and thoroughly. That is why the particular woman prefers Boott Towels.

Boott Towels are on sale in the stores where you shop, or send us twenty-five cents for a full-sized sample towel. Boott Mills, Dept. S-64, Lowell, Mass.

Makers of Boott Scrim and Scrim Curtains

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL MASS.
TOWELING AND TOWELS

the limpid moonbeams that monthly clothe thee in their silvery light, are softer than a maiden's blush; thy climate is purer than a mother's love; thy people love thee with strength greater than a father's desire for an only son!" And this:

"Our rooster is still champion of Gray County, and we are anxious to have some of the boys bring around something that will knock him out of the box."

It may have been because of such literature that the people of Cimarron actually did build up a most amazing loyalty and hardihood. They stayed through the hard times, when other towns were depopulated. In the 80's and 90's it had the reputation of being the fightingest town in Western Kansas. Even Dodge City had to look to its laurels.

Greeting a new editor of the Ingalls Messenger after the county-seat battle, Garten, as a seasoned veteran, let out this terrifying blast as initiation to the neophyte:

"We are onto the lop-eared, lantern-jawed, half-bred and half-born, whisky-soaked pup who pretends to edit that worthless wad of subdued wastepaper known as the Ingalls Messenger. He is just starting to climb the journalistic banister and wants us to knock the hayseed out of his hair, pull the splinters out of his stern and push him on and up. We'll fool him. No free advertising from us." The foregoing has been drastically censored.

Ingalls indubitably had the county seat. The litigation culminated in an appeal to the Supreme Court which was pending even while the bloody fight of January 12, 1889, was going on.

By a curious bit of irony the judges of the Supreme Court were preparing their opinion, awarding the honor to Ingalls, at the very time that men were trying to settle the matter by bullets and coercion. The Supreme Court then consisted of three men, Chief Justice Horton, Justice Johnston and Justice Valentine.

The Court's Decision

The prevailing opinion recited the fact that Ingalls had proposed a plan to have both towns represented on all the election boards, thus ostensibly safeguarding a pure election. This presumption of righteousness on the part of Ingalls is felt throughout the prevailing opinion, and is not weakened until the reader reaches the last part of Justice Horton's dissent, wherein he asserts that the Ingalls proposition was in fact made by Soule, George Gilbert, John Gilbert, Bat Masterson and R. M. Wright, none of whom were residents of the county, and by G. W. Dunn, who was a resident of Cimarron, but was employed as attorney by Soule to represent him in these matters. The proposition was accompanied by this ultimatum:

"Any delay or postponement beyond Saturday night next, upon any pretext, for the purpose of consultation or otherwise, we shall regard as a refusal, and govern ourselves accordingly."

The principal grounds for upholding the contentions of Ingalls were that Ingalls men were not allowed at the polls in Cimarron and one other township, that returns from two of the precincts were destroyed or suppressed by Cimarron partisans, that Cimarron men failed to make the returns known publicly and seemed to be concealing the results, that a wholesale program of ballot-box stuffing was performed in Cimarron Township and gross bribery was consummated in Foote Township.

On Page 80 of the Forty-second Kansas Reports is printed the full text of the bond signed by fifteen Cimarron citizens, in which they pledged themselves to pay the Foote Township Equalization Society $10,000 in return for their seventy-two votes. The names of the signers and other details concerning the proceedings of the society are also given.

It was recited that the testimony showed that many members admitted they voted as they did "to get their share of the boodle." The voters were checked by Cimarron representatives as they cast their ballots. The prevailing opinion bitterly condemned the Equalization Society members.

A Victory for Ingalls

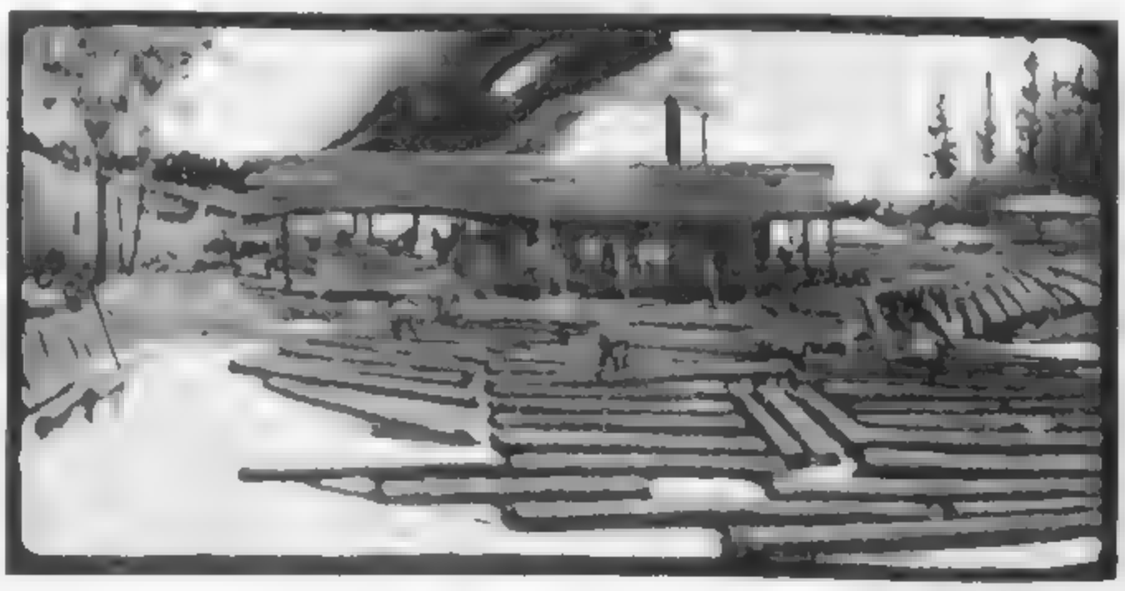
On the other hand, as the dissenting opinion pointed out, "It was claimed by Cimarron that friends of Ingalls bribed many. . . . We have no doubt but that this charge is true." Justice Horton then stoutly contended that the Ingalls vote in the two southern precincts should have been thrown out, on the ground that it was bought by the promise of the railroad to Montezuma and Ensign.

Citing the fact that the people of Montezuma by public resolution had announced the purpose to vote for Ingalls in return for the promise of the railroad to their town, and that witnesses had testified that this promise actually caused a transfer of from 60 to 80 per cent of the vote to Ingalls, and that Soule had given a bond for $75,000 to assure the fulfillment of the promise, the dissenting judge's general contention was that the entire county election should be declared void, on the ground of specific acts of bribery and because there was a wholesale attempt to win by the lavish use of money.

On the other hand, the majority opinion contended stoutly for the rights of the presumably honest voters of the county to have their votes counted, and claimed that no proof had been entered against the precincts that went for Ingalls. The two judges claimed that in the Cimarron precinct, where no Ingalls men were allowed, the Cimarron men received the regular votes as cast, and then stuffed the ballot box with 700 or 800 ballots and concealed the boxes until it was known from the other precincts how many votes were necessary, then enough fraudulent ballots were left of the 700 or 800 to carry the election by about forty votes.

The positions of the three justices were the same in ruling upon the motion for a rehearing as upon the main issue. The county seat went to Ingalls.

One of the Jacksonian's answers to the decision of the Supreme Court was the publication of a boom edition glorifying Cimarron and Gray County and predicting great prosperity and growth. But it was whistling against the wind. It was found



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Lift Right Off

Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit. You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

The hair you admire can be yours!

Good-bye—
UNRULY HAIR!
Now you can keep it in place all day . . . Try this modern dressing—FREE

Stubborn embarrassing cowlicks—that now lie meekly in place! Hair once perverse, unruly—submissive now to your slightest whim! . . .

Yes, you *can* say Good-bye to the problem of unruly hair. A mere touch of Stacomb and your hair will stay in place—*all day long!*

Let us send you, free, a generous sample of this delightful modern dressing.

Stacomb never leaves your hair sticky looking. Nor dry and dull, as wetting with water makes it.

Stacomb helps prevent dandruff too. Buy it today. It now comes in two forms—as a delicate cream in jars and tubes, and in the popular new liquid form. All drug and department stores.

FREE OFFER Stacomb

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
Dept. A-101, 113 W. 18th Street, New York
Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked
Original, cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐

Name

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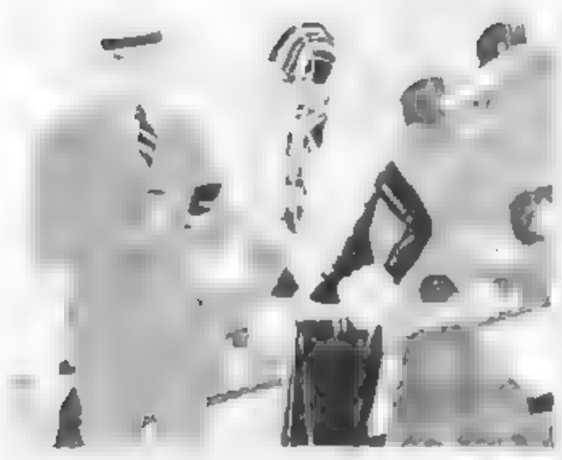

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Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on Writing for Profit.

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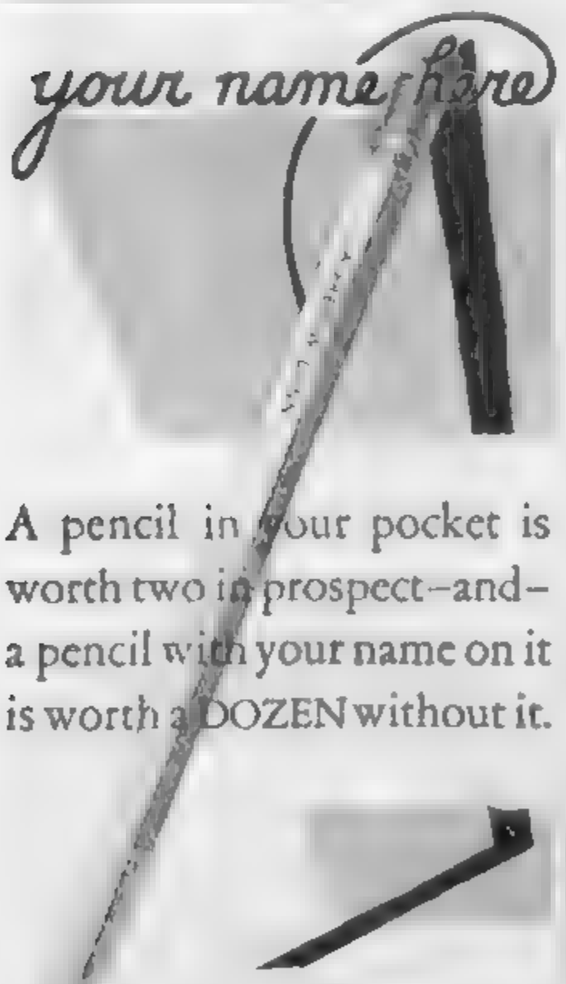


A pencil in your pocket is worth two in prospect—and—a pencil with your name on it is worth a DOZEN without it.

A store near you owns the exclusive license for the VENDEX Machine that automatically sells as fine pencils as a nickel will buy* —plus your name—for 5c. Buy them by the dozen. Stenographers, school children, bankers, mechanics, clerks, accountants, professional people and others use Personal Pencils and save time, money and pencils.

To Store Owners—VENDEX Machines leased only to well-rated, centrally located Drug Stores. Exclusive in towns up to 50,000. Write today. We deal with store owners ONLY.

*Eberhard Faber 5 cents quality.

Vendex Inc.
28 West 44th Street New York, N. Y

that the farmers fresh from the East did not understand the climate. Unfavorable years came. The Cherokee Strip of the Indian Territory, the last great tract of free homestead land, was opened for settlement, and the land-hungry transients of Gray County went there. A period of national hard times came and the people in general became dispirited. The Soule irrigation ditch did not work satisfactorily. The Soule railroad to Montezuma was taken up and junked for lack of business. Soule College had no students. The sugar factory did not materialize. The glittering soap bubble had burst. Ingalls shrank to half a dozen houses.

Asa T. Soule died a year after the Cimarron-Ingalls fight, on January 17, 1890, at the age of sixty-five. The eulogy printed in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle the next day implied that he was not the deep-dyed villain that he had been pictured by his Western opponents.

Born on the farm, he became interested in patent medicine when still a young man and in 1872 acquired an interest in a company, then situated at Canandaigua, New York, finally obtaining control. In 1878 he conceived the idea of using the boat-racing craze, then at its height, as an advertising medium. Courtney and Hanlan rowed their famous race at Lachine, on the St. Lawrence River, under the auspices of his company. This was followed next year by a regatta on the Potomac and later by the famous fiasco of Courtney and Hanlan at Chautauqua Lake, New York. Not satisfied with this, Mr. Soule instituted a regatta on the Parramatta River, Sydney, Australia. This period was the turning point, and the company became a highly profitable venture. Branches were established in Canada and Australia. Another advertising scheme was the use of a baseball nine which traveled over the country extolling the virtues of his wares. In the 80's he became interested in the Southwestern Kansas venture, and in this probably found his most exciting diversion.

A Bit of Irony

At a meeting of the Gray County commissioners in January, 1893, a petition was presented which was claimed to consist of three-fifths of the voters of the county, asking that another county-seat election be held. The commissioners called an election for February 13, 1893, and it was a quiet one, resulting in a vote of 304 to 269 in favor of Cimarron. The records were transferred to Cimarron in an orderly way on February nineteenth. A short time later attorneys in behalf of Ingalls filed a motion of appeal, but it was never perfected or prosecuted, and the case was dismissed for want of prosecution. Cimarron, with the same dogged determination that defied Soule, fought its way through the years of depression. By a queer bit of irony, Ellis Garten purchased the wooden building which had served as a courthouse in Ingalls, moved it to Cimarron and used it as a printing office until his death in 1906.

In recent years, as the farmers have adapted themselves to the climate and have evolved drought-resistant crops and methods, Gray County has become a rich agricultural district, fulfilling the dreams of those who are dead. The towns of Ensign and Montezuma, which disappeared completely after the boom, have reappeared on the newly constructed Santa Fe branch out of Dodge City, which follows or parallels the old Soule grade, traces of which may still be seen here and there. About fifteen years ago the old Soule ditch was reopened and an effort made to furnish water by means of a new idea in irrigation engineering—a sump, or deep canal dug parallel to the Arkansas River for half a mile, receiving seepage water from the sand stratum of the bottom land—the underflow of the Arkansas Valley. But the sump was destroyed by a flood and the ditch was finally abandoned. Now the irrigation in the valley in Gray County is done by individual gasoline, fuel-oil or electric pumps.

The Vanity of Man

The county produced 4,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1924 and excellent crops in 1925 and 1926. The tractor and combine harvester-thresher have revolutionized farming. Summer fallowing and other modern methods of tillage have destroyed most of the old fear of drought and hot winds. Sober stability has replaced the feverish enthusiasm of forty years ago.

Next summer the final chapter of the county-seat war will be finished when a new Gray County courthouse is built at Cimarron. The funds are already available, having been raised by a special levy for the past three years. There had been occasional mutterings, growing less with time, like the echoes of a thunder roll, from other quarters, but the levy was made and no opposition appeared. The present courthouse is the old Merchants' Hotel, where Soule's outfit held forth on election day.

Soule, with his fortune and his glittering dream for the transformation of a political division two-thirds as large as the state of Rhode Island, is only a quaint memory. His forces are scattered. The old dry ditch, beside the scars of the Old Santa Fé Trail, worms its way along the north side of the Arkansas Valley, grimly furrowing the brow of the hills. Occasionally a town boy will pick an old bullet out of the wooden wall of a surviving building. Cimarron shrank to a hamlet of less than 200 people in the 90's, but in recent years it has grown to a population of about 600. For many years there reigned a silence almost of desolation, but now there is brisk activity.

Ellis Garten, Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman and the rest of the principal characters of the drama are dead. And the little world of Gray County goes on in much the same way as it would have gone if men had not thrown millions of dollars into the adventure, shouted words of defiance, and shot one another down in hot blood.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Peterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 38)

time, and a plate of cream and a fox trot was all he'd stay for. He said he used to be nuts about Ellen, but now he'd got in with a bunch of better lookers, and just to show good feeling, he thought he'd come to the wedding and have one dance with her.

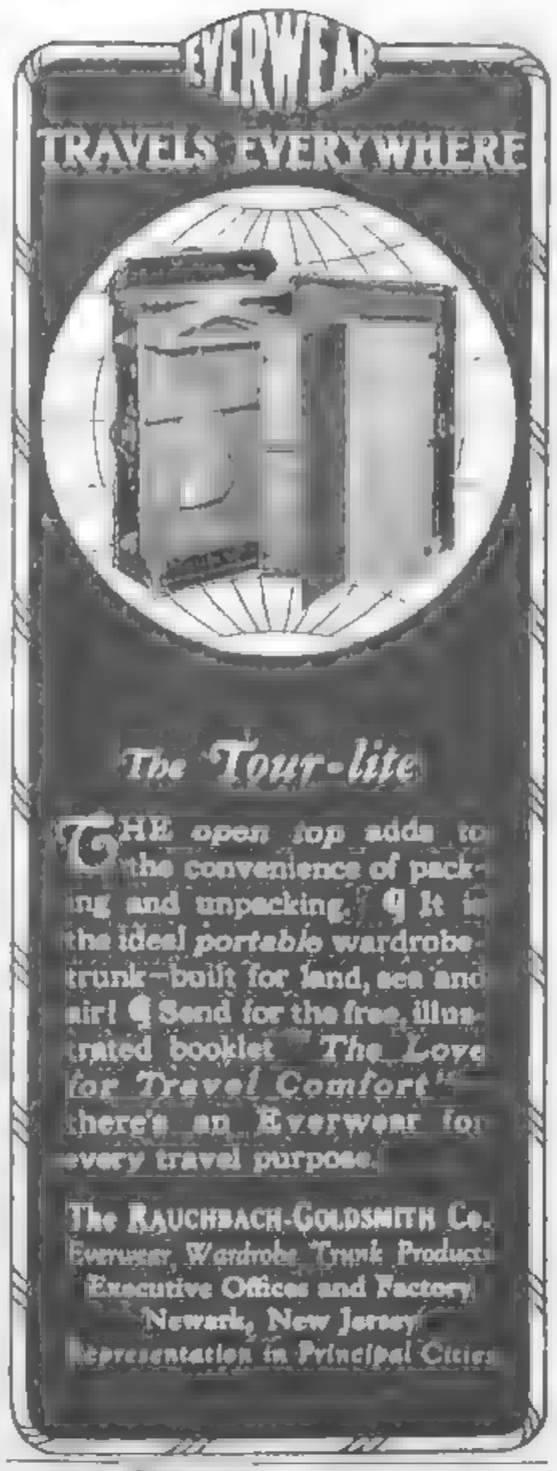
The music was playing "Tonight you belong to me," and before anybody could stop him, he tapped Harry and grabbed off Ellen.

She'd been wishing someone would cut in, for Harry was a dead hoofer and had no line; and you bet when she saw who it was she come to his arms, just like that. Harry, the flop, just stood and looked after them scaredlike, and Ellen gave him one scornful look and whispered to Lochinvar, "He's duck soup!"

"So's your old man," says Lochinvar, and when they reached the side door, he pulled her outside, and into his Leapin' Lena, and stepped on the gas.

"I can see them bozos in limousines chasing us on these muddy roads!" he says. "Before they know what it's all about, we'll be married by the nearest minister—and in that way we'll save the expense of a big wedding too. You see, I haven't forgot the Scotch," he says, and Ellen laughed, like she always did at his wise cracks, and so they got married and lived happy ever after. Now you hand that in, Minnie, and I bet you'll get Excellent on it. I'll say you're the lucky little girlie to have daddy's education stay by him so good!

—*Corrinne Rockwell Swain.*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The Tour-lite
THE open top adds to the convenience of packing and unpacking. It is the ideal portable wardrobe-trunk—built for land, sea and air! Send for the free, illustrated booklet "The Love for Travel Comfort"—there's an Everwear for every travel purpose.
The RAUCHBACH-GOLDSMITH Co.
Everwear Wardrobe Trunk Products
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On Your Toes!

Don't envy "pep!" Have it yourself. Notice the successful fellows. They always seem to feel fit.

Did you ever think how necessary it is to take care of your feet? Thousands of steps a day are bound to tire you out.

"In every walk of life" men are using Allen's Foot-Ease the Antiseptic, Healing powder for the feet. Shake it into your shoes each morning and walk all day in comfort. It takes the friction from the shoes, soothes tender, tired, aching feet, absorbs perspiration and relieves calluses, corns and bunions. At night when your feet are hot and swollen, sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath.

Stop at the nearest drug store or toilet goods counter and ask for

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

CUT ME OUT

and mail me, with your name and address, to The Curtis Publishing Company, 889 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. I will bring you full details telling how our subscription representatives easily make $5 or $10 a week *extra* in their spare time.

A HIT FROM THE START

The new ¼ pound package of Campfire marshmallows

only 10¢

At the very beginning, a volume of sales—a rush of Campfire customers to grocery stores—drug stores—confectionery stores! From the very beginning a steadily increasing demand for these famous marshmallows in the new 10c package! Dealers everywhere are instructing us to repeat—and increase their orders.

And no wonder! Delicious Campfire marshmallows in this new package appeal to grown-ups and children alike. With the approval of their parents, boys and girls buy the new package on their way home from school. It fits handily into adult coat pockets—to satisfy the ever-present sweet-tooth. It is tucked into the corners of market baskets, for it is appreciated as a food staple too. . . . At the new reasonable price, *it is the greatest marshmallow value on the market today.*

Campfires are pure food marshmallows—wholesome—healthful—and *good!* They are different from any marshmallows you ever tasted. Every step in their manufacture is guarded and tested to a definite degree.

Campfires are the *favorite* vacation confection! Schools and boy scout and summer camps have adopted their use. Picnics are *never* complete without them. They toast perfectly—the little bit of crispness outside—the creamy extra goodness inside.

Buy Campfires at your dealer's. They come in various sized air-tight cartons, and in 10-oz. and 5-lb. tins. And remember—the new Campfire package is the *only* one of its kind! A telescope box with a glassine wrapper that keeps the marshmallows fresh always! Ready to eat the minute you buy them!

Mail this coupon to us, and we will send you Mrs. Williams' little booklet of Campfire recipes. They will show you how to make your salads and desserts into new and tempting things. The Campfire Company, Milwaukee, Wis.; Cambridge, Mass.

Get these three toasting forks free! Going on a picnic? Marshmallows are wonderful toasted when you gather 'round the campfire at night. Buy this picnic tin. With a 5-lb. tin of Campfire marshmallows, your dealer will give you, free of charge, three polished, 18-inch Campfire toasting forks. Ask him to show you them today. Dealers, write us about this.

Mrs. Gladys Williams, Domestic Science Dept. SEP-1
THE CAMPFIRE CO.
446 Clinton Street, Milwaukee, Wis., or
804 Main Street, Cambridge, Mass

Enclosed find
4c in stamps for Campfire recipe booklet by Mrs. Gladys Williams
☐ 10c in stamps for regular 10c package and recipe booklet

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A VENTILATOR

Ventilated
STRAW
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The Hat That
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An Instant Success!
Never before such straw hat popularity—never before such comfort in straw hats. Caradine *Airways* set the pace—get the hat with ventilators for cool comfort. Sound common sense. Fresh air to the scalp, keeps it sweet and sanitary. Protect and save the growth of your hair.

Get under a
CARADINE AIRWAY
For Cool Comfort!

A Style for Every Face and Every Place

Millions are wearing Caradine straw hats and here's the answer—the *special ventilated feature* (Design patented February 16, 1926), found only in a Caradine, creates a circulation of fresh air at all times. Every hole is a ventilator and is scientifically placed. It lets the cool air in and the heated air out. That means cool comfort and a fresh, healthy scalp in hot weather.

Every Caradine is extremely cool, comfortable and durable.

Get your Caradine hat from your dealer. He has a variety of good-looking models, popularly priced for all the family. Be sure it's a Caradine or you'll miss the comforts of the *special ventilated feature*. You can be sure because the name Caradine is stamped in every hat. Infringement of our design patent will be prosecuted.

The hat in the large illustration is the Caradine *Airway* No. 340. Made from imported Java Leaf. Extremely lightweight and popular everywhere. If your dealer hasn't it, send 75¢ in stamps, your head size and dealer's name. We will send you one prepaid.

Dealers: The instant success of *Airway*, the Caradine ventilated straw hat introduced last season, points to bigger sales this summer. Get your order in now—be ready to supply popular demand.

CARADINE HAT COMPANY, 102 Caradine Bldg.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Men's Fedora
Model 346—[illegible]
Drenay. High grade [illegible]
[illegible] patented Feb. 16, [illegible] $1.00

The Batavian
Model S 3053 Men's Front [illegible] Weight 2½, [illegible] unbleached Java [illegible], Black or fancy Rayon [illegible] Snappy dress hat. $1.75.

La Senorita
Model 202—*La Senorita—a national fad. The season's most popular hat. Artistically trimmed in red. Sizes for all the family.* $1.50.

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Stamping mail by hand is wasteful of time, stamps, money.
It has been replaced in more than 100,000 offices by the thriftier, quicker, cleaner Multipost way. The Multipost accomplishes *five* hand operations in *one*. Keeps stamps, in rolls, in one safe place. Counts each one used. Discourages misuse. *Modernizes* mailing and pays for itself in any office.

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Try this FREE *in your office*

Ask your stationer, or send coupon for free trial, or for descriptive booklet. Representatives in all principal cities.

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☐ Send Multipost on free trial
☐ Send Booklet
(Check your preference)
Name . . . . . .
Firm Name . . . . . .
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There is Youth in every bite
Enright's "All O'the Wheat" Bread
100% Whole Wheat

If you know what's good for you—and of course you do, Enright's "All O'the Wheat" Bread is the food for you.
If your Grocer does not sell it, write us.
OLD FASHIONED MILLERS, Inc.
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"Old Town Canoes" are durable and strong. They are light in weight and surprisingly easy to handle. Low price too. $58 up. Your dealer or factory.
Free illustrated catalog shows sailing canoes, square stern canoes, dinghies, etc. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 706 Fourth Street, Old Town, Maine.

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Privacy in the Garden

IN SOME of the former writing in these columns I have tried to show that plan is the most important consideration in starting a garden; that axis, or the tying of the house to the garden by means of an imaginary line, and general relating of house to garden and garden to house, all are of the first importance to the successful making of a place that is to be really beautiful. If these few principles are kept in mind and acted upon, there will be a unity, a harmony, an order which are in themselves lovely. If these basic ideas are not used—and they can be put into practice in an informally planned garden as well as in a formal one—all will be wrong at the bottom and no amount of fine planting or successful growing can cover up these mistakes. There is no use in mincing matters with regard to the need of plan, or the vital fact that all must be related in gardening. Here is the true saving of labor, money and time. This is the one and only way to the really good garden.

In planning and planting a garden, however, there are three or four terms often used by landscape architects which apply to the little garden exactly as they do to the large one. These are such words as privacy, mystery, surprise. In the small lot these objectives can be attained, if one only knows how to do it. Why do we want these things? Why are we not content to see our gardens one spreading glare of sunlight, one flat expanse of brightness? Because there is nothing quiet or restful when this is the case. The garden is, or should be, the place of contrast between the rest of life and itself. It is a retreat for the active man or woman who, when he can rest, must look at something tranquil, quieting and lovely. Our inmost selves demand this kind of place to which to withdraw from all outside. If you have no garden, get one; make a way to the heart's need.

Remoteness Near at Hand

But how can surprise, mystery, privacy, be obtained on seventy-five by a hundred feet? By the use of hedges and rose or vine covered trellises, I believe. Let us suppose, for instance, that at the far right-hand corner of your ground there stands an elm of good size. Below that elm a little curving platform of brick or of irregular paving might be laid, a high hedge of privet could be set, or some shade-withstanding shrub such as philadelphus—mock orange—to follow the line of the curve of flagging. Two openings could be left, one at the extreme right as you approach the elm from the house, the other at the other end of the curve of hedge. Both of these openings should lead to walks running in the direction in which they are needed. Be sure that no walk that is not needed is ever built; it will be a failure from the start unless it has a reason for existence. This little arrangement is the simplest of which I can think for the obtaining of privacy. A hedge or screen of shrubbery should, of course, run around the angle back of the elm also, and if this is impossible, then a high green-painted trellis, covered with some such quick-growing and good-looking vine as that charming ornamental grape, vitis heterophylla. At the foot of the elm there would be place for seats, benches or chairs; and complete seclusion would be there for anyone who wished to read or rest without being seen by the outer world or even by others of his own family.

Such seclusion is one of the most priceless attributes of a garden. Not long ago I was called upon to make some planting suggestions for a small house standing about twenty feet back from the street. I could hardly believe it as I looked, but against the wall of this house facing the street there was built a trellised arch or a shelter with a wooden seat below, also built in.

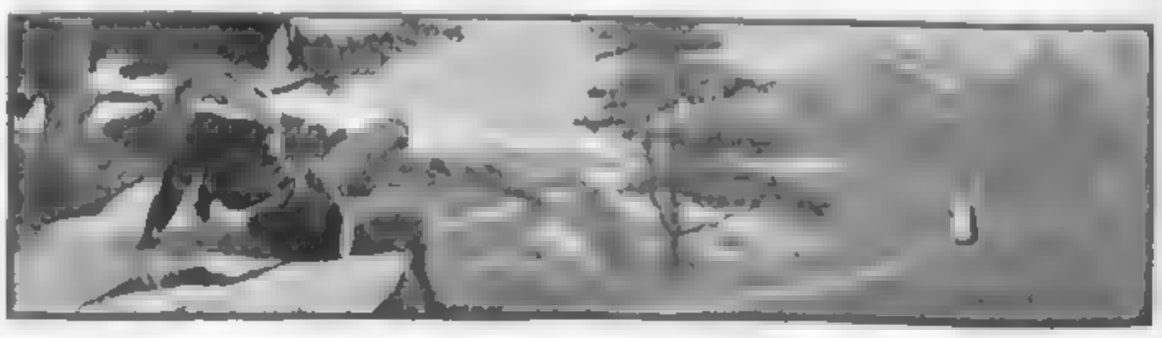
An Out-of-Door Room

"What!" I exclaimed. "Is it possible that the architect of this house could really have thought that anyone would have sat for rest or pleasure in so exposed a spot as this?" I am quite sure no one would have done so. Even the idea of the front porch is going from America now, especially since there are no longer beautiful horses to be seen on our streets, nothing but the sound and fury of the automobile, signifying nothing, and in some cases, worse than nothing. We are, in isolated instances, learning to build our small houses close to the sidewalk edge as they do in England, the kitchens on the street and the living side of the house looking on the ground at the back, thus gaining all possible space for one's private use and enjoyment. Civilized people do not care to see the general public as their most important prospect from their doors, especially as that public, harassed and wild-eyed, is not at all good to look at now in its frenzied driving of machinery. No, what we do wish to have before us is the opposite of this rush and hurry; the calm beauty of well-kept grass, a few fine trees and the brightness and scent of flowers; and above all, our own inclosed bit of ground, our own out-of-door room.

The garden may also be so divided off in its various parts by hedge or trellis, to give pleasant retired sitting places. Hedges of the tall bush honeysuckle, which clips beautifully, or even of spirea vanhouttei, clipped, will give somewhat the effect of an evergreen hedge as far as walling in is concerned. A small part of the garden might be made into a little out-of-door room with such high hedges for walls, brick or flagging for the floor and one overhanging tree for shade and coolness. Here would be mystery—no one would know of the existence of such a place until he reached it. Here would be surprise, for at the entrance there would be an unexpectedly pretty and attractive sight; and here would be a certain sense of remoteness secured in a place near at hand.

Upon the first means of securing privacy we have not touched here; it is the inclosing of the whole place with hedges, shrubberies or trees that curious eyes may not always be upon us as we work or play in our gardens. The wall of brick or stone is the loveliest of all inclosing expedients. A really protecting hedge is next best; but the old-fashioned fence, especially where the type of house implies a fence, is never to be despised. Some sort of barrier we must and should have. The open lawns, the imaginary boundary line, have long since proved themselves a costly mistake. There can be no sort of privacy without inclosure.

MRS. FRANCIS KING.



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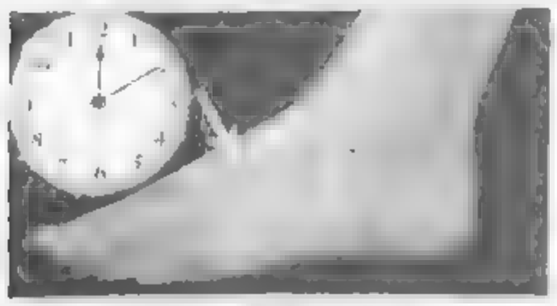

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IMPERIALISM; WAR; INSIDE JOBS

(Continued from Page 4)

If those masses really want us to stay out I am for staying out.

If those masses want us to stay in they must either guarantee a protection equal to our own standard, or accept the established right of international law for the enforcement of rights necessary to induce foreign brains and foreign investments to go to the help and development of backward peoples. And if anyone, like my correspondent from Washington, tries to say that "backward" is the wrong word and that such civilizations as need the assistance of exchange, investment, teaching, education, sanitation, orderliness from the outside world are superior, or if left to stew in their own grease are likely to become superior, tell him or her to pack up his mawkish sentimentality and take it for a real view of the masses of unfortunate, poor, starved, unclothed, illiterate, diseased, dirty sufferers. Sometimes it is the natives and not our false liberals who know that their gravest misfortune would be to have the outside world abandon them to their own crooked, fair-spoken politicians, to a native genius for disorganization, to the tragedy of a self-determination they do not want, and to a chaos and jelly of degeneracy menacing to everyone inside and outside their country.

Let us be liberals. Let us be for democracy. Let us be ready, when the masses of a people really do not want us, to stay away or to get out. Let us stand for all the national aspirations any mass of any foreign people can attain.

But we can do no end of harm to those masses by telling them that they are fit to govern or develop themselves, especially if they are not.

We can do no end of harm if we allow our benevolent ignoramus class to retail to us the goose stuffing wholesaled to them by the propaganda of the following: 1. Those international bankers who want to wipe out debts to bolster up their own loans. 2. Concession-hunting business in Russia, which will agree to see red for the price of a privilege and which has at this moment emissaries and publicity agents in Russia. 3. Our pinks, whether they be professors, teachers or employes of our canned-thought foundations and councils, who give aid and comfort to enemies of our type of civilization by helping Russia to do an inside job on another victim people.

Consider the Masses

The harm done is not half so costly to us as it is to the masses of countries which we abandon either to rapine by subversive propaganda or to crooked or incompetent political and bandit leaders preaching nationalism, or to utter incompetence for self-government or to complete inability to create an economic organization which will guarantee either good order or food for the stomachs of the millions.

With this thought in mind let us take a world tour in these pages and look at things as realities and not as things to fit into any ism.

Let us look at the inside jobs being done.

Let us look at the charges of imperialism.

Let us ask ourselves whether the doctrine of self-determination does not often closely approach the remark of Cain. Cain was active in destruction, but it is possible to be passive in destruction. It is possible to walk away and say, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The whole battalion of subversive forces in the world today, whether or not directed by the Third International from Moscow, are asking us and all orderly nations to get out of here and get out of there. The plausible soft grounds are moral grounds, or grounds of national aspiration, or grounds that wipe away the whole foundations of international law to which sovereign states submit a part of their sovereignty when they join the family of nations, or grounds often founded upon organized propaganda for which, I regret to say, some of our so-called best minds are gulls. The object of this drive for exclusion of foreign influence or aid in backward countries is so that the subversive forces may step in.

If anything is absurd in the world today it is the attempt on the part of certain pink and false liberal propagandists to make us believe that communistic forces under the direct control of the Third International in Moscow are not behind much of the disorder, confusion, the clamor against imperialism, the antiforeign agitation and violence in Egypt and Mexico, India and China and other countries.

It is ridiculous to heed those who say that in China the character of the agricultural masses is not adapted to communism; neither was the character of the Russian peasant adapted to the Bolshevik régime. Even those in the primer class in the history and strategy of the Moscow propaganda war on the world, know that the tactics are to seize power by mob movements in the crowded centers and railway arteries and that then any counter-revolution can be suppressed because the scattered majority has lost the sources of communication, transportation and ability to organize.

Sowing Discord

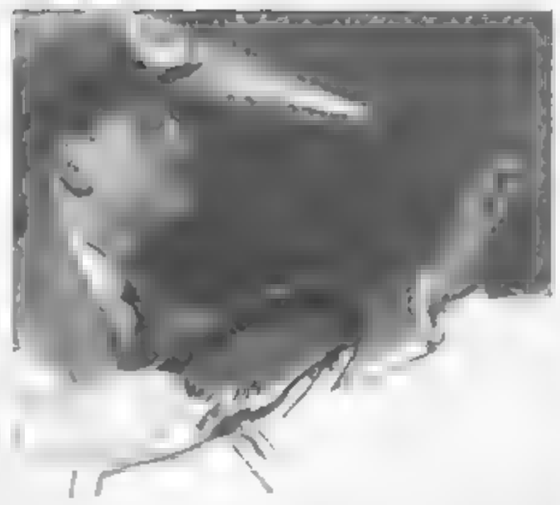
So, for instance, in China today, where more than 85 per cent are utterly poverty-stricken and illiterate, and where, as one who knows China must know, there is not yet education nor preparedness nor practice for a cohesive self-government, and where every worm that is put together at once falls into two parts which wiggle against each other, the propaganda is that foreigners must leave, they must take their influence away. For what purpose? To help the masses of suffering Chinese? Oh, no. To move out so that subversive impractical foreign influences may move in. That is the kind of inside job going on in China.

They will tell you that foreign concessions and extraterritorial agreements must go. That missions, not only religious but educational and medical, built up by years of the labor of love, must be turned over to incompetent management, that foreigners who do not wish outrages and brutalities must move out, and they will picture in their phrase-laden propaganda the properties and privileges of which the natives have been deprived. Even some of those who have investments of endeavor or property in China or Mexico are afraid to stand against the propaganda tide and therefore, just as concession hunters in Russia, they bow and scrape.

It takes courage to tell the truth. Some of those who were deprived of property rights in Mexico and China are ready to take what is left to them. They go along in the parade of compromise and of national slogans under the banner inscribed: "Half a loaf is better than no bread."

In fact there is no diplomat of any nation who does not know that the foreign powers who have to deal with backward peoples, with the crop of revolutionary leaders and with the forces of subversion and confusion are the victims of a well-defined Oriental policy of playing one power against another. The Russians disorganized the Conference of Genoa on that basis; I watched the performance. The Turks used that same diplomacy at the Conference of Lausanne; I saw it go on week after week. The Peking strategists for years have practiced the art of creating suspicion between the powers; I saw the tactics in the government circles of China's capital

(Continued on Page 224)



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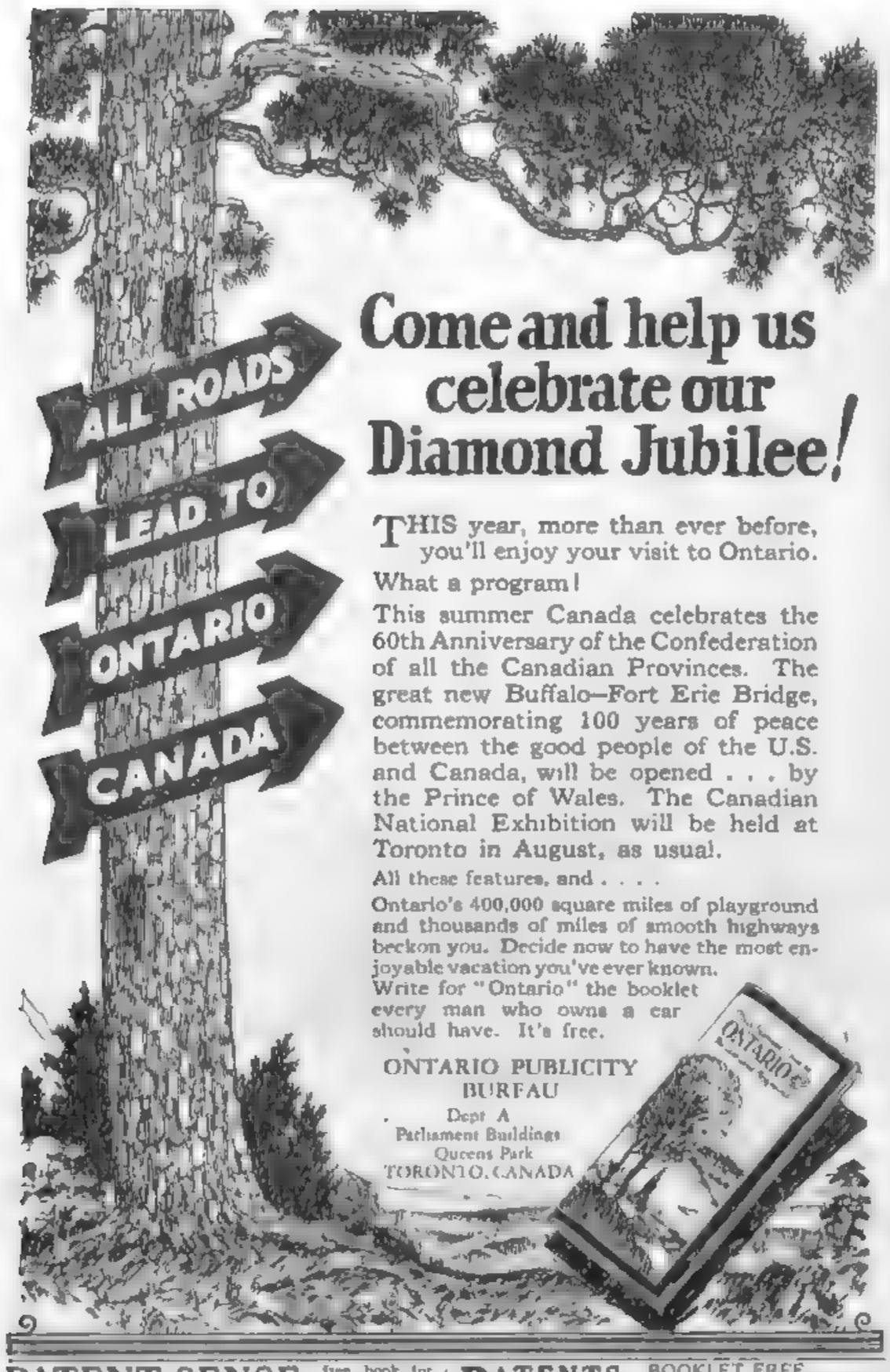

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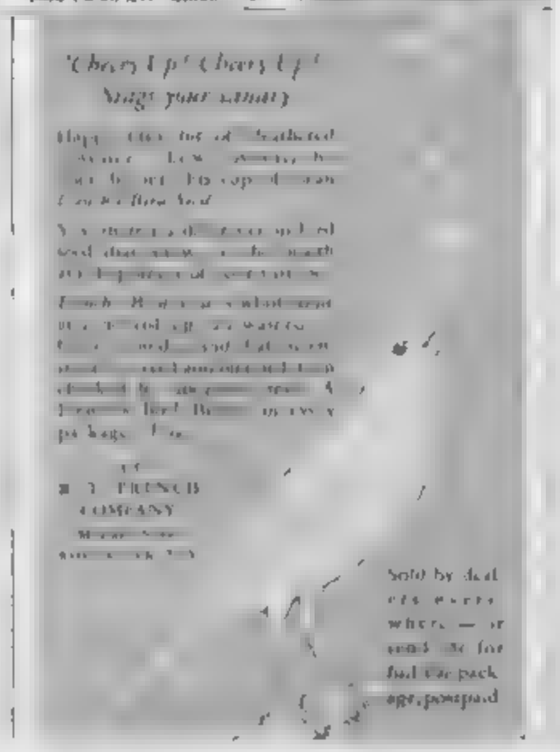

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during the days before the republic split up into little war lordships. When the agents of this game were not whispering into the ear of Japan that the United States was exploiting China, they were whispering into the ears of the United States that Japan was exploiting China. And now Moscow is fairly giggling in its sleeve to see timid powers, unable to present a solid front or form a joint and liberal policy, stand first on one foot and then on another, not knowing whether to demand or beg, sing or scold, or merely pray.

There is not a government which wants Chinese territory.

There is not a government which will not yield its treaty rights when there is in existence any Chinese Government able to guarantee order or protection of life and property, not only for foreigners but even for its own existence and for its own natives.

There is not a government which would not pay a good round sum to see the Chinese set up an honest, liberal government which could stop all this chaos and destruction and nonsense. As one foreign minister in Europe said to me, "It would be a pleasure to find a Chinese Government with which engagements could be made and modified. But they all become personal-leadership machines, and when you deal with them they explode in your face." Sir Austen Chamberlain, when asked in the House of Commons why negotiations were not carried on with the Cantonese Government, replied that it was impossible to negotiate with anarchy. He might have added that it was even more impossible to negotiate with anarchy while even anarchy had taken no solid form.

But in spite of these facts the powers dealing with China face the menace of suspicion that one or another is backing this and that group or leader, the South or the North, the Red Cantonese or the moderates, or some war lord against another. This is a real menace to the peace and friendship of the world.

The Shop Next Door

In the meantime the masses of the Chinese are inflamed by the propaganda of Moscow. It has had a free hand with the Chinese of the South. It is frankly preaching flamboyant antiforeign doctrine. When the Cantonese take Shanghai there is wild celebrating and parades in the streets of Moscow. No one doubts the furnishing of revolutionary funds to the Chinese and it would be ridiculous to believe that the investment was made without the promise or hope of support for the Russian doctrines and practices. Placards all over China bear the mark of Moscow. The Cantonese general in charge of the Cantonese at Shanghai gives an interview, reproduced in the Russian press, saying:

"The world today is divided into the camps of the imperialists and the camps of the anti-imperialists. The capture of Shanghai is a blow to imperialism and a step forward on the road to world revolution. We can only exercise active opposition to the united front of imperialism by the closet reliance upon cooperation with the wide mass of our countrymen and all peoples who treat us as equals. We firmly hope for further support from the Soviet Union and are convinced of the development of our revolution."

And China is filled with placards like this:

Workers, the hour has struck for you to escape capitalist tyranny. If you know how to unite, then you workers are masters. The imperialist armies and fleets will never dare to fire upon you, because the proletarians of the whole world would rise. Prepare to obey the orders of your delegates.

And at the same time a group of American missionaries and professors were telling the people of the United States that the Chinese revolution is not red!

The Chinese Government in Peking raids the Soviet Embassy compound and finds exactly the same condition of affairs which has been found whenever a foreign power has undertaken the recognition of Russia. It was the same in France, the same in England, the same in Italy. There are the embassy and consular offices representing the Soviet Government which, of course, will take no responsibility for unfriendly propaganda against the vitals of the government with which they are supposedly conducting friendly relations.

But next door, or in the next room, is the propaganda shop and it is always said that the Third International, or Comintern, is responsible for that and for the grinding out of all the conspiracies to bring confusion, all incitement to disorder, all the subversive literature, all the organized invasion of educational institutions, all the planting of nuclei in labor unions, with the results seen in France and in England. The performance always runs true to rehearsal.

A Formula for Government

And the slogan taught to all backward peoples is: "Down with the imperialists and up with hydrophobia!"

The difficulty is to find out what is meant by imperialism. I have no doubt that many Americans conjure up a picture of China cut into pieces like a pie and divided among the powers. For some time now there has been a great clatter about the foreign concessions in China. I have been in them. There are not many and they are usually very small districts administered efficiently by foreigners. Chinese live in them and, indeed, fight to get into these concessions, because in them there is order and security from banditry, so that contrary to the usual conditions under which a Chinese who grows rich fears to expose his wealth, even in making investments because of the blackmail system, he can bank his funds and do business in security.

In 1920, when Senator Lodge was so anxious lest the "cruel Japanese oppression" in Shantung should not be ended, I asked him whether he could account for the motives of more than 750,000 Chinese who had flocked into Shantung during the Japanese occupation. Where foreign settlements are permanent there is a degree of sanitation not found outside. There are policing, justice, educational systems and a regard for tidiness. In a zigzag journey across China, whenever I saw, far away, a clean spot with some green on it, I knew I was approaching a place where, whether a concession or not, foreigners lived.

Without denying the right of Chinese of national pride to wish the foreign powers to give up the administration of this handful of concessions and treaty ports when order and safety are established in China, I never, to save my life, could understand how anyone could believe that these concessions had done any material harm to China. It is true that Shanghai, Canton, Tientsin, Wei-hai-wei and other places have grown up as important ports. Would they now be at the service of China's trade if foreigners had not developed them? It is true that some of the tariff and taxes, because of agreements, are collected by agents of foreign powers who have made loans to China. That is not much different from the League of Nations appointing foreign financial administrators in Austria and Hungary. Would there have been any loans or any efficient collection of tariffs and taxes without the aid of foreigners in China? The answer to this is the well-known formula of government in China, centuries old. It is: "The dollar collected in the lightest of taxes starts up toward Peking. When it arrives it is fifty cents. The fifty cents starts down to be expended on schools, roads, national defense or sanitation, and when it arrives it is nothing. And government, whether Manchu Empire or new republic, has then fulfilled its function!"

It is true that foreign influence has had a hand in China, but the challenge can be issued to anyone to show that China has lost anything. On the contrary she has gained in prosperity and cleanliness, in the example of orderly government and in all-around development every time a foreign hand has touched her. The revolts against the foreigner have been in every case in

history revolts of ignorance, illiteracy and a mob of poor fellows foaming at the mouth. Only twenty-seven years ago the Boxers were slaying and committing atrocious crimes under the belief that they were immune from foreign bullets and were possessed of magic powers. It is grotesque for Americans today to believe that a coolie mob, which then believed that strange gods were blowing vigor into their nostrils, will reject the idea that Moscow is blowing a panacea into their heads

Much has been said about the Chinese pride and the love of Chinese to "keep face." But history does not record that anything but dignity or worth justifies "having face," and history does record—the whole awkward violent story of China's dealing with foreigners—that, like most other peoples and nations, she does understand the cost of wrongdoing. The subversive forces of confusion would have us believe differently, but the story fails to support them.

A Change of Mind

There are no more plausible negotiators and propagandists in the world than official and special-privilege Chinese. When I was in Peking a whole band of young Chinese student statesmen horrified me by telling of the attempts of Japan to wrest from China the concession for certain mines. I have now in my files a photograph of a banquet table in Tokio, Japan, so elaborate that a miniature lake was in the center. At that table the same Chinese who owned the mines in question, a few weeks later celebrated the sale to Japanese capitalists at a pleasing figure the very mines in question. Almost always when the Chinese or other backward peoples want something done in their country by foreigners they speak of proffering a contract. This contract is for the foreigner to do something and for the Chinese to pay for it. But later on, the contract always is cited as a "concession wrested from China by imperialists."

This damage to China! How does the world with a sense of humor hear of that scandal without uproarious laughter? Commerce through developed ports—damage to China! Operating railways—now wrecked by the Chinese themselves—damage to China! Medical centers, educational centers, development of modern industrial and commercial methods—damage to China!

Those who are concerned with the real progress, the real welfare, the real chance for self-development of the 400,000,000 in China know better. They know that as fast as possible everything ought to be done which is friendly to China, or which will serve China's sense of dignity, or China's rather feeble ability to maintain a cohesive government. The problem is not to avoid partition of China; the problem is to keep China from falling apart altogether—back, seat, legs, slats and rungs—after some such fever as the Russian propaganda has passed on. The realization necessary is that this awakening of China is no more significant than the ability of the millions to accept it, to use it or even to understand it.

The voices that describe China as I know it are those like Dr. Allen C. Hutcheson, eighteen years of Nanking, who maintained a medical mission. Dispatches to the New York Times quote him as saying that he, for one, believes in telling the truth. He says that the disaster which has befallen mission work in China, and has befallen China herself, is due largely to an influential group of pacifist missionaries who "sold our Christianity" for communistic theories, and that the only alternatives for the missions now are to retire completely or to return with the naval forces for the protection of their lives and property. The pacifist missionary group fell in with and encouraged Chinese students and Christians in the acceptance of Bolshevist principles and, simultaneously, "doped" the American people with regard to the so-called new Nationalistic movement. According to Doctor Hutcheson, his home at Nanking was looted and burned and he himself was robbed of everything but his clothes. He was superintendent of the university hospital, which was looted and wrecked above his head as he saved his life by hiding in the coal cellar. He says the successful groups of Chinese soldiers, having taken every foreign possession, would have proceeded to kill all foreign men, as they said, in "revenge," and possibly have given worse treatment to the women.

Doctor Hutcheson says that many missionaries in recent years have been deluding themselves about Chinese culture, assuming an almost apologetic attitude for America's offering of Christianity, schools and medicine, when obviously Western civilization is infinitely superior. He says many missionaries have been condoning the infusion of Bolshevist ideas, finding virtues in communistic principles and vices in American practices. He says that eminent missionaries last year deplored Silas Strawn's report. He argued with them that Mr. Strawn spoke the entire truth, which should be spoken, but they contended that Mr. Strawn's statement was unfortunate indicating unfriendliness, and was unfair at a time when China should be encouraged and her friendship sought, pointing out that the Russians were winning Chinese friendship. Doctor Hutcheson says that some missionaries in recent years have been contending that China has much to teach us, and that this unfortunate attitude aided and abetted the spread of communist ideas.

On April twenty-third, a committee of missionaries were frank enough to issue a statement admitting the error of some of their views. This was signed by Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, Disciples, Methodist-Episcopal and Quaker representatives and by the president of the famous Ginling College. They said, among other things:

"It is a fact that violent antiforeign agitations have occurred repeatedly, and they appear to be more widespread and more active at present than ever before. Foreigners are steadily being forced out of all parts of China under Nationalistic control, and the government, despite all its assurances, is either unable or unwilling to alter the situation."

Catchwords of Chaos

"The same facts are true regarding opposition to Christianity. The Christian religion is being persistently and systematically attacked, its leaders maligned and persecuted, its properties desecrated, looted and seized, and no power, no influence, seems able to check this conduct.

"Candor compels us to say that, in our judgment, the time has come when securing equal recognition in the family of nations depends more upon China's own efforts than on foreign governments. Although we have taken a stand against the objectionable treaties, we feel that such phrases as 'imperialism,' 'toleration clauses' and 'unequal treaties' have become mere catchwords with which to explain the present chaotic condition of China.

"Foreign nations have taken actual steps in meeting China's legitimate claims and are eager to go further, but the Nationalist Government has not kept its promises nor fulfilled its obligations.

"With special reference to the requests that we use our good offices to present China's case in the best possible light before our home nation, it is necessary to recognize that we who have been termed idealists in our attitude toward China are today discredited before the world as a result of recent events.

"We are known to have protested against the gunboat policy and other forcible measures. As recently as February of this year, 1207 Nanking missionaries, at considerable labor and expense, prepared and sent a cablegram to the American Government and public protesting against the use of force in dealing with China and urging a policy of conciliation and the prompt

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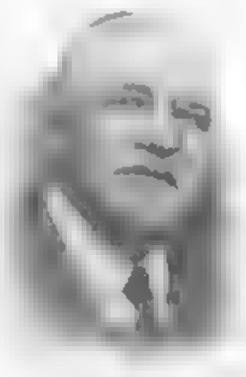

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negotiation of new treaties on a basis of equality.

"In a little more than a month thereafter we depended on the use of foreign force to save our lives. We favored the return of the concessions to China, but today a foreign settlement is our only place of refuge. We assured our people abroad that the Nationalist movement was not anti-Christian nor antiforeign, but now we are driven from our homes and dispossessed of our property.

"We who remained in Nanking on March twenty-fourth were not depending on exterritorial privileges nor any other form of foreign protection, but putting our trust in the Nationalists. Events show our faith was unjustified.

"In all these matters the facts of the situation flatly contradict our words. Everything we said in behalf of the Nationalist movement is made to appear false. For us to say more in the present situation would be futile."

All Out of Step

Dispatches of American correspondents as a whole have been publicly criticized because it is said they do injustice to this so-called enlightened movement in China. But a comparison of the American dispatches with the correspondence of the French, English and Italian writers indicates that the whole world is out of step with the truth except, to hear them tell it, that small American group here at home, which is saying that China is having a glorious awakening and, whether intentionally or not, is preaching the doctrine that there is no stopping place in policy between throwing China into Russia's arms and encouraging China to sink into Russia's arms.

Of course there is such a stopping place. No one in the Western world has any hunger or desire to take China or any part of her, or be responsible for her administration or any part of it. The cry of imperialism is the cry set up and spread about by those forces which wish to drive foreigners out so that they themselves may step in. The cry of imperialism is the cry of the inside job—the cry of the forces of subversion, disorder and confusion. When I hear an American talking about imperialism as a great menace to the world in these days, I wonder who has been working on him.

No one wants land grabbing from the weak by the strong. Today the strong, except in one or two cases of overpopulated countries taking rich and underpopulated territory, are more repelled by that kind of imperialism than are the weak. Even the League of Nations would not touch responsibility in China with a ten-foot pole. Everybody in the world admires certain phases of Chinese civilization and certain charming lovable qualities in the Chinese people.

But I never could see that love for a people, whether they be Mexicans or Chinese or any other nation of illiterate and impoverished masses, expressed itself very intelligently when it cheered the masses on to folly. And there is no folly quite so great as killing the goose that lays the golden egg, with the idea that a people who never have learned to lay golden eggs are going to lay a nestful tomorrow by joining as the placards in China now say, "a world revolt." Foreigners have done more good than harm to China. They have been in China with the idea, sometimes realized, of making money.

The idea in illiterate and unimaginative minds of masses of Chinese is that one does not make money; their idea stops at the concept that the way to get money is to take it. If the foreigner invests in China, what really happens in the ordinary case—and I have come close to many of these transactions—is not that the foreigner goes to China or Peking to corrupt anyone or wrest any concession from anyone or exploit anyone or to engage in imperialism.

The first thing which happens is that officials begin a process of polite pressure in one form or another until the foreigner wishes he were back in the state of Maine, or in Genoa or on the banks of the Seine or in Sussex. The last time I was in Peking some of the members of the cabinet were either under indictment or in jail, and so far as I know, none of them was ever prosecuted.

Fulfilling the Contract

The next thing that happens is that a contract is awarded. It may be an ordinary cost-plus contract such as we do business under in Chicago and Reno and Fall River. And then work begins. Perhaps thousands of needy and idle Chinese are employed. A real constructive job is under way. An improvement is being made and will continue to be made, because the foreigner is used to going ahead honestly to complete improvements. If he has a contract to improve canals or roads, he does not spend the money on a marble boat to use as a tea house. In the foreigner's case the job is done. And then begins the wail of imperialism. No matter how much that completed job adds to the permanent wealth and welfare of the land, no matter how much it opens up new territory, no matter how it brings schools and printing presses, medical teaching, sanitation and the opportunity for a higher wage scale and a

(Continued on Page 230)

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worthy of the name and not afraid to work, I'll wager you that you can't work for us 30 days and earn less than $200. Think I'm bluffing? Then answer this ad and show me up. Openings for managers. The "Wonder Box" sells on sight.
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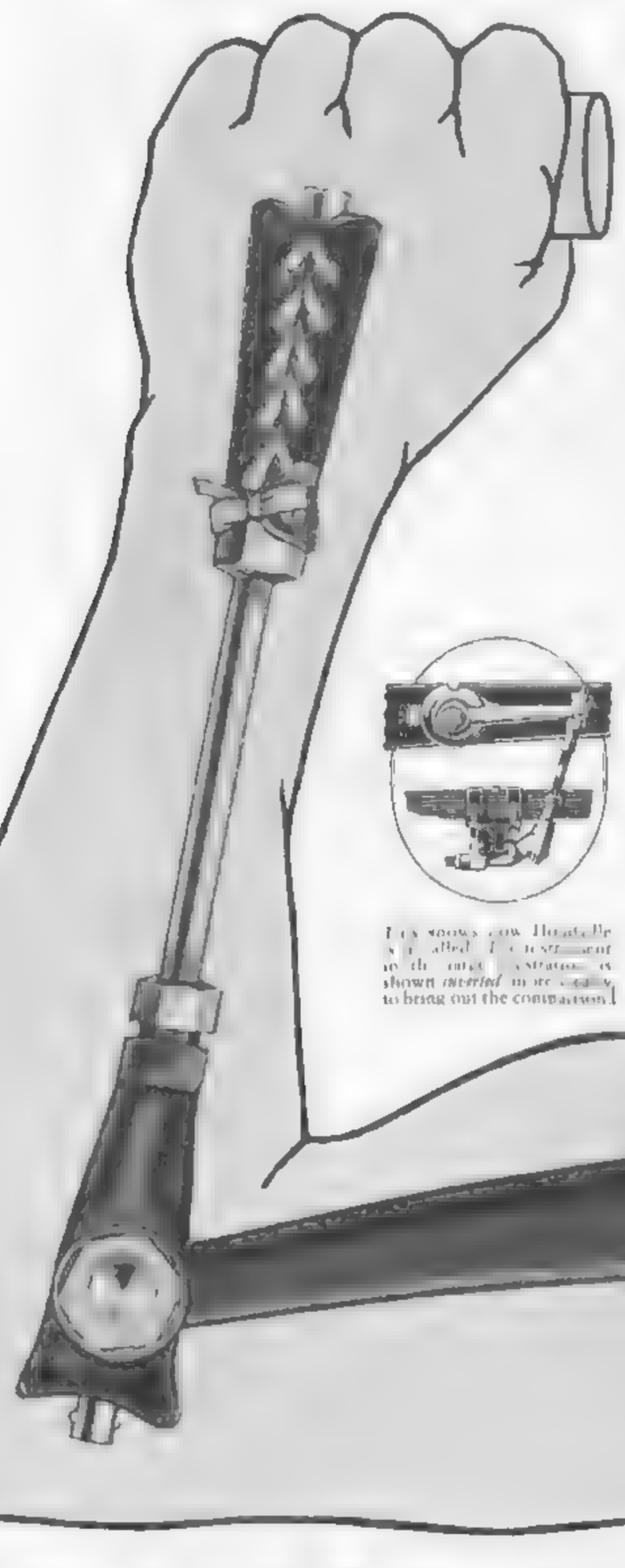


Imagine a superhuman *arm* controlling the springs of your car. An arm that shoulders on the frame, reaches down past the car springs and holds the *axle* in a flexible, yet unbreakable grip

When the roadway is smooth and little or no spring control is necessary, the arm is *relaxed.* No pulling down. *No pre-loading the springs.* The springs are free

But let a bump or noticeable road irregularity come! Instantly the arm goes into action. Its muscles bulge. Its grip tightens. With lightning-fast adaptability, it steadies the body of the car against every spring movement whether upward or downward . . compression or rebound . . . mild, medium or terrific. It meets every spring action with a perfect compensating force . . .

Houdaille *hydraulic double-acting* Shock Absorbers operate precisely the same way. They are activated by almost human intelligence. The hand is the section grasping the axle. The elbow and wrist are the ball joints. The elbow, forearm and wrist move up or down in exact ratio to the unevenness of the road—follow the shock, and instantly transmit it to the *shoulder,* or hydraulic chamber which is attached to the car frame. And here, it is instantly and completely absorbed by the exact degree of resistance required.

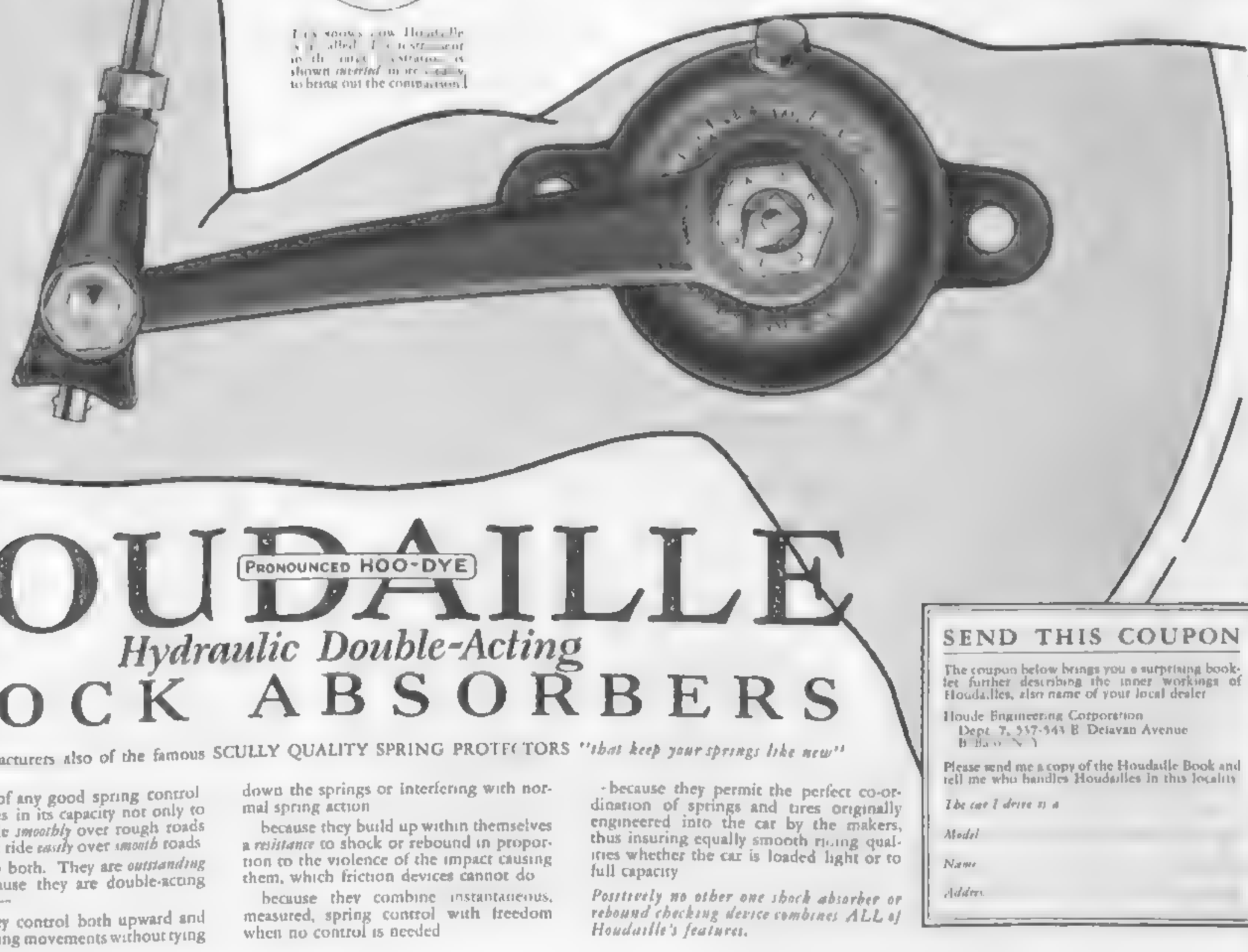
Houdailles are precision instruments without a spring, strap or cable to stretch, rot or break. They are proof against grit, grease, water and wear—practically indestructible. Not only hydraulic but double-acting as well, they are the last word in modern spring control for motor cars. No car can deliver its full quota of riding comfort without Houdailles

Selected on merit alone as standard equipment on Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Jordan, Cunningham, Stearns-Knight, McFarlan and thirty foreign cars!

Now made in four sizes—for light, medium and heavy-weight cars and a heavy-duty model "B" for busses and trucks. Prices $30 up.

Note the outstanding Houdaille features below. Then get your car *"Houdailled."* Installations easy. Your Houdaille dealer, garage or service station can supply you.

This shows how Houdaille is applied. Construction with the outer cylinder removed is shown *inverted* in order to bring out the comparison!



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Hydraulic Double-Acting

SHOCK ABSORBERS

Manufacturers also of the famous SCULLY QUALITY SPRING PROTECTORS *"that keep your springs like new"*

THE PROOF of any good spring controlling device lies in its capacity not only to make a car ride *smoothly* over rough roads but to make it ride *easily* over *smooth* roads

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because they build up within themselves a *resistance* to shock or rebound in proportion to the violence of the impact causing them, which friction devices cannot do

because they combine instantaneous, measured, spring control with freedom when no control is needed

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To Philadelphia in June

EACH YEAR, the Month of June does bring to this most Friendly Town, a host of welcome Visitors.

Some come to see Graduat'd, from our far-fam'd Seats of Learning, sons and daughters, brothers, sisters, others of their Kin.

Some come, too, as early Vacationists, viewing the Historic and the Modern Sights of this great City—perhaps on their way to nearby Sea and Mountain Resorts.

All find here a great Guest-House, but little more than two years Built, and so, equipp'd with every advanc'd Convenience and Comfort.

And, withal, they meet in this twentieth-century Inn the Hearty and Thorough-going Hospitality of more gentle and indulgent days—a cherish'd Heritage of Philadelphia for many generations.

They go with Kind Expressions of delight at finding this house at once so Homelike and so of the Times.

The Benjamin Franklin has Twelve Hundred rooms to accommodate its Guests of June, each with Bath and Outer exposure.

But we would Suggest the Precaution of Reserving your Accommodations by post or telegraph as far in Advance as feasible. Room rates as low as Four dollars.

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THE COMMENCEMENT DAY ORATION DRONES ON

". . and as I gaze down upon this sea of youthful, hopeful faces, so soon to confront the stern realities of life, I cannot help feeling that after your text-books are closed, other books must be opened . ."

Quite right, Doctor; other books will be opened

. . . and these books will tell these girls all about the stern realities of life.

Books studied after graduation will tell them how blankets should be washed if they are to be fluffy and unshrunk. Books will tell what powder to use on the baby's rash and how many minutes rice should be boiled. Books will tell how to prepare and serve meals; how to set a table; how to pipe collars, cuffs, tucks and ruffles on a sewing machine; and how to clean piano keys.

Other books will tell how to invest the family savings, what shampoo to use after an auto ride, how to keep proper humidity in a furnace-heated house, and what color of window shades to use in a rose tinted breakfast room.

Bless you, Doctor, there will be plenty of books on every phase of living.

They will be simply written, beautifully illustrated, thorough, and truthful. They will be as scientific as school-books—more modern than school-books. Most of them will be free for the asking.

These practical text-books on living will be supplied by manufacturers and merchants who realize that they must explain the purpose and use of what they have to sell. They will be written by authorities on food chemistry, on building, on infant feeding, on domestic finance, or on whatever subject is treated. They will be printed by good printers. American business men and American business women will see to it that these sweet girl graduates do not go through life ignorant of their wares.

And these booklets will be appreciated, asked for, read – and *buying* will follow. There is not a girl in this class, nor in any graduating class this year, who has not already learned the advantage, the interest, and the value of printed pieces.

You may find a few people still in business who doubt the value of such printing to their business; but you will not find any of the Youth of this Country who will not freely accept this printed tuition for guiding their purchases and their plans.

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Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

better paper
better printing

Even on Scorching Days

All day face comfort after shaving

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Aqua Velva does these 5 refreshing things

First: It makes your face feel sharply alive, buoyant, youthful.

Second: It instantly gives first aid to each tiny cut or scrape.

Third: It leaves a keen, masculine fragrance

Fourth: It protects your skin against sun, wind, dust and germs

Fifth: It conditions your face and *keeps* it comfortable all day long—just as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

The large 5-ounce bottle is 50c in the U. S. A. By mail postpaid on receipt of price, in case your dealer is out of it.

Let us send you a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva FREE. Just mail us the coupon below with your name and address or a postcard.

THE regular use of *Aqua Velva* gives your newly shaven skin the exact care it needs to protect it from sun, wind, dust and germs

Williams Aqua Velva

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

FREE trial bottle—SEND COUPON

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 46-A
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal
Send me free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Name

Address

City *State*

S. E. P. 6-4-27

(Continued from Page 226)

higher standard of living, the wail goes up, from those who have been taught to wail, that the foreigner is taking something from the home folks.

The crime is not that the foreigner has taken anything; his real crime is that he has made something good for everybody. He has not taken money from anybody; he has made it for himself—if he is lucky—and for everyone in sight, particularly the masses. That's the imperialist! That today is the wicked man who is cursed in speeches by innocent and pink individuals who have been bell-wethered by the guileful and the red.

And he is cursed by propaganda.

The war of the immediate future will not be the kind of war that Senator Borah visions—the kind of war where declarations of war are made and any outlawry of war will, even in words, prohibit the violence and bloodshed which take place. Outlawry of old-fashioned war is utterly helpless in an era where the struggle will be carried on to capture control and domination by the inside job.

Such warfare and its technic are developing fast. The field of battle will be the backward nations of the world, where the percentage of illiteracy and poverty is the highest and the capacity for cohesion and self-government the lowest. After all, those are the tests to determine backwardness, and not any sentimental or historical bosh. There is no appeal to good sense in repetition of the argument that a civilization has lasted a thousand years if during those one or two thousand years the masses have been miserable and the land has been governed by foreign emperors.

The great problems of the next half century of the world's disorder or the world's peace will center around inside jobs.

Will the nations which are not conspiring to inflame and mislead these backward peoples withdraw from vast territories and from vast numbers and leave them to the leadership of nations less scrupulous and less influenced by the alluring slogan of self-determination?

Is the struggle of peaceful economic competition to be replaced by a half century of war by propaganda in which, by all means, the most radical and unscrupulous will have all the advantages?

Are the more advanced nations to express their friendship by abandoning the weaker so that their masses, under the foreign leadership, will go running, until their tongues hang out, toward dark confusion?

There is nothing more valuable in international relations just now than the three virtues, tolerance, friendliness and consideration for the masses in countries like China and other zones of disorder, violence and corrupt government. Only fools wish to add to these, as a fourth virtue, unintelligence.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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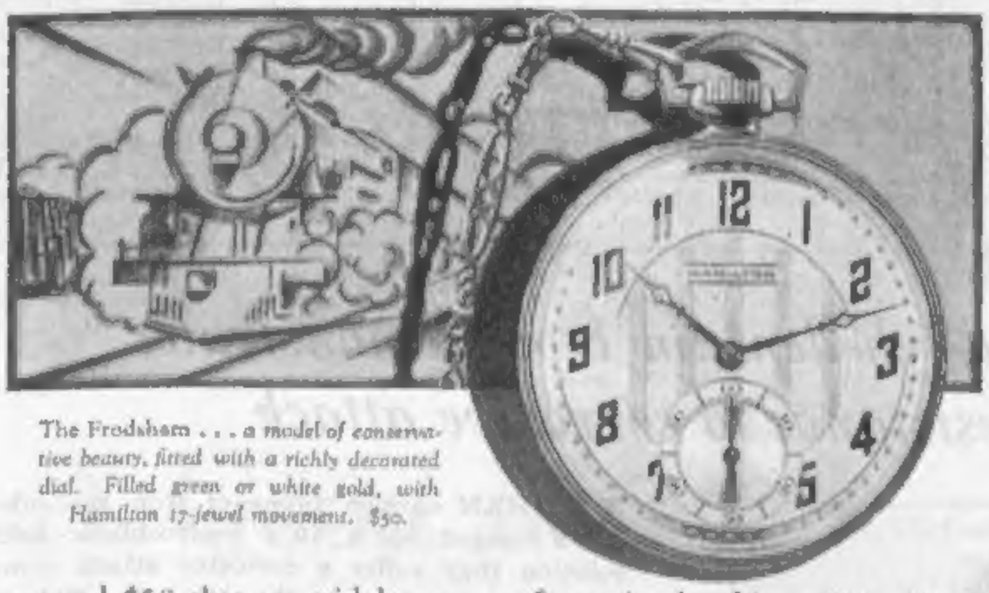
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

For Graduation give an Accurate Watch

There is one gift of which every graduate is inevitably and most justly proud—a handsome watch. It has beauty, it has elegance, it has lasting value. But a gift-watch must have two further qualities—accuracy and dependability. These two virtues are distinguishing characteristics of the Hamilton.

The Buchanan model. *Fashioned of green or white filled gold, chased in a beautiful design. Fitted with Hamilton 17-jewel movement. $50*



The Fredsham . . . *a model of conservative beauty, fitted with a richly decorated dial. Filled green or white gold, with Hamilton 17-jewel movement. $50.*

The Hamilton strap watch *for men and women is a phenomenal timepiece. In cases of filled or 14k green or white gold—for men, $50 to $88; for women, $48 to $60*

In a fine watch, accuracy is indeed the prime requisite; it is the supreme achievement that crowns the watchmaker's art. It is the outstanding quality of the Hamilton—the quality which has won for it the name, "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy."

It is, in fact, so accurate that it is the choice of the men who run America's fastest trains. There, accuracy is an essential.

The Hamilton has an inherent dependability, too, that justly sets it apart. Though year after year passes it still gives steady, reliable service. If you could see the Hamilton in the making you would realize why this is so. Each part is fashioned to the minutest precision. There is exactitude and perfection of finish—there are weeks of skilful and patient testing.

Almost a year is required to make a Hamilton.

Though Hamiltons range in price from $48 to $685, there is a fine variety of styles around $50 that are widely popular for graduation gifts. Ask your jeweler to show you these new models.

May we not send you our two informative booklets, "The Timekeeper" and "The Care of Your Watch"? Address Hamilton Watch Company, 850 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.

HAMILTON offers a splendid selection of 17-jewel thin models in cases of white or green filled gold, plain or chased. The prices average from $48 to $57, with a particularly attractive group at $50

The Hawthorne model. *Fashioned of 14k green or white gold, exquisitely engraved. 17-jewel adjusted movement. $100*

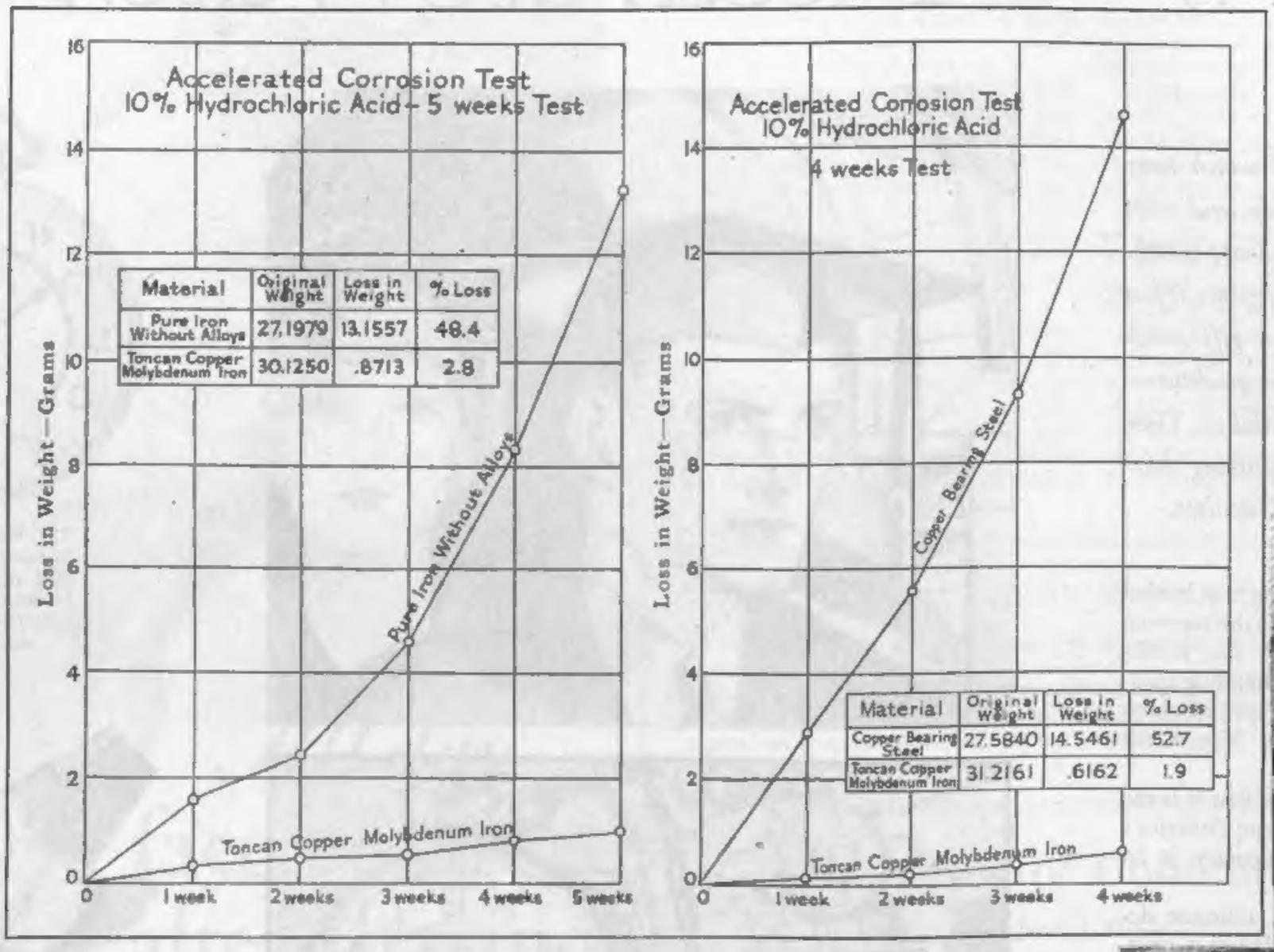
The Hamilton Masterpiece . . . *An wristocratic model of 18k white or green gold. Hand carved. The raised numerals on the dial are 18k gold. 23-jewel Masterpiece movement. $250*

The Cleveland model. *A smart new design with rigid bow, fashioned of filled green or white gold, exquisitely chased. 17-jewel movement. $50*

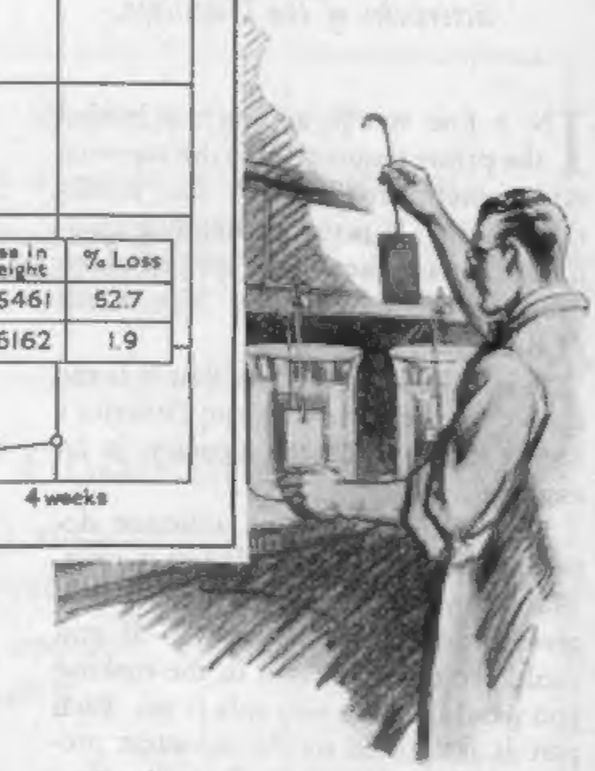
Hamilton Watch The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

PROVED—*by This Exacting Test that Crowds Years into Days*

Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron is here compared with pure iron without alloys. Samples of both were submerged in a 10% hydrochloric acid solution, and at the end of five weeks Toncan had lost only 2.8% of its weight, whereas the pure iron lost 48.4%, or nearly half of its original weight.


Accelerated Corrosion Test
10% Hydrochloric Acid – 5 weeks Test
Loss in Weight—Grams
Pure Iron Without Alloys
Toncan Copper Molybdenum Iron
0 1 week 2 weeks 3 weeks 4 weeks 5 weeks
0 2 4 6 8 10 12 14 16
Material | Original Weight | Loss in Weight | % Loss
Pure Iron Without Alloys | 27.1979 | 13.1557 | 48.4
Toncan Copper Molybdenum Iron | 30.1250 | .8713 | 2.8
Accelerated Corrosion Test
10% Hydrochloric Acid
4 weeks Test
Loss in Weight—Grams
Copper Bearing Steel
Toncan Copper Molybdenum Iron
0 1 week 2 weeks 3 weeks 4 weeks
0 2 4 6 8 10 12 14 16
Material | Original Weight | Loss in Weight | % Loss
Copper Bearing Steel | 27.5840 | 14.5461 | 52.7
Toncan Copper Molybdenum Iron | 31.2161 | .6162 | 1.9

Here is a comparison of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron with copper-bearing steel, both submerged at the same time in the 10% hydrochloric acid solution. After four weeks, the Toncan sample had lost 1.9% of its original weight, whereas the copper-bearing steel had lost 52.7% of its former weight.



Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron demonstrates its superior resistance to corrosive attack

Nearly 150 steam and electric railroads use Toncan Culverts because they give longer and more economical service. Also used on principal highways.

Hotel Statler, Cleveland, Ohio. Its main cornice and other sheet metal work is made of Toncan. Architect: Geo. P. Post & Son, New York City.

The New Process Stove Company Division of the American Stove Company, Cleveland, Ohio, use Toncan oven lining in their New Process gas ranges.

WHEN various types of iron are submerged in a 10% hydrochloric acid solution they suffer a corrosive attack comparable to exposure to the elements. This is the standard laboratory test used in the steel industry to compare the ability of various metals to resist corrosion.

The charts above show accurate results of such tests, conducted with Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron as compared to other metals in its field. Note how Toncan lost less than 3% of its weight under weeks of violent corrosive attack, while comparable materials lost approximately 50%. Mere claims of durability are of little value in the light of this test. It tells the story of Toncan's lasting qualities.

Where long and severe service is required, the architect and the sheet metal contractor are using Toncan for all sheet metal work on homes and buildings. To insure a long and trouble-free life for their products, makers of stoves, refrigerators, washing machines and other household appliances are using Toncan for enameled surfaces, oven linings and other severely taxed parts.

If you are purchasing equipment for your home, be guided by the Toncan label. If you are a manufacturer of metal products, let us show you how Toncan Iron will improve them. Write for our interesting Toncan book, "The Path to Permanence."

Central Alloy Steel Corporation
Massillon, Ohio
World's Largest and Most Highly Specialized Alloy Steel Producers
Makers of Agathon Alloy Steels

Cleveland, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Detroit, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Chicago, Tulsa, Cincinnati, New York, Seattle, San Francisco

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TONCAN COPPER
Mo-lyb-den-um IRON

This trade-mark on sheet metal, household appliances, etc., is an assurance of quality and long life.

AGATHON STEELS

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Toncan Enameling Iron, Toncan Oven-Lining, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron.

TONCAN COPPER Mo-lyb-den-um IRON

A Good Mixer—

Of the many foods that can be made more appetizing by the use of Kraft Cheese, none is more improved in taste than bread. The blending of the two flavors is perfect.

It is fortunate that this is so for here are two major food elements which we need in large quantities, and here they are—breads with their abundance of starch, Kraft Cheese with its wealth of protein, mineral salts and butter fat.

Kraft Cheese is known to be both good and "good for you" —a flavor of unvarying deliciousness and as easily digested as the pure whole milk from which it is made. The Kraft Label should be your guide in all cheese buying.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY, *General Offices*, CHICAGO

KRAFT K CHEESE

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Kraft American
Kraft Swiss
Kraft Pimento
Kraft Brick
Kraft Old English
Kraft Limburger
Kraft Nippy
Kraft Cream
Kraft Grated

Send for our new book of tested cheese recipes.

It is beautifully illustrated in color and contains many new and surprisingly delightful dishes. It is free.

Address
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406 Rush Street, Chicago

Eat it freely · · · · Easily digested

Old Dutch safeguards your refrigerator with

Healthful Cleanliness

an important health protection

Clean your refrigerator with Old Dutch every week. This is of utmost importance, especially in the summer time when foods spoil so easily—so many health troubles are caused by food contaminated in an unclean refrigerator.

Old Dutch assures Healthful Cleanliness because it removes all dirt and uncleanliness and keeps your refrigerator sweet, wholesome and hygienic. A valuable characteristic of Old Dutch is that its fine particles, by a process similar to "adsorption," take up and carry away the invisible and often dangerous impurities.

Old Dutch Cleanser is distinctive; its foundation is a natural detergent, free from harsh, scratchy grit. To the eye a fine powder; the microscope shows that its particles are flaky and flat shaped. Like thousands of tiny erasers they remove all uncleanliness without scratching.

Avoid scratchy cleaners. They not only mar the surface, but scratches hold and accumulate dirt and impurities.

Old Dutch is ideal for all cleaning on every surface where water may be used—porcelain and enamel, aluminum, glassware, tile, painted woodwork, floors, windows, etc. Protects the surface and assures its longer life.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch

The Symbol of Healthful Cleanliness

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